

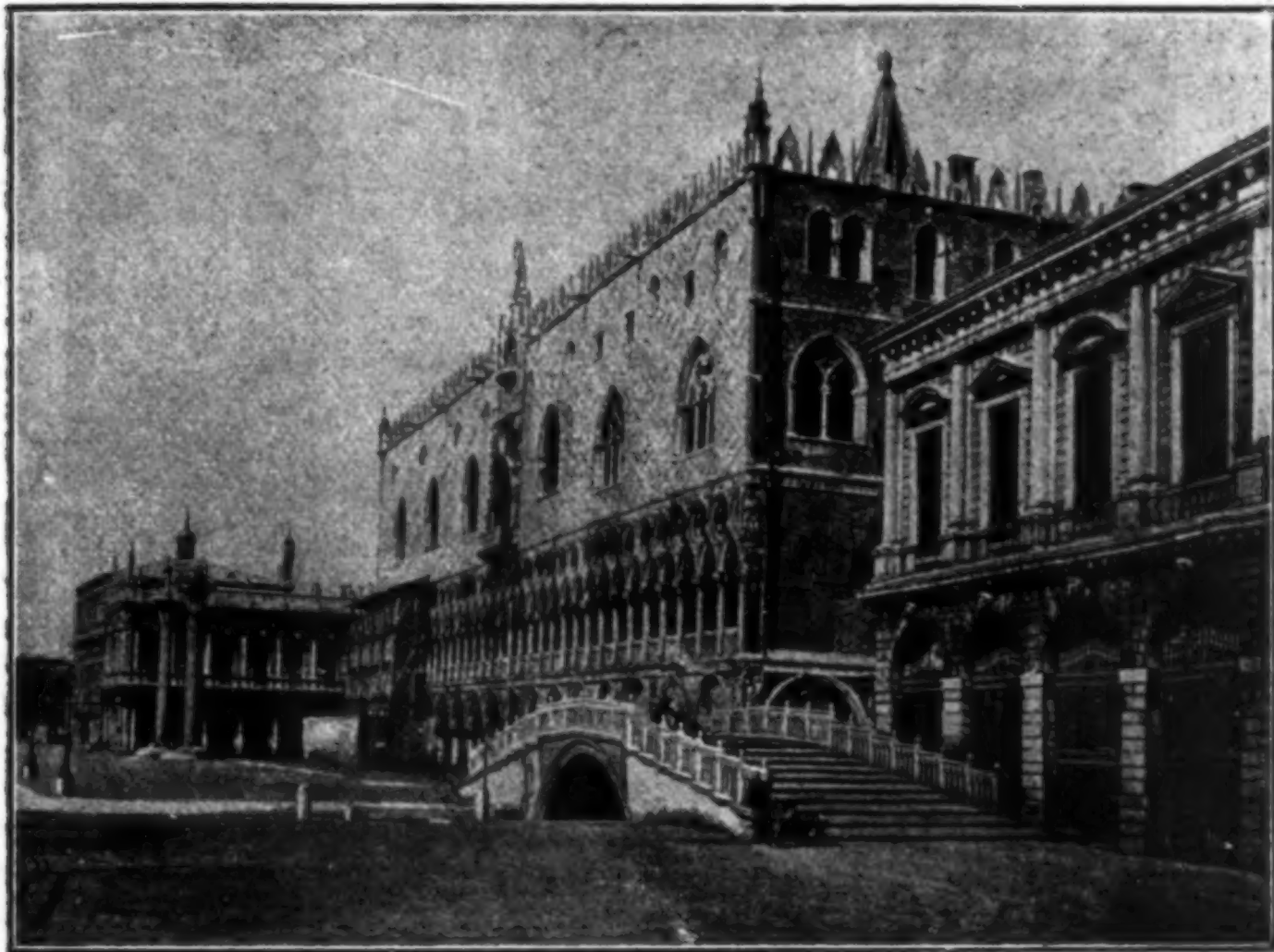




MURILLO'S MADONNA AND CHILD.

# A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

(Continued.)



THE DOGES' PALACE, VENICE.

**I** FORGOT to mention in my last article an item of interest concerning Milan Cathedral. Directly inside the door is a narrow brass plate traversing the entire width of the Cathedral; this acts as a meridian, and exactly at noon the sun shines through a certain window directly on to this brass plate.

We left Milan satisfied with what we had seen. We stayed in the hotel Metropole, just beside the Cathedral, where we were most comfortable. It is a good hotel, with lift and modern conveniences; the servants were most civil and attentive, such a contrast to those brigands of Swiss at Lucerne.

A great crowd left by the night train, which was unfortunate for us, as we could not lie down, and we reached Venice late at night, tired out.

The sensation of getting into a gondola and gliding noiselessly over the still, dark waters, sharply round corners and under

bridges and arches innumerable, was strange and weird in the extreme. Venice, the "Bride of the Sea," is built on eighty islands, formed by one hundred and fifty canals and has some four hundred bridges. There is not a carriage or vehicle of any description in the city, but the footways are abundant. We were up early in the morning and, after our coffee, were out, bent on making the most use of our time. Our first visit was to the Doges' Palace, which is very accurately copied in Venice at Olympia. It is a fine massive building, with an imposing colonnade, in front of which stands the winged lion of St. Mark on the top of a pillar. As will be seen in the picture, the pillars are more numerous above than below, there being thirty-six below and seventy-two above. The upper balcony is extremely beautiful, and counting from the left, the ninth and tenth pillars are of red marble—between these two pillars



used to be proclaimed the death sentences pronounced by the Republic.

The capitals of the pillars below are profusely carved and decorated. On one are figures of Numa Pompilius, Scipio and the Emperor Trajan; on another, those of Adam and Eve. I should advise my readers to

read Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," a most accurate and interesting work. Passing up the grand staircase, one passes two huge statues, those of Mars and Neptune. It would take too much space to describe, even shortly, the different rooms in the palace, so I must content myself with those that struck me as being most interesting. One small room, the Sala della Bussola (the antechamber of the three Inquisitors) was remarkable from the fact that it contains an opening in the wall into which secret reports and complaints were dropped, to be seen only by the "dreaded Three." In the Sala del Maggior Consiglio (the hall of the Great Council) is to be seen Tintoretto's Paradise. This is the largest oil-painting in the world, with a bewildering number of figures, many of which are supposed to be true portraits. There are many paintings and frescos by Veronese, Giovane, Bellotti, Tintoretto, and other artists. There is also a most interesting Archæological Museum, containing ancient Greek and Roman sculptures, notably Bacchus and Satyr, Ganymede, Ulysses, Leda, etc. At the east side of the palace is the celebrated "Bridge of Sighs," connecting the palace with the Prigioni Criminali.



BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE.

We were most impressed by the sight of the dungeons, awful cells of stone, to which no ray of light could ever penetrate, and we felt shaken by sympathy while thinking of the unhappy beings who had dragged out a miserable existence in them. Surely to many death must have come as a great

blessing and relief.

Our next visit was to the Academy, which contains some good pictures amongst a great number of mediocre and inferior ones. It is devoted almost entirely to the reception of the works of Venetian painters, though specimens of Da Vinci and others were shown. The finest painting is considered to be Titian's "Assumption," and his latest effort, done at the age of 99 and left unfinished, is in the same gallery. The subject of this is the Descent from the Cross.

Titian's masterpiece, "The Assumption," requires no description—the jubilant delight of the angels, the glowing rapture of the apostles, the beaming bliss of the Madonna, and the grandeur and magnificence of the colouring cannot but hold the spectator spell-bound in admiration.

Tintoretto is well represented, as is also Bellini, of whose Madonnas people here have a very high opinion. Indeed, so great is the respect paid to art here that Canova's right hand is preserved in an urn with his chisel beneath it, and a most imposing yet simple monument is erected to his memory in the Church of the Frari, where there is also another very noble one to Titian. After leaving



the Academy, we took a gondola along the Grand Canal, so that we might examine the palaces built along its banks, and also get some idea of Venice.

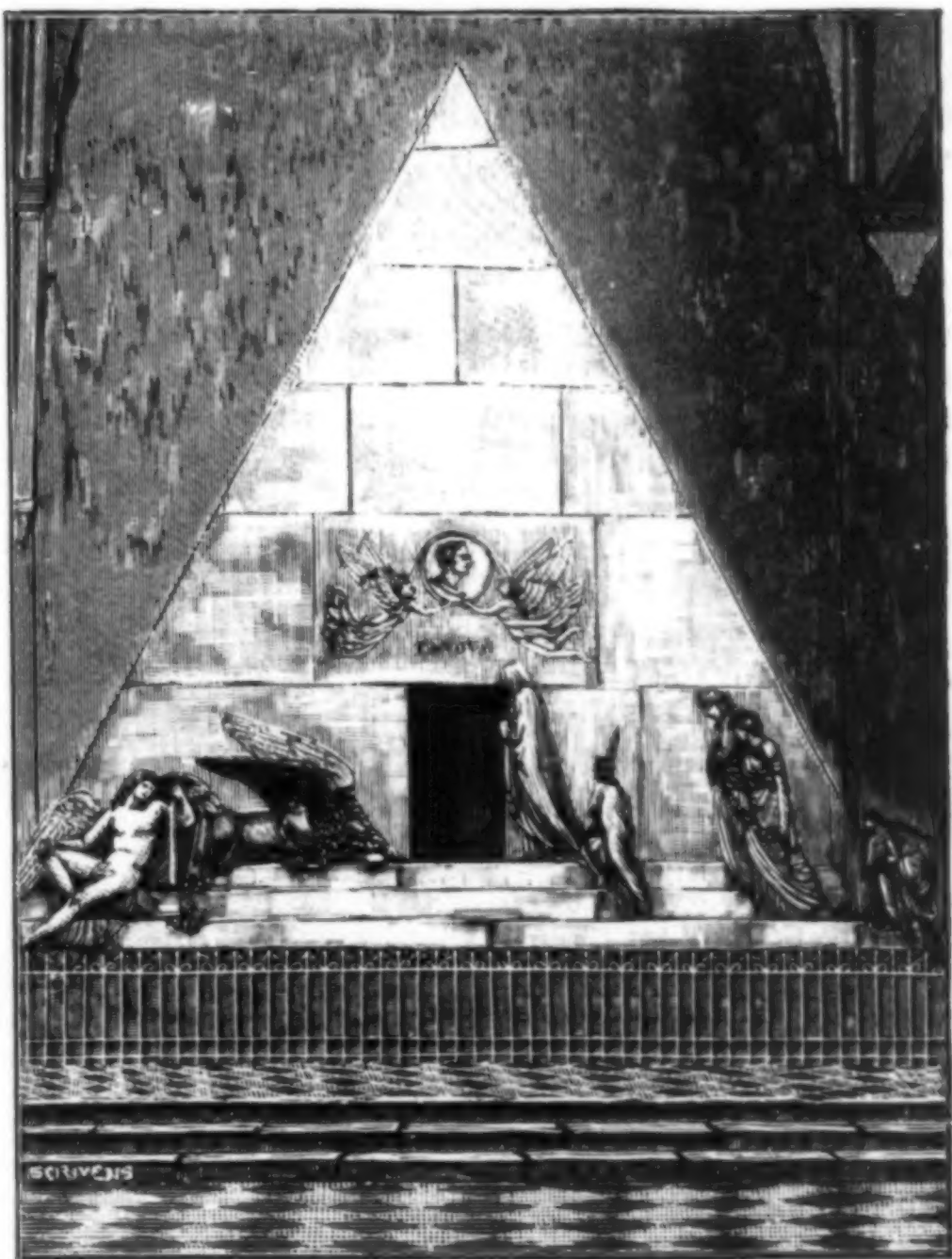
Here we saw the Palazzo Rezzonico, long the residence of Robert Browning, where he died in 1889; the Palazzo Foscari; once the residence of the Doge Foscari, the Palazzo Loredan, once the home of the King of Cyprus, whose armorial bearings still adorn the walls. One palace—that of a Queen of Cyprus—is now a pawn-shop. "To such base uses," etc. The Palazzo Vendramin Calergi is interesting from the fact that Wagner died here in 1883. Opposite this is the Palace of the Borgias. We descended at the Rialto, which of course we crossed; but this must be classed among our disappointments, for the shops are but poor things, with a very paltry show of wares. We walked through the narrow, crooked streets into which the sun can never penetrate, and came back to St. Mark's, where we looked through Salviati's superb show-rooms of Venetian objects.

Visitors to Olympia are familiar with his name, but it is not so widely known a fact

that there is another very good manufacturer of glass and mosaics here, Testolini,

to whom has been entrusted the preparation of mosaics for St. Paul's Cathedral and St. George's Chapel, Windsor. On another occasion we visited Testolini's mosaic works on the canal, and their glass-blowing works at Murano; their English manager, Mr. McKenzie, being most graphic in his description of the different stages of the work.

Here we saw a picture which has been in



CANOVA'S TOMB, VENICE.



GRAND CANAL, VENICE (FROM BORGIA'S PALACE).

hand for two years, and it is to be sent to Chicago this year. It represents Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella, on his return from discovering America. This work is being done so delicately that it is free from the defect of Venetian mosaics; I mean the cracked appearance, which so spoils the effect. We saw how the mosaics were made, a work of endless labour and patience. The material used is glass, cut into small cubes, and the workman, who has the sketch of the pattern on a stiff paper before him, carefully selects the cubes, shade by shade, and when he has accurately copied the coloured picture, which he hangs before him, these are all fastened into their places by being put into cement spread on stiff paper. The back of the mosaic is seen until fixed in its destined place, and then the paper is removed, leaving the face exposed. The edges of each cube have to be ground down before it is fixed in position. As I said before, the labour is endless, and after all, the effect in *ordinary* mosaics is not very pleasing. I know I shall be called a heretic for this opinion.

After our six o'clock dinner we went into the Piazza of St. Mark to see the Venetians at their best. The place was crowded with little tables and chairs, outside the cafés, and people bought ices, coffee, or drinks, and sat in the open air, sipping them, while the whole length of the Riva degli Schiavoni, which is before the Doges' Palace, was bright with lights and sweet with melody. The best time in Venice is the night; then it is delightful to take a gondola and glide about, watching the playing of the lights upon the water and listening to the music and the singing. As you lie back in your gondola nothing disturbs the harmony;

the faint but regular swish of your gondolier's oar is as soothing music, and you truly realise the Italian's appreciation of his "*dolce far niente*." So smooth the water, so unclouded the sky, so balmy the air, one feels as if one could float on like this for ever. It is warm here and we get under mosquito curtains, and truly were they needed—I heard their musical hum during the night.

Next morning we took the steamer to the Lido, across the narrow sea, and went by tram to the baths, and, after a short stay, returned to Venice, our object being to get a good view of the lagoon and the islands; in this we succeeded. Reaching land, we ascended the Campanile, or belfry of St. Mark's Cathedral. This is a lofty square brick tower in which the bells are hung, and is ascended by a sloping walk, ending at each angle in a broad flat step, and making the ascent one of the easiest I ever attempted. It was up this tower Napoleon rode on horseback. I doubted this until I saw the easy gradient.

We examined the clock tower at the corner of the Piazza very closely. It is unique, and tradition says the maker had his eyes put out by the Republic, so that he might never again produce such a wonder. There is a huge bell on the top, which two colossal bronze figures strike with mallets, and it is believed that Bennett got his idea of Gog and Magog



THE RIALTO, VENICE.





CLOCK TOWER, VENICE.

in Cheapside from them. On the front of the tower are two openings, through which the numbers showing the time in hours and minutes can be seen.

The Piazza has splendid buildings on three sides, the fourth being occupied by the Cathedral. The building on the south is the Palace of the Duke Thomas, Queen Marguerite's brother, and the other that goes across facing St. Mark's is the ball-room, which has shops below. Built against the east wall of the Campanile stands a little building of marble, where the announcements concerning the public lottery are made every Saturday morning. On the south side of the Cathedral, let into the wall above, one sees a mosaic of a Madonna; at eve two lamps dimly burn before it: connected with this is a tragic story. Once a poor baker, returning home, stumbled across a body, which on examination, he found to be a nobleman stabbed to the heart; he withdrew the knife and was in the act of

raising him when he was surprised by the police, arrested, condemned and executed. Later on the real assassin confessed, whereupon the Republic erected this Madonna to his memory and left a fund to defray the expense of keeping this shrine in order and the lights regularly lit. 'Tis a sad, true story of bygone days

I have been a long time coming to St. Mark's and at last I am before it, where three high masts, or columns, stand, from which used to float the flags of the Republic, now on festive occasions the Italian flag and that of St. Mark's are run up. Over the principal doorway stand the famous Quadriga, or four bronze horses brought from Constantinople here, removed to Paris by Napoleon Le Grand, and restored in 1821. They are said to be the finest bronzes extant and are greatly admired.

St. Mark's is in appearance very much like a mosque and is richly adorned both inside and out with mosaics. From the early and intimate connection of the Venetian Republic with the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, her style of architecture much resembles that of Mohammedan countries. The Cathedral is full of relics brought from Palestine and Constantinople; as, for instance, an altar-top from Mount Tabor; the stone on which John the Baptist was beheaded; four pillars from King Solomon's temple; a font from St. Sophia (Constantinople), and



ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL AND PIAZZA, VENICE.



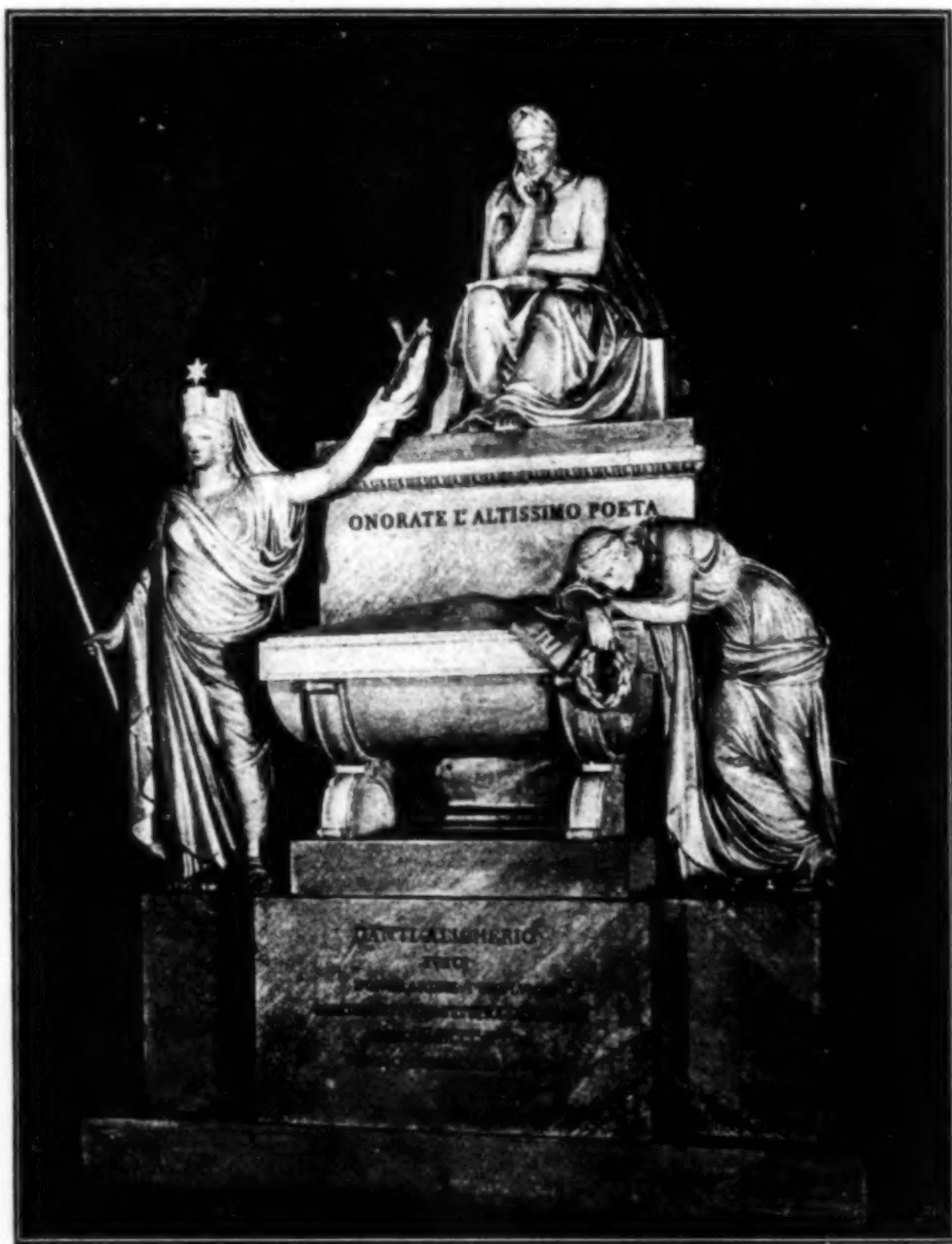
two pillars from Ptolemais. The roof and arches are adorned with mosaics, representing Scriptural subjects; yet, though they are very bright with backgrounds of gilding, I must honestly confess they failed to impress one favourably. They looked coarse and unfinished, and the general impression left was one of confusion and weariness. There was an air of gaudiness everywhere, very different from the noble and impressive simplicity of Milan Cathedral and our own abbeys. The floor of marble, inlaid in patterns, is so uneven that it resembles waves of the sea. The Crypt is usually under water, and the foundation must be gradually injured through this fact. At one corner the Doges' Palace was threatened with collapse and no engineer could devise means to avert the danger; but a workman has solved the problem, and after propping up the corner, he removed and rebuilt three arches; he has also restored the pillar which bears the winged lion of St. Mark to the perpendicular, and is doing the same for its companion pillar close by. This bears St. Theodore, standing with one foot on a crocodile. The form of St. Mark's is that of a Greek cross with equal arms, a central dome, and a smaller one surmounting the extremity of each arm. We left St. Mark's and

went on to the Church of the Frari, where we spent a very happy hour. Most of the churches are built of brick and are rectangular in form, having a lofty façade and dome. This church contains monuments of some of the Doges, and has not been restored, for which I was thankful. It contains Titian's Madonna and the monuments of Titian, Canova and the Pesari family mentioned before. There is a lofty screen of marble, covered with bas-relief, which stands at the entrance to the choir. A wide archway in this serves as a frame to the picture of the altar, and gives a very pleasing character to the view from the entrance doorway.

We were very sorry to leave Venice, for the absence of all noise and dust was a great relief to us, and getting about in a gondola is a delightful experience. As we travelled by night we had our usual

fortune to have the train full, so we had but little sleep.

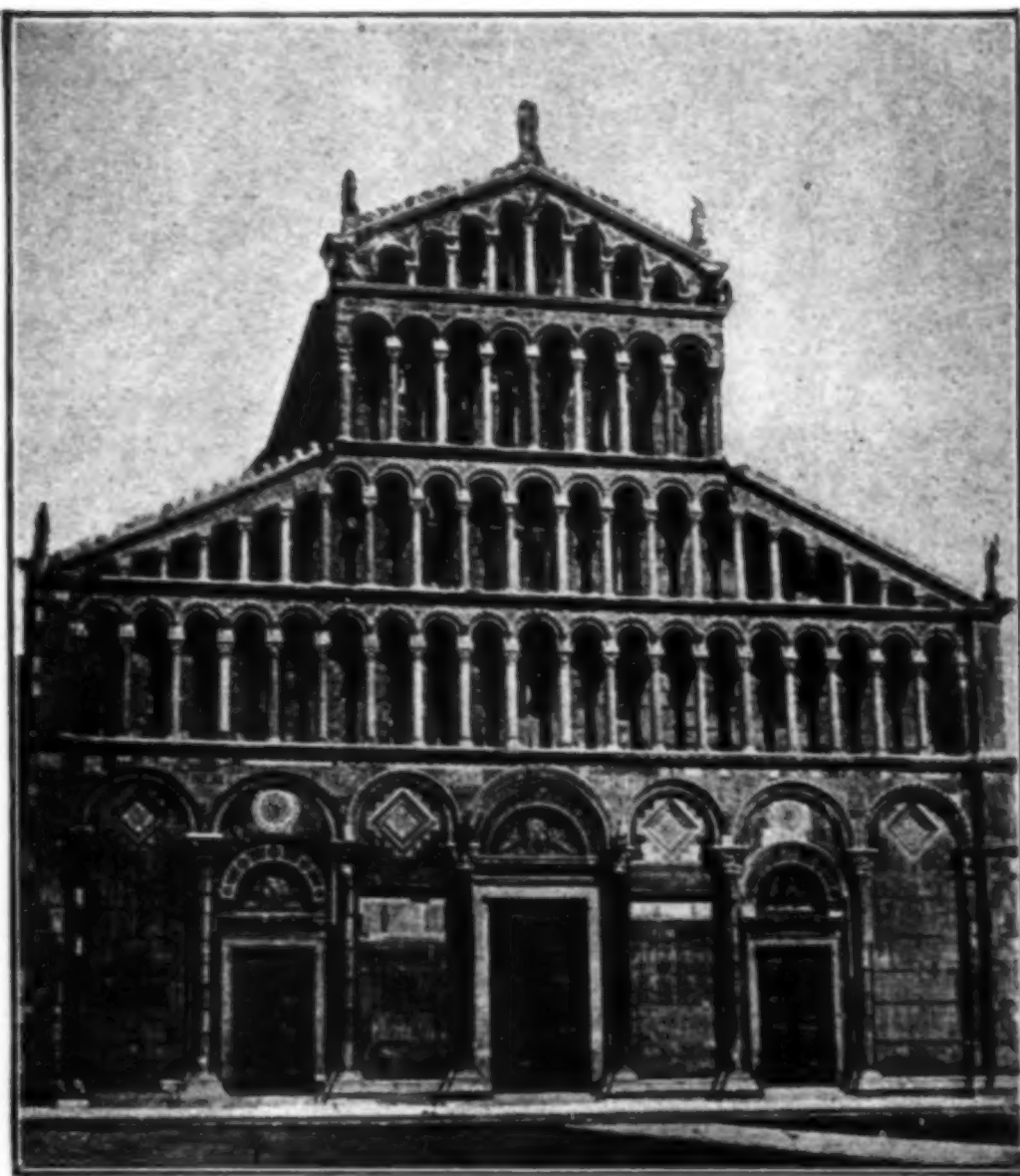
We were disappointed by our first view of Florence. Everything looked parched and dried up, but the heavy rain which came before we left made a wonderful change for the better. The Arno, as we first saw it, was shrunk into a narrow thread, but farther on the river made a fine appearance. The hotel was situated on the Lung' Arno, of which one



DANTE'S TOMB, ST. CROCI, FLORENCE.

often reads. As soon as we could we started out on our researches, going direct to the Battistero, originally the cathedral church, where we saw the three famous bronze doors, one by Pisano, which took twenty-two years to execute, the other two by Ghiberti. Words fail to describe these handsome portals; the centre one is Ghiberti's masterpiece. It represents ten Scriptural scenes, starting at the expulsion

of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden, it goes on to Cain slaying Abel, then Noah after the Flood, inebriated, the Sacrifice of Isaac, Jacob and Esau, Joseph and his Brethren, Moses on Mount Sinai, the Trumpets being sounded on the Walls



PISA CATHEDRAL.

of Jericho, (this to my mind being the best), a Battle Scene, and a Queen, presumed to be the Queen of Sheba. Michael Angelo, in praising this work, said that it was worthy of the door of Paradise. This building dates back to the eleventh century. The interior is equally beautiful. One statue in wood, that of the Magdalene, is most realistic and life-like. Here is buried Pope John, who was dethroned by the Council of Con-

stance; it was erected by one of the Medici. We ascended the Campanile, two hundred and ninety two feet high, with four hundred and fourteen steps, from whence we obtained a fine view of the city and surrounding country.



PANEL IN PULPIT OF BAPTISTERY, PISA.



The façade of the Cathedral is exceedingly handsome and striking, it is faced with coloured marbles, inlaid with patterns. My residence in the East has made me familiar with Florentine mosaic, but I have not hitherto seen it on so large a scale. It is infinitely preferable to the Venetian mosaic, and when done finely, as in flowers, faces, birds, etc., it resembles a painting. As many of my readers no doubt know, the inside of the Taj

in Agra is adorned in this latter manner.

The inside of the Cathedral is disappointing, from its lack of architectural beauties, such as noble pillars, groined roof and galleries; however, its dimensions are very fine. Immediately inside is a portrait of John Hawkwood, an English soldier who served under the Republic. The pavement is of coloured marble, mosaically set. In the left transept is a round marble slab on which Toscanelli used to make solar observations through an opening in the dome. One monument, an unfinished Pietà by Michael Angelo also commands attention. While we were in the Cathedral the priests were chanting the Psalms from an enormous old Psalm-book of parchment, richly illuminated. This stood upon a high and broad lectern in the middle of the choir, with a lamp suspended in such a manner as to show the music and words



PULPIT IN BAPTISTERY, PISA.

to the priests and choristers who stood round. Two little acolytes turned over the pages, keeping them in their places by broad leather straps.

We spent the afternoon in the Pitti Palace, where we had the good fortune to see the royal apartments. These were not only magnificent but tasteful, and we looked with admiration on the beautiful inlaid tables and cabinets of Florentine mosaic, the best of its kind. Each

room was upholstered in a different colour, and the walls were hung with brocaded silk of the same kind as the covering of the furniture. One room was green, another red, then dark blue, gold, pale blue and so on. The floors were of mosaic made to represent two different coloured granites. A curious effect was obtained by hanging mirrors opposite to each other, cheating the spectator into the belief that he was looking through a long vista. The royal family seems much beloved here. The picture gallery has some gems, and here, among the hundreds of Madonnas by Raphael, Andrea de Sarto, Bellini, Correggio, Perugino, Fra Angelico, etc., is the ONE. It is a lovely and exquisite conception by Murillo, and is entirely free from the faults which are so apparent in many of the others. I think the foreign school of painting in many instances much overrated. In the guide books I read these



most glowing descriptions of a picture, and then looked in wonder for all the beauties. Heresy, rank heresy, I hear some devout student murmur!

The Pitti and Uffizi galleries are connected by a long passage over the Ponto Vecchio. This bridge is the oldest, and has shops built all along both sides, like the Rialto. From this gallery we passed out into the Boboli Gardens, where the band was playing. A little outside the town is the tower of Galileo, which still contains the telescope and other relics of the *savant*. It was from this tower he is said to have made many important astronomical observations.

Another interesting visit was to the Monastery of St. Marco, an old one originally in the possession of the "Silvestrine" Monks, but afterwards given over to the Dominicans. Much interest attaches to this monastery, for it was here that Fra Angelico painted his numerous pictures of the Madonna and Child, and other Scriptural subjects. Here Savonarola lived, and his cell containing his chair (in which, of course, I sat), his portrait, his cruci-

fix and various relics, together with a curious painting of his death by burning at the stake, in company with two other monks, is shown to those interested in his life and works. I could fill pages in the description of interesting sights and reminiscences of Florence, but I think I have said enough.

Our run to Pisa was a short one, and, after a good night's rest, we saw the sights thoroughly and comfortably. They are

four in number—the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Leaning Tower and the Campo Santo.

The Cathedral has a very fine front of white marble with black and coloured ornamentation. It is adorned with columns and arches below, and above with open galleries, supported on pillars. It is a very handsome building and is free from the defect of having bad doors, like Milan Cathedral. The inside rests on sixty-eight ancient Roman and Greek pillars, captured by the Pisans in war. In the nave hangs

a curious bronze lamp. It is said that from the swaying of this, Galileo got his idea of the pendulum. In one of the side chapels is an altar richly

decorated with silver, presented by Cosmo III. Most of the tombs have been removed to the Campo Santo close by.

The Baptistery is a beautiful circular structure, and contains not only a lovely font but a very beautiful sculptured pulpit, borne on seven pillars, which rest on animals. The sculptures on this are particularly handsome, and represent The Annunciation, the Adoration of the Magi, the Presentation in the Temple,

the Crucifixion and the Last Judgment. The dome is very lofty, and has been constructed in such a manner that it has the most wonderful echo imaginable. Our guide sang a high note, and then, in lower tones, the common chords of the scale, and away in the distance was reproduced the full harmony, like the swelling tones of an organ gradually dying away. The effect was entrancing, and he repeated it for us over and over again.

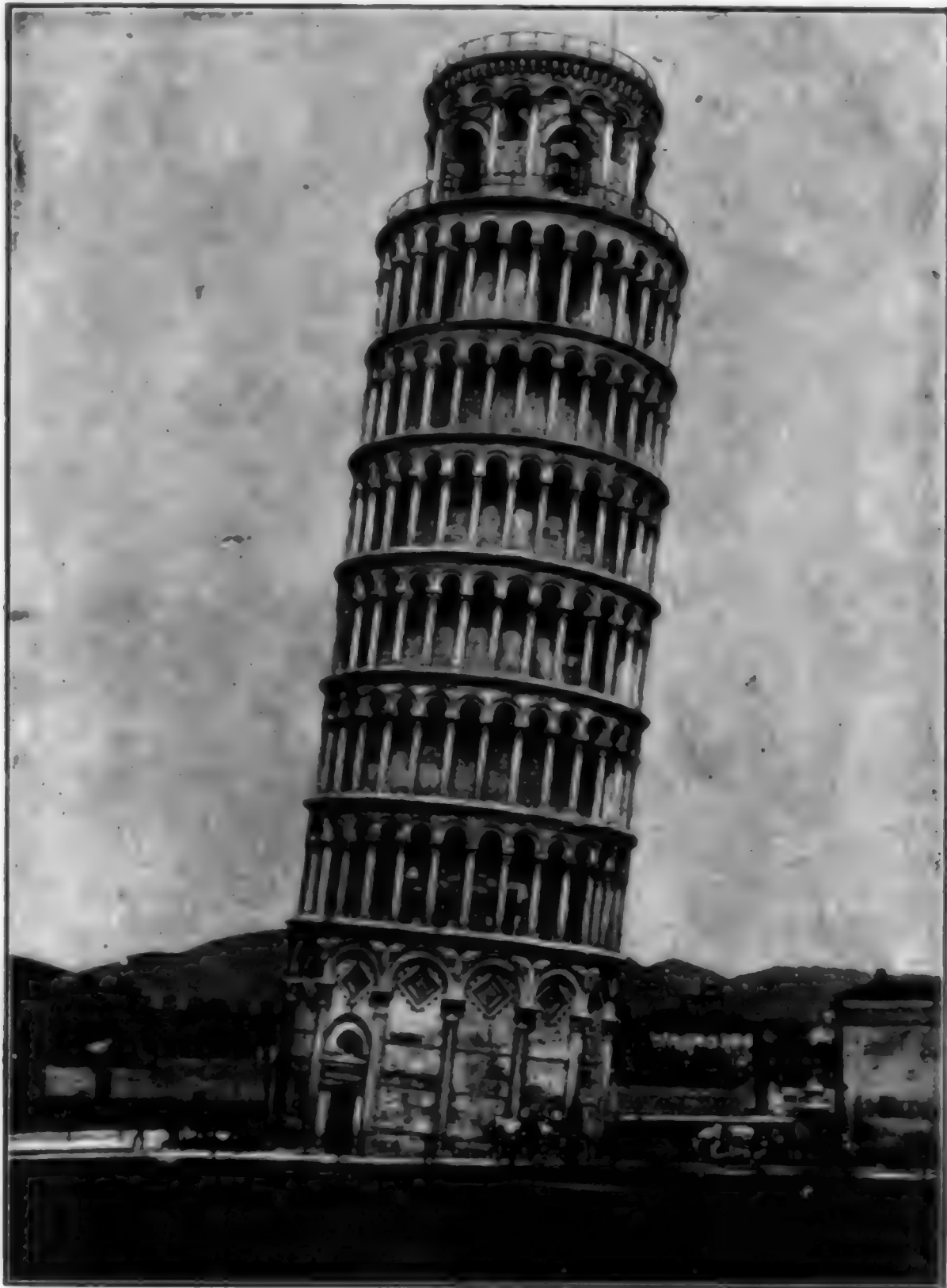


LAMP IN PISA CATHEDRAL.

Adjoining the Cathedral is the world-renowned "Leaning Tower," which differs from other campanile in being circular and having open galleries, supported on pillars all round. The tower, which is one hundred and eighty feet high, is thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. It is built in eight stories and contains seven bells, the heavier ones being hung opposite to the leaning side. The Baptistery also leans a little. A splendid view rewarded us for our climb to the top. The Campo Santo is in the same square. To make this, fifty-three ship-loads of earth were brought from Mount Calvary, so that

the dead might lie in holy ground. The inside surrounds a green quadrangle, on to which round arched windows, with beautiful tracery, look. The monuments are found at the sides, and the tombstones form the pavements. On one of the walls hang the chains of the ancient harbour of Pisa, captured by the Genoese. One formerly hung in the Baptistery at Florence, the other at Genoa. Both, however, were restored. We also saw the house in which Galileo was born, a mean, low building in a back street. Thus ever does genius hide itself!

*(To be continued.)*



THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.



# “For Her Husband’s Sake”

BY

Chas. J. Mansford

*Author of “The Rent Veil of  
The Harem Slave.” &c.*

## CHAPTER I.

“HERE is your  
husband?”

“I will not tell you.”

“He is not far from here, we know.”

“Then find him if you can,” said the woman defiantly.

“He left Roanoke two days ago; to-day he should pass through here, for it is a three days’ journey from Roanoke to Richmond.”

“You may search for him if you wish, but you do not know that he came to Petersburg. While you are interrogating me, you may be losing time.”

“You have seen him, I am convinced—and my orders are imperative to try him by court martial, or any way who knows but refuses information about him. I have absolute power of life and death in the matter.”

The woman remained silent.

“Have you any children?” queried the officer.

“I refuse to answer your question.”

“You are a brave woman; a pity it is that you married a spy and a traitor to his country.”

“My husband is a soldier; he fights against the North because the States broke their solemn pledges. He is a spy because in that way he serves best his cause.”

“You will neither convince me nor screen yourself; if you do not discover

his whereabouts to us, the consequences will rest on your own head.”

“I am a soldier’s wife. You will not get the knowledge you wish from me. You are a coward to ask a woman to betray a brave man, and especially since he is her husband.”

“I want certain information that you can give, and unless you do so in ten minutes, I will consult with my fellow officer as to the necessity of testing your bravery. Your husband is certain to be taken eventually; if you do not give the information wanted, you shall be shot at sunset.”

“You are inexorable, Captain, but I have seen so much, unhappily, of this murderous warfare between the North and South that I am not surprised at your threat. You have entered and searched my house, there your power ends.”

It was a hot afternoon. The sun was beating fiercely on the plantations of Virginia and a sickly white mist rose, shutting out the distant forest. Outside the cottage were some dozen soldiers of the Northern States, forming a rough circle round their captain who was interrogating the woman. She was a typical Southerner—tall, dark and with her hair in a cloud behind her let down and falling over her shoulders. In spite of the rough log cottage outside which the scene narrated took place, it was evident that



she was the wife of someone serving in the war who was more than a common soldier, as, indeed, the perilous nature of the task in which he was engaged—that of watching the enemy's movements, almost constantly amongst them and yet escaping detection—amply proved. The captain in command was seated before an upturned drum which did duty as a table, and as he interrogated the woman, his face grew dark and his grey eyes seemed to express the fell determination in his breast. He would have the information, or the woman should die. War had stamped out every chivalrous feeling he had ever had. He had asked whether the woman had children, for already he had occasion to know that thus the truth could be obtained. The man he sought was as dangerous as he was brave; indeed, a whole series of manœuvres had been rendered useless owing to the movements of the Northern army becoming known to the rebel Southerners, and through the daring scheming of this one man.

Looking at the woman before him, Captain Beaugrade noticed that from time to time she glanced away to the pine wood at the back of the cottage as if someone was hidden there. Two soldiers were already searching it, and he was then waiting the result of their quest. In a few minutes there was a rustling sound and the soldiers emerged from the wood and passed into the circle of their comrades, bringing the result of their mission into the captain's presence: not the husband, but a little girl of about eight years of age. The mother, expecting that her husband's visit would be as unknown to the enemy as it had been so many times already, had sent the child to play in the shade of the trees, and she had been hoping against hope that no one would observe her child now, and that the husband's whereabouts would be undiscovered. So far as she knew, the man was well on his way to Richmond, as he had left the log cottage fully an hour before the arrival of the soldiers who now surrounded her.

Captain Beaugrade's face lit up with pleasure as the child was brought before him with her frightened and tear-stained countenance. The girl clung to the mother, but the soldiers separated them and placed her before their commander.

"What is your name, little one?" asked the captain.

"Mary, sir," responded the child with a timid glance at her questioner.

"And this is your mother, then?"

"I am mamma's own little girl," said the child.

"You would do anything for her, would you not?" queried the captain, in a persuasive tone of voice.

"I love mamma and promised to be very good while papa was away fighting the cruel soldiers."

"That is right; I think you would always be very good, and tell the truth. Now, your mother knows where papa is, doesn't she?"

The child looked round at the woman mentioned. The mother was deathly pale, the secret she tried so hard to keep was, she feared, about to be betrayed. It was a cruel question to put, getting her innocent child to betray the father's whereabouts; for the latter could be easily overtaken, although he had some advantage in being on in front, but the route he took was very indirect, and the captain's knowledge of the district would help him to cut off the man from safety. She must prevent the child answering, and she cried out:

"Mary, my little child, don't betray father, he will be killed if you answer and tell where he is," and she looked pitifully at the child, guarded from her by the two soldiers.

"Do not be afraid," said Beaugrade, "but tell me the truth."

"Mamma says you want to kill papa—do you?" asked the child.

"Your mother is frightened, little one. Now, tell me, when did you last see your father?"

"Mamma always tells me to speak the truth, but she says I am not to tell you."

"Your mother is in danger herself. If you tell me where your father is I will let her go, if you don't she will be shot by my soldiers."

"I believe mamma now is right—you are a cruel man and I won't tell you anything."

"Think, little one; your father is not here to save you—your mother will soon be dead, and then you will be left alone in this place with the dark wood behind the house at night and no one to give you anything. Be a brave little girl; tell me where your father is?"

The child clasped her hands in front and said: "You are a powerful man and

can do what you wish. If you like, you can go away from here and leave mamma and me to pray for father as we do every night. Won't you go away?"

"I cannot do so; you must tell me, or your mother will die."

"Mother often says she will die, if necessary, for father's sake; I am father's little girl, too, and he is a soldier, and I won't tell if even you shoot me as well," and the child ceased crying and looked at Beaugrade as defiantly as the mother had done when interrogated.

The captain was foiled. He would know what he wished or he would not spare the woman. "I give you one more chance," said he to the mother; "it is now within two hours of sunset, if you don't confess by then I will deal with you even to death itself if necessary; my power, as I told you, is complete, and you shall betray your husband or die."

"I will die, then, and the world will learn afterwards how you warred on a helpless woman; but betray him I never will," answered the soldier's wife.

## CHAPTER II.

By the captain's orders the mother and daughter were placed in the cottage, two soldiers doing the duties of sentries, one in front and one at the rear of the house. The woman caught up the child in her arms and sat holding her little one pressed closely to her as the minutes fled, and the appointed time for her death steadily drew nearer and nearer.

The remaining soldiers stood listlessly about while their commander consulted with the only officer beside himself present, and who was equally chagrined at the woman's obstinacy. Mercy was beyond the understanding of them both. The information was absolutely refused

and the consequence of it was not their fault - so they reasoned. The rebels must be taught a lesson. Once their very wives and children were liable to suffer, then they would soon give way. They might brave the storm of leaden hail that swept them down at Gettysburg, the last fight of many a noble fellow, but they would not risk the lives of their families as cheerfully as they did their own.

"What shall we do to capture the rebel?" asked Beaugrade.

"I think the best plan would be for us

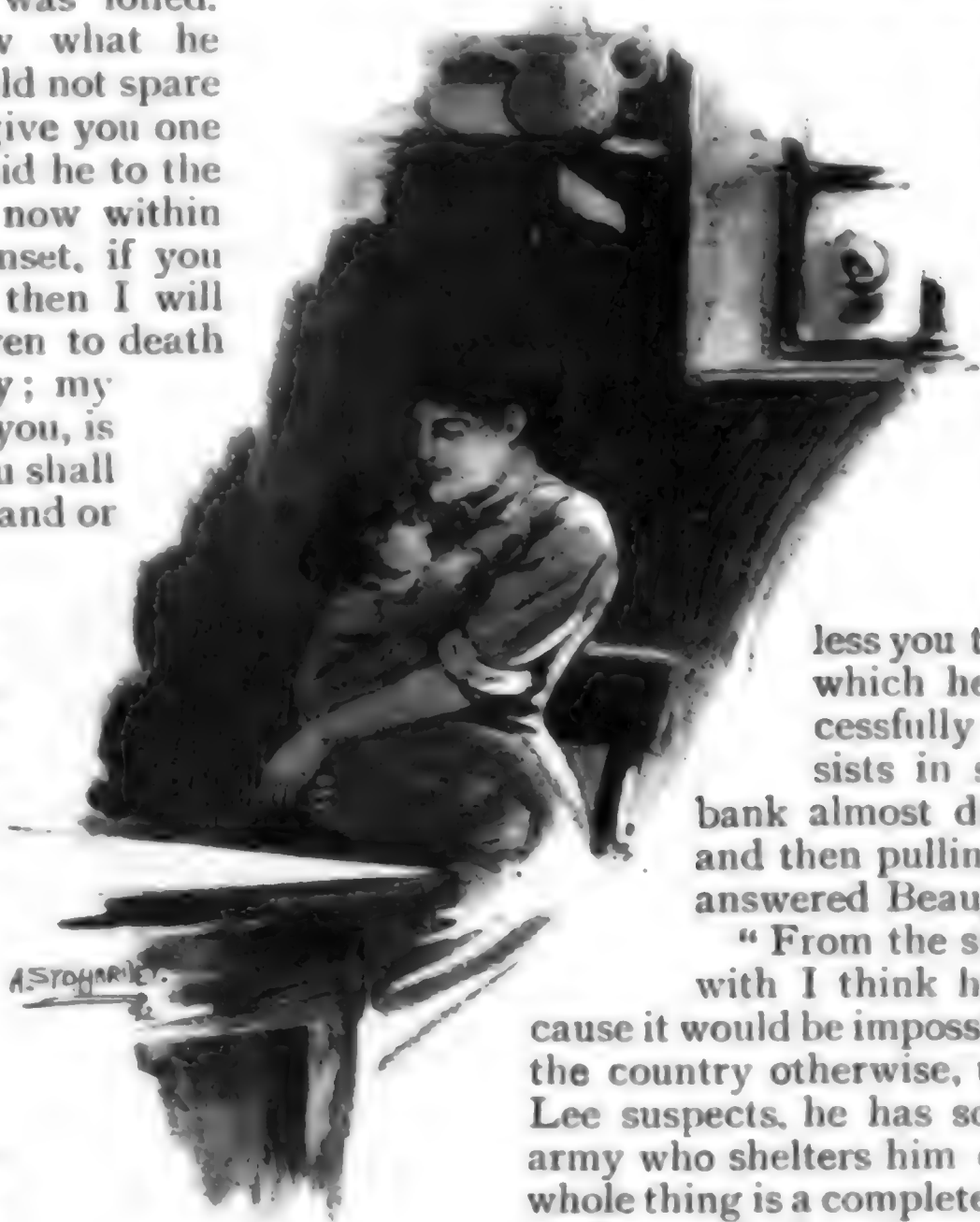
to divide the soldiers into two divisions. With one of them I will push on to the St. James River, and, following its course, go on to Richmond," replied the officer addressed.

"That is somewhat out of the direct course, un-

less you think that the plan which he has so long successfully carried out consists in striking the river bank almost due east from here and then pulling up the stream," answered Beaugrade.

"From the success he has met with I think he must do so, because it would be impossible to get through the country otherwise, unless, as General Lee suspects, he has some friend in the army who shelters him on his way. The whole thing is a complete riddle, for in spite of all our efforts we have never been within measurable distance of him. The spies who secretly watched this cottage for a week, during which he was on his usual journey, declare that he neither came to the house nor did the woman leave its immediate vicinity, while the child whom we have seen to-day was never seen once, and must have been kept indoors purposely. I believe that rebel Howard knew they were going to watch for him and somehow communicated the fact to his wife, and together they laid their plans accordingly."

"There is a good deal in what you say," responded Beaugrade, "and if you march quickly, you may manage to secure him.



SAT HOLDING HER LITTLE ONE.



The tide will be against him all the way, and the start he has is of no account."

"You will then undertake to deal with the woman," said the second officer; "as to the fact of the soldiers making any demur; a few days' extra pay will settle that, and I will take those less inclined to the work with me, while the other six will be ample to remain behind."

"If the rebel gets any idea that he is being tracked he will double on his pursuers, depend upon it," said Beaugrade; "and in that case I shall be here when he arrives, for he is certain to return here in such a case, so between us he will be taken. It is a pity the woman is such a fool; but, like her sex, the heart rules. I fancy the man would think twice before being made a target for Northern bullets just now."

"It is impossible to say," responded the other. "From all I hear with regard to Howard, he would do just the same for her. I heard the whole story about them both in my quarters at Annapolis."

"Was he always living in such an out-of-the-way place?" asked Beaugrade.

"I believe not.

He was at one time living in Frankfort. It seems that he fell in love with his general's daughter, and this led to some serious breach between them. The general was inclined to have different views with regard to whom his daughter should marry, and Howard was forbidden to speak to her. One night at a ball he appeared, calmly ignoring the fact that he was uninvited, and urged his suit to the lady so well that at night she was missing. There was an

exciting midnight ride, and a chase which extended into the morning, but the marriage was just concluded in a little church, about twenty miles down on the banks of the Ohio, before the general came on the scene. Howard has always had a grudge against the general since, and has certainly shown that he knows how to take advantage of our bad military discipline. He ought to have been taken prisoner long ago."

"Do you think his wife will give in?" asked Beaugrade. "My orders will fully acquit me of what is about to take place; but I would prefer catching the husband to shooting the wife, although she has been so defiant all along."

"I am sure not. She will die, as her husband would, with a courage tenfold as much as that of a man who falls in a hand-to-hand encounter in the trenches. It is an unfortunate affair, but we are absolved,

at all events, and, as you say, the moral fear inspired in the rebels will be tremendous. It is sure to help to bring the war to an end; and, after all the fighting we have had, I shall not be sorry for one. When may I start?"

"When you choose," answered Beaugrade; "the sooner the better for our plans. I shall join you in Richmond some time to-morrow."

In a short time the officer had departed, leaving Beaugrade and the remaining soldiers to complete their ugly task.

### CHAPTER III.

It was the sunset hour. The hot mist had vanished, and in its place had come a refreshing breeze from the ocean that washed the eastern



AN EXCITING MIDNIGHT CHASE



"Half an hour after sunset, madam," said a surly soldier, told off to summon the woman to death.

"I am ready," said she, as, moving to the door, the mother held up her child and gave it a last, long embrace; then, following the soldier, she passed to a space which faced the pine wood. Here four soldiers awaited her, Beaugrade standing at some distance from them and immediately fronting the wood, as he motioned the woman's guard to bring her into his presence.

"I have given you every chance within my power to save yourself by confessing where your husband is, and the manner in which he contrives to elude our outposts. This you refuse. You have a child yonder, detained in the cottage by the remaining soldier out of the six left me after the depar-



KNEELING DOWN SHE CLASPED  
HER HANDS.

shores of Virginia. Away to the west were the majestic Alleghanies, raising their snow-clad summits aloft, while the burning blush which reddened sky and mountain-top was reflected in the stream that ran down and flowed into Chesapeake Bay. Within the cottage mother and child were waiting for the summoning of the former to death. What would become of the child that was now clinging to her breast? was the question that flitted through the woman's brain again and again. Should she tell where the husband had gone, before nightfall he would be a prisoner; and that meant death for him. He had been of great service to the South, and it could not spare him. Far better for her to die that he might live. The child would be the care of a mightier power than that which robbed it of a mother's love. She was a simple, loving wife and mother; her world contained but two persons, yet she could face death for them, if it needs be, so that that would bring safety even for one.



"NOW—ONE—TWO—"

ture of my subordinate with the others to track your husband, who will be captured

and must be shot. Have you no wish to live for your child's sake?" said Beaugrade.

"I am a soldier's wife, as I told you before. To die for my husband is to me joy rather than sorrow. Does your revenge for the traitorous evidence I will not give extend to the child also?"

"No," responded Beaugrade; "the child shall be cared for so far as a rough soldier can see to its comforts till it reaches the Northern lines. Once more, will you give me the information I require?"

"I am ready to die," was the response; "where shall I place myself?"

The appointed spot was indicated, and the woman passed unflinching to it.

Kneeling down, she clasped her hands as the soldier who attended her placed a bandage across her eyes. It was a strange sight, only one of the many horrors that are met with whenever men engage in war with their fellow men.

Four Federal soldiers knelt, each on one knee, and waited the word of command to fire. The woman's lips moved for a few minutes in prayer. Then Beaugrade's voice rung out in its murderous message on the calm evening air.

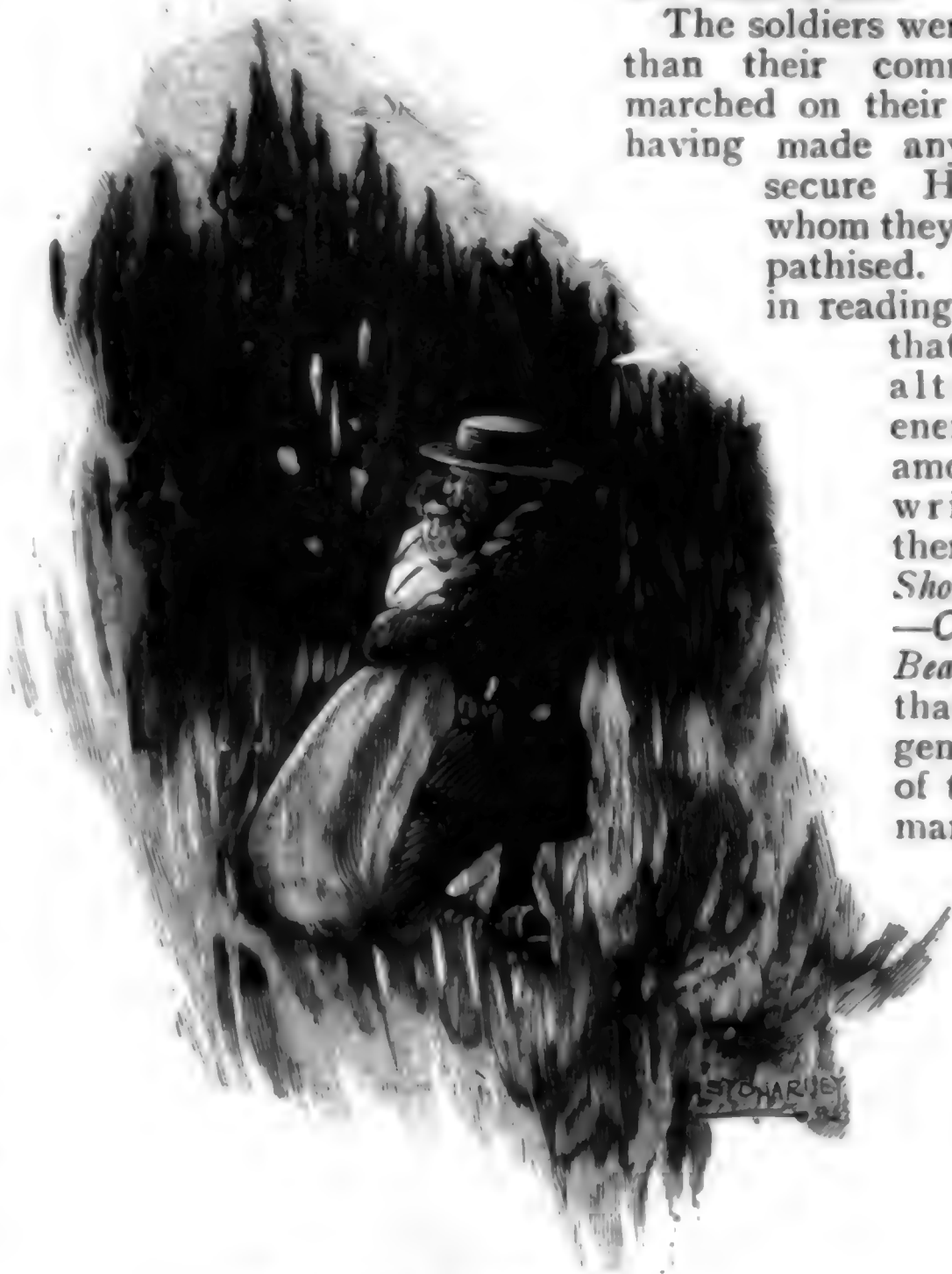
"Take steady aim and fire at the word 'three.' Now — One — Two —"

Suddenly there was a little puff of smoke, which came from out the deep shade of the pine wood. The report of a shot was heard, and the captain never finished his command. There was no mistake in the levelling of the gun, the aim was unerring, and Beaugrade rolled dead on the turf!

The soldiers hastened to him as the thick foliage of the wood was brushed aside, and Howard, gun in hand, emerged. To tear away the bandage from his wife's eyes and clasp her to his breast was the work of a minute. Her husband had saved her. He had doubled, as Beaugrade expected, when he found himself tracked before reaching the river, and had been in the pine wood only a few minutes, but they had sufficed to save his wife from death.

The soldiers were less callous than their commander, and marched on their way without having made any attempt to secure Howard, with whom they secretly sympathised. General Lee, in reading the record of

that week's casualties on the enemy's side, saw among the deaths written down there this entry: *Shot by the enemy: — Captain Edward Beaugrade.* And that is all that is generally known of the brave woman who faced death for her husband's sake, or of the man who met with a fitting death at the hands of a Southern rebel.



HER HUSBAND HAD SAVED HER.





THE "42nd," the gallant 42nd, has ever been to the fore in the annals of the English army; and the history of its services comprises a history of the most valued traditions of the military history of our country. The "Black Watch" is a regimental title for the student of history to conjure with. It is quite needless to say that it is of purely Highland origin. Without exaggeration, we may safely say that, in all ages, the Highlander has been a soldier. It was Scotchmen who comprised the body-guard of Louis XI. of France, and whose fidelity was never mistrusted by that wily monarch. As a matter of fact, the Scotchmen enjoyed unusual privileges in France. They formed a special corps—"Les Archieres Ecossois"—and every private in that regiment had the rank and dignity of a gentleman. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they composed the "Scots Brigade" of the United Provinces, and wrested the laurels of victory from the best soldiers of Europe. They were among the *élite* of the conquering armies which followed the standard of the "Lion of the North," Gustavus Adolphus; and their valour was proved on the bloody field of Lutzen. Special favour was shown to the Highlanders by the veterans, Condé and Montecuculi. Their deep-rooted loyalty to the Stuarts caused them to repair in large numbers to the armies of Louis XIV., that most

generous patron of the exiled race. The majority of the clans submitted to Queen Anne, and offered no opposition to the accession of George I.; but in 1715, when the Earl of Mar broke out into rebellion, they drew their claymores on behalf of the banished James. Thirty years of peace passed by, and, at the summons of Prince Charles Edward, they again raised the standard at Braemar, and enthusiastically responded to the appeal of the youthful Stuart. In the rebellion of 1745 the prowess of the Highlanders was almost as conspicuous as their want of discipline. At Preston Pans their courage was heroic. Strained to a pitch of patriotic enthusiasm by their heart-stirring pibroch, they charged up to the very muzzles of the guns, and thus wrested a victory from the dismayed and terrified Royalists—in fact, a panic struck the Royal Army, and a retreat was speedily converted into a flight. At Culloden, despite the fact that they fought with unusual desperation, they were defeated. On this occasion their splendid conduct drew forth the following words of praise from Earl Stanhope: "Not by their forefathers at Bannockburn, not by themselves at Preston or Falkirk; not in after years, when discipline had raised and refined the valour of their sons; not on the shores of the Nile; not on that other field of victory where their gallant chief, with a prophetic shroud (it is their own



superstition) high upon his breast, addressed to them only those three words, 'Highlanders, remember Egypt!' not in those hours of triumph and of glory was displayed a more firm and resolute bravery than now at the defeat at Culloden."

We have to thank William Pitt, the "Great Commoner," as his contemporaries admiringly called him, for having made the first serious attempt to utilise the valour of the Highlanders on behalf of the reigning dynasty, and to enrol them in the ranks of the British Army. The first Highland regiment was not embodied until 1751, but as the distinctive appellation of the "Black Watch," was obtained at an earlier period, our brief sketch of the history of the regiment will most appropriately begin in 1729, when six companies of Highlanders were raised and armed for service among their own piney glens and mountain fastnesses. The men were, as a rule, the sons of landlords and independent gentlemen, who had, in the first instance, espoused the cause of William III., and, continuing to wear their national costume of black, blue and green tartan, were named the "Freicu-dan Du," or "Black Watch," in allusion to their sombre attire; while the scarlet-coated regulars were called "Seideran Dearay," or "Red Soldiers."

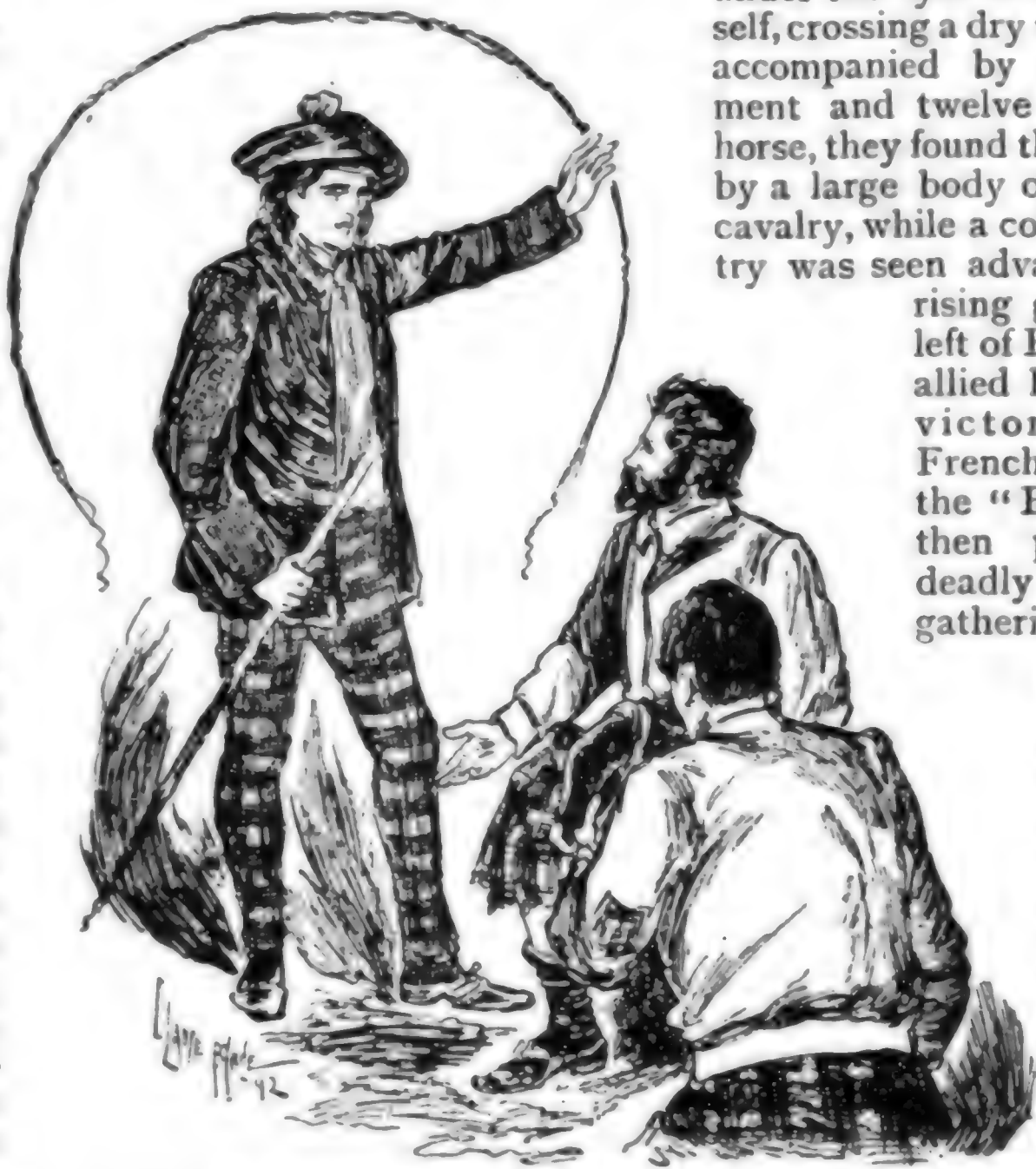
When the Spanish war broke out in 1739 these six companies were augmented to ten, each containing one captain, one lieutenant, one ensign, three sergeants, three corporals, two drummers,

and one hundred privates, and John, Earl of Crawford, was appointed their colonel. They remained on home service until 1743, when they were despatched to Flanders, though not until a sharp mutiny had broken out and had been suppressed with loss of life. The Highlanders complained that they had enlisted with the understanding that they were not destined for foreign service; but three of the mutineers having been shot, and a hundred others been draughted to different colonies, the regiment embarked from Gravesend. It joined the British Army under George II. at Hanau, a few days after the victory of Dettingen. In 1745 the command of the allied forces of the British and the Dutch was assumed by the Duke of Cumberland, and on April the 29th of that year, they advanced to the relief of Tournay, and drove in the French outposts in front of Fontenoy.

On the following morning the Duke of Cumberland and his generals prepared to reconnoitre the enemy's position, and the "Black Watch" was selected to cover the reconnoitring party. This put the loyalty of the Highlanders to a test; and,

under the eyes of the Duke himself, crossing a dry water channel, accompanied by another regiment and twelve squadrons of horse, they found themselves met by a large body of the enemy's cavalry, while a column of infantry was seen advancing on the

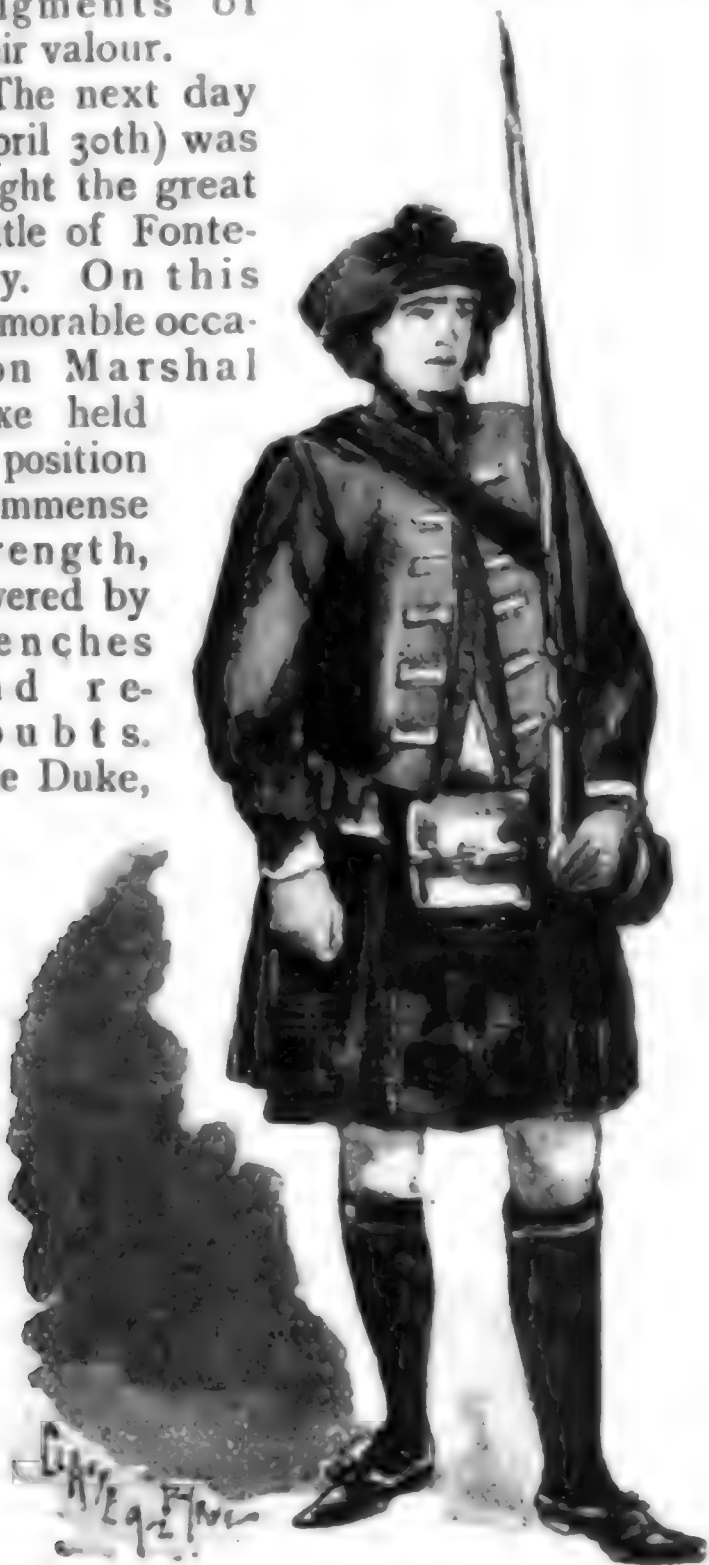
rising ground to the left of Fontenoy. The allied horse gained a victory over the French Dragoons; the "Black Watch" then poured in a deadly fire on the gathering infantry, and compelled them to retire. "As they marched on," says a well-known authority, "following the enemy through thick fields of waving grain, an irregular and murderous



HIGHLANDERS RECEIVING PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

fire issued from some unseen enemy in the corn-fields, which all the vigilance of the Highlanders could not elude. This was from a corps afterwards called 'sharpshooters,' but then known by the name of 'grassins,' from their lying among the grass, and taking off prominent individuals from their concealment; but the 'Black Watch' were too well accustomed to the patient manœuvres of deer-stalking in their own country to be outdone by the French green-coats, for it was on this occasion that a Highlander, unable to get a 'pop' at the hidden enemy, stuck his bonnet on the top of a stump in the corn, which the 'grassin' fired at repeatedly, supposing it to be a man. The Gael hid himself in turn, and was soon enabled to bring him down." The charge of the French now covered the retreat of their infantry, and the Highlanders were recalled to the main body of their army, after receiving the Duke's public acknowledgments of their valour.

The next day (April 30th) was fought the great battle of Fontenoy. On this memorable occasion Marshal Saxe held a position of immense strength, covered by trenches and redoubts. The Duke,



COSTUME HIGHLAND BRIGADE (TIME OF PRETENDER).



PIPER AT PRESTON PANS.

however, relying upon the well-proved courage of his troops, resolved upon an attack. While a column was despatched against two batteries which galled the allied flank, the "Black Watch" descended into the valley, crossed the brook and attempted to climb the ridge, crowned by the French Infantry. Exposed to a terrible fire they could but pour a volley into the foe, and then lay flat upon the earth, while the shots flew above their heads. This peculiar mode of fighting astonished the French, and they were already astounded at the bare legs and short kilts. The Colonel of the "Black Watch," Sir Robert Monroe, was a man of enormous bulk, he therefore could not follow the example of his men, from a very pardonable fear of not being able to get on his feet again. He had no alternative but to stand upright, like an invincible Ajax defying the lightning: what a dramatic picture for a military painter! Meanwhile, the battle raged on every side, the Duke wasting his men in fruitless



attempts to carry the enemy's entrenchments. Weary with failure, he at last determined to hurl his left wing on the French lines. In this forward movement, executed with marvellous dash and precision, the ringing pipes of the Scotch animated the entire body with a wonderful vivacity.

Thus went the battle until the Grenadier Guards and the "Black Watch" under Lord Albemarle and General Churchill arrived within forty paces of the enemy. A brief pause ensued: Lord Charles Hay, a Captain in the Guards, then exclaimed; "Messieurs de la Garde Française, tirez!" (Gentlemen of the French Guard, fire!) A French officer replied, with a courtly bow: "Gentlemen, we never fire first; fire you first." Lord Charles Hay, after an interval, gave the word to fire, and many a gallant man then met his fate. Despite the fact that at Fontenoy victory favoured the French, the "Black Watch" left the field with even more than the usual honours of war; they had been foremost in the attack, they were the last to retire, and were saluted by the Duke himself with a loud cheer in acknowledgment of their chivalrous devotion. Fontenoy was a defeat that can always be remembered without shame by the British Army.

The progress of the rebellion in Scotland induced the Government to recall the "Black Watch" towards the close of the year, and to increase it by three companies. It was accordingly quartered on the coast of Kent to protect it against a threatened French invasion. But the victory of Culloden crushing for ever the hopes of the Stuarts, and no attempt against Great Britain being made on the part of the French, it was decided to again start the Highlanders on active service. Thus we find them in the Dutch Campaigns of 1746 and 1747, winning fresh laurels for their gallantry and good conduct. In 1751, thanks to the foresight of Pitt, regular Highland regiments were formed. The "Black Watch" was, therefore, en-

rolled as the "42nd," and suitable uniforms and colours selected. It was not until 1756 that an opportunity was offered it to cover its new colours with glory. In the June of that year it arrived in New York to form a portion of an expedition against the French in North America. During the autumn and winter of 1756 it underwent a special course of training to fit its soldiers for bush-fighting, and to act as sharp-shooters. In the spring of 1758 it was sent, under Major-General Abercromby, against the French fort of Ticonderoga. This stronghold stood upon elevated ground, above a sharp tongue of land that projected into Lake Champlain. The only side upon which troops could approach it was covered by a line of fortification, eight feet high, and armed with cannon. The approach was obstructed by an abattis of felled trees, and the whole defended by nearly 5,000 men. The English general decided upon an immediate attack. The troops, unable to force their way through the abattis, fell rapidly beneath the murderous fire of the enemy. The Highlanders, springing forward,

cut their way through the branches with sweeping claymores; and, mounting on one another's shoulders, at-



HIGHLANDERS' RUSE AT FONTENoy.



CLIMBING STOCKADE AT TICONDEROGA.

the Indian "braves," and a gallant action at Bushey Run deserves to be recorded in its annals. The scene of the battle was a narrow defile between two lofty hills, terminating in a rising ground, thickly clothed with wood.

A flight of arrows revealed the position of the Indians. The 42nd, moving to the front, drove them from their concealment; but, gathering on every side, they dealt death amongst the Highlanders both with shot and arrow. Seeing how serious was the position of his troops, the colonel resorted to a stratagem. He called in the men, and pretended to retreat. This had the desired effect. The Indians, believing themselves victorious, rushed from their hiding-place to secure as many scalps as they could. The Scotch immediately turned upon them; and two companies, making a circuit of a hill, charged them in flank. Taken between two fires, they gave way in confusion, and, leaving their dead, fled from the scene of carnage.

The noble services of the Highlanders so pleased William Pitt, that, in the



SERGEANT MAJOR CHARLES II.).

tempted to climb the breastwork. It was a futile attempt—the rampart was too strong; and, with reluctance, the British forces had to retire. In this sanguinary encounter the 42nd lost about 640 killed and wounded. In 1758 the "Black Watch" received the title of the "Royal" Highland Regiment of foot, and was augmented by the addition of a second battalion of ten companies, each numbering 120 men. This battalion was despatched to the West Indies, and assisted in the attack on Martinique, January 17th, 1759. It was also present at the Capture of Guadaloupe, and "no troops," says the historian Beatson, "could have behaved with more courage than they did on this occasion." It afterwards joined the first battalion in North America, and served under General Amherst at the capture of Montreal, and subsequent reduction of Canada (1760). From the snows of Canadian winters the Highlanders accordingly passed to the tropical heats of the West Indian summers. They were part of the force assembled under the Earl of Albemarle for the reduction of Cuba, and were conspicuous in the attack upon the Havannah, August 11, 1762. In the following year, by the strange fortune of war, we find the "Black Watch" face to face with the restless Indian tribes of British America. No regiment in the British Army was more peculiarly fitted to do battle with



House of Commons, he thus alluded to them: "I sought for merit wherever it could be found. It is my boast that I was the first minister that looked for it, and found it in the mountains of the North. I called it forth, and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men; men who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the State in the wars before last. These men in the last war were brought to combat on your side; they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every quarter of the globe."

In 1770 the Royal Highlanders were ordered to North America; but it is not our intention to go into the details of that mad contest, which historians call the "War of American Independence." However, on every field the "Black Watch" preserved their hard-earned and glorious reputation. At Fort Washington, landing under a heavy fire, they scaled the heights of a wooded promontory, and, sword in hand, surprised the American entrenchments.

At the Battle of Pisquata (March 1, 1777) they repulsed 3,000 of the enemy with terrible loss. At the close of this hot fight an American soldier brought a wounded Highlander to the regiment on his back, and was thanked by the British

generals for his kindness. But the American confessed that he was about to plunder the sergeant of a pair of silver buckles and his watch, when the wounded man, grappling him by the throat, and threatening him with his dirk, compelled him, at the peril of his life, to carry him to the English lines.

In 1795 they joined the armament under Abercromby to conquer the French Colonies in the West Indies. In the attack upon New Vigo, they clambered up a woody steep with terrible impetuosity, and captured three redoubts which crowned its summit. The heroism of a soldier's wife on this occasion, is thus described by Major General (then Captain) Stewart: "I directed her husband, who was in my company, to remain behind in charge of the men's knapsacks, which they had thrown off to be light for the advance up the hill; he obeyed his orders, but his wife, believing, I suppose, that she was not included in the injunctions, pushed forward in the assault. When the enemy were driven from the third redoubt, I was standing, giving some directions to the men, when I found myself tapped on the shoulder, and looking round, I saw my Amazonian friend standing with her clothes tucked up to the knees, and seizing my arm, she cried! 'Well done, my Highland lads; see how the enemy run like so many deer.' On

enquiring I found that she had taken part in the charge, cheering and animating the men." In 1801 the Black Watch assembled under Abercromby to form part of the force destined to meet Napoleon's "Army of the East" in Egypt. They arrived in the Bay of Aboukir on March 1st, 1801. The Black Watch was chosen to form part of the force under General (afterwards Sir John)



FORDING A RIVER IN THE WEST INDIES.



A HIGHLAND AMAZON.

Moore to effect a landing. Early in the dawn of March 8th, the boats pushed off, laden with 5,000 men. They were met by a perfect storm of shot as they neared the shore. They cut through the foaming surf, however, and pushed their prows deep into the sand. Leaping on shore, the gallant Britons formed coolly into line, then tore up the incline, and giving their enemies the "cold steel," carried all before them. They next had to face a cavalry charge, but in this they were also victorious. The French fled in confusion, retreating on Alexandria.

The rest of the army now disembarked, the stores were landed, and on the 12th Abercromby moved on Alexandria. The army then took up a position on the skirt of a sandy plain, within sight of the great

Egyptian city—the proud memorial of the Macedonian Conqueror; the Lake of Aboukir on the left, the sea on the right. The French occupied a parallel position on a ridge of hills; their centre protected by Fort Cretin, their right extending to Pompey's Pillar, and their left to Cleopatra's Needle. On this truly historic ground the two armies of the greatest nations of modern times met to contest for the laurels of victory. Seven days of inaction passed. The French Army having then been reinforced, General Menon determined to attack the British lines. Before dawn on the 21st of March a flame of fire, running along the entire line, announced the approach of the enemy. Almost the first regiment to rush forward and meet them was the 42nd. A column of Napoleon's "Invincible Legion," preceded by a single gun, had glided unperceived into the interval between the Guards and the Highlanders. Suddenly their progress was discovered by Lieut.-Col. Stewart, who commanded the right wing, and his men rushed forward with level bayonets, while the left wing, facing about, came up to the charge in splendid style. The French, caught between two fires, poured into the ruins of an ancient palace, which mouldered upon the shore. Two companies of the 58th then charged them with the bayonet



DEATH OF GENERAL ABERCROMBY AT ALEXANDRIA.



in the front: the Highlanders, with an exultant cheer, levelled their deadly steel in the rear. The brave "Invincible Legion" could not withstand the headlong rush, and were forced to throw down their arms and surrender. Meanwhile, fresh columns of the enemy were pouring down upon the left wing of the 42nd, and it was time for the right to come to its support. Major-General Moore himself led it forward, and Abercromby, galloping to the front, cried, "My brave Highlanders, remember your country, remember your forefathers" This was the signal for a furious bayonet charge upon the masses of French troops. Victory, however, might have been on the side of the enemy, had not Moore perceived an overwhelming advance of cavalry just in time to retire his regiment to the rising ground and prepare for their reception. They fell with terrific impetus upon the already weakened ranks of the

42nd, and scattered several companies into small groups, which maintained a hand-to-hand combat, while other companies, remaining unbroken, delivered a steady fire and emptied many a saddle. The commander-in-chief himself nearly fell a prisoner to the French in this charge. Two dragoons had attacked him and were beating him down, when a Corporal of the "Black Watch" ran to his assistance and shot one of the Frenchmen dead. The other then rode off, but was met and bayoneted by another gallant Highlander. The 42nd re-formed in time to oppose a second charge of infantry and cavalry; victory again favoured them, and the enemy retired in disorder. A like success had attended the Guards and Royals, and a fresh supply of ammunition enabling the British artillery to open a destructive cannonade, the French retreated to Alexandria. The troops of Napoleon, invincible on so many hard-fought fields were forced to retire before the splendid heroism of the "Sons of Albion." But it was a victory dearly purchased. The brave Abercromby fell mortally wounded early in the action. On June 16th the 42nd joined the force

before Cairo, and were present at its capture; on the French evacuating Egypt the Highlanders returned to England, where they were received with the utmost enthusiasm. They were rewarded with permission to bear the sphinx, with the word Egypt on their colours "as a lasting memorial of the glory acquired by his Majesty's arms, by the zeal, discipline, and intrepidity of the troops engaged in that arduous and important campaign."

During the Peninsular war the 42nd fought with conspicuous bravery. At the Battle of Corunna, Sir John Moore, carried away by his enthusiasm, frequently exclaimed "Highlanders, remember Egypt." It was at Corunna that Sir John Moore received a mortal wound,



OFFICER AT WATERLOO (IN PART EVENING DRESS).



PRIVATE AT WATERLOO.

a cannon ball struck him on the left shoulder and felled him to the ground. Captain Hardinge, a staff officer who was near him, threw himself from the saddle, and seizing the General's hand, anxiously enquired whether he was much hurt, but Moore was too far gone to reply. His eyes remained fixed in a concentrated stare at the battlefield. Hardinge saw this, and im-

mediately reported the progress of the battle to the dying hero. He said that the 42nd were advancing, and received as his reward a grateful look from Moore's eyes, so soon to be closed in eternal slumber. We will not follow the Highlanders during the many actions of the Peninsula, suffice to say that they bear on their colours the following glorious record: "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthez," "Toulouse."

After remaining for some time in Ireland, they were sent to join the army of Wellington, and landed at Ostend in May, 1815. Information of Napoleon's movements reached Wellington at Brussels on June 15th. A ball was given on that night in the Belgian capital by the Duchess of Richmond. Of course all the English officers were guests on the occasion. The ball was at its height when the alarm was sounded. The order to march was at once given; many of the officers had not time even to remove their light dancing shoes, and were thus found lying dead on the field of Quatre Bras. Meanwhile in the streets of Brussels everyone

was on the alert, and the forces of Wellington were at once put in motion. The mustering squadron and the clattering car poured through the streets. "Our two distinguished Highland corps," says Sir Walter Scott, "the 42nd and the 92nd, were the first to muster. They assembled with the utmost alacrity to the sound of the well-known pibroch 'Come to me and

I will give you flesh,' an invitation to the wolf and the raven, for which the next day did, in fact, spread an ample banquet at the expense of our brave countrymen as well as of their enemies. One could not but admire their fine appearance, their firm, collected, steady, military demeanour, as they went rejoicing to battle, with their bagpipes playing before them, and the gleam of the rising sun shining upon their glistening arms. The kind and generous inhabitants assembled in crowds to witness the departure of their gallant friends, and as the Highlanders marched onwards with a steady and collected air, the people breathed many a fervent

expression for their safety."

After a march of twenty-two miles the British regiments arrived at Quatre Bras (July 16), a hamlet, situated at the point where the Namur and Nivelles road crosses the road to Charleroi. On the right extended a dense and wide-spreading wood, which on the memorable 16th had been won and occupied by the enemy. The 95th, on their arrival on the scene of



LIFE AND DEATH.





THE BLACK WATCH AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.

contest, were ordered to recover the wood, in which they succeeded; and the Royals and 28th on the right, the Highlanders and the 44th on their left, also came into close action, beating back the furious charges of cuirassiers and lancers which they directed against them. Forming into squares, they presented to the French cavalry a wall of fire and steel, against which they rolled back like spray from a rock. The 42nd, availing themselves of the apparent repulse of the enemy, deployed into line and began pressing forward through a field of rye which nearly reached their shoulders. At this juncture a body of horse was seen approaching, which was supposed to be the allied cavalry, and it was only when they had drawn too near to allow of the regiment forming a square that they were recognised as French

lancers! The Highlanders succeeded in hurriedly forming a kind of square, and thus managed to hem in the cavalry. The fight was sanguinary though brief, and in the space of a few minutes the command of the "Black Watch" devolved upon four officers in succession.

In vain the French cavalry dashed into the allied ranks, they might as well have hurled themselves against a wall of iron. For a long time the 42nd bore the terrible fire of the French artillery. At length the Guards arrived on the field, and immediately came to the rescue. Despite the fact that they had marched fifteen miles (as mentioned in our article last month) they charged with the greatest alacrity, and drove back the enemy. Evening gathering over the wood, Ney reluctantly retired his troops, and Quatre Bras was



PRIVATE JAMES DAVIS WINS THE VICTORIA CROSS.

added to the glorious roll of English triumphs.

On June the 18th, 1815, was fought the Battle of Waterloo. It is not our province to describe this terrible encounter, with almost every movement of which the English reader is familiar. We have only to describe the part played by the Royal Highlanders. That they fought with all their old heroism goes without saying, but at one time they were nearly being outflanked by overwhelming numbers. They were saved, however, by the splendid cavalry charge led by Lord Uxbridge.

In the two days of Quatre Bras and Waterloo (June 16th and 18th) the 42nd lost 51 killed and 247 wounded. The word "Waterloo" borne on their colours commemorates its prowess. A medal was conferred on each officer and soldier, and the privilege of reckoning two years' service towards additional pay, and pension on discharge, was also accorded to the men.

In the Crimean Campaign the

42nd nobly maintained their unsullied fame. At the Battle of Alma their ardour was irresistible, and, conjointly with the Guards, after the great Redoubt had been carried by the Light Division, they scaled the bristling heights, and drove back the Russians at the point of the bayonet. Not less conspicuous was the "thin red streak, tipped with a line of steel," at Balaklava, when Sir Colin Campbell drew them up only two deep to receive the Russian cavalry. Throughout the terrible siege of Sebastopol their endurance was only surpassed by their daring.

Space will not permit us to give anything like a detailed account of the history of the "Black Watch" since the Crimean War. Their "Victoria Cross" record is, however, a glorious one. It is impossible to conceive a more conspicuous act of gallantry than that performed by Private James Davis, on the 15th of April, 1858. This hero was engaged with an advanced party, at the Fort of Ruhya. Lieutenant Bramley was killed on the spot, and Davis, out of love and affection for the young officer, offered to carry the body to the regiment. This he did under the very walls of the fort, and exposed to a murderous fire.

The "Black Watch" fought heroically in India; but it would fill volumes if we attempted to chronicle all their movements.

To come down to quite recent times—to the Egyptian Campaigns of 1882 and 1885. In the former the 42nd bore the brunt of the action at the Battle of Tel El Kebir—in fact, they were the first to scale the heights, and thus come face to face with the Egyptians. The Highlanders seemed destined to win a considerable share of their laurels in the land of the Pharaohs. As at Alexandria,



COLOUR-SERGEANT (PRESENT DAY).



under the gallant Abercromby, so was it at Tel El Kebir; and along the Nile, over eighty years later, under Lord Wolseley.

"The heritage of a spotless fame, bequeathed to them by their forefathers, is one which no true Scotchman will ever suffer to be tarnished—is one which he

will defend in the deadliest throes of the battle."

But not only is Scotland proud of its Royal Highlanders. The "Black Watch" have always been held in the highest regard, whether stationed at home or abroad.





**W**E had the elements of a pleasant little party at Bocca del Leone in October last. Bocca del Leone, you know, is the Italian port which was used at one time as the place of embarkation for our Indian mails. M. de la Roche, the managing director of a large steam shipping company, Carnaki (a Greek), his head clerk, and I, were all detained at Bocca del Leone on the same business; and staying at the same hotel was Mr. Humphreys, a well-known London contractor.

One morning, when we were rather at a loss what to do, Carnaki proposed that we should go and see the Bagne, the great convict establishment, situate on the top of a hill overlooking the harbour, where seven hundred malefactors were imprisoned.

There was nothing very particular in the establishment. The convicts were the usual villainous set of fellows, dressed in grey suits, with chain anklets on their legs, and with caps of different colours—some yellow, some red, some green, on their short-cropped heads. The colour of their caps denoted the length of time to which the wearers were sentenced. Those wearing the green cap were in nearly all instances murderers, and sentenced for life. A few Garde Chiourmes were lounging about, and an occasional sentry was visible from time to time sauntering along the top of the walls of the courtyard in which the convicts, perfectly unshackled, roamed about at their will.

Only one incident marked our progress. We were passing through one of the largest yards, in the middle of which was a rough-hewn drinking-fountain with running water; at this fountain a man was stooping down, filling from it an iron ladle attached to it by a chain. We paused for an instant, and the man, who wore a green cap, looked up. He was a sinister-looking ruffian indeed; his hair, so much of it as could be seen, was grizzled; he had but one eye, but that glowed in his head like a coal, and across each of his thick, sensual lips was a white seam—the horrible scar left by what must have been a very awkward cut. He looked up, I saw, and, as his eye fell upon Humphreys, who was standing next to him, he sprang to his feet, and uttered an exclamation; then, after gazing at him full in the face for an instant, he grinned horribly, touched his cap, and fell to filling his ladle again. I turned to Mr. Humphreys, and, seeing that he was deadly pale, signed to the man to hand me the ladle full of water, but Humphreys put it aside with a motion of disgust: and, as he declared himself quite well, we resumed our progress, and shortly afterwards left the Bagne.

No sooner were we fairly outside than Mr. Humphreys fainted, and fell heavily to the ground. We raised him, placed him in a carriage, and drove to the hotel. On the way he recovered, and, though he went to bed in the broiling heat of the afternoon, he was sufficiently well to sit



up in the evening in his room, and he sent down word that, if I were not engaged, he would like me to come and smoke a cigar with him. Of course I went, and, though I had determined upon not saying a word to him as to the odd scene which had taken place in the Bagne, I was, I confess, sufficiently interested to be glad to hear him say :

"You noticed that man, the convict with the green cap, at the fountain, this morning?"

I replied that I did notice him.

"And you saw the effect his presence had upon me?"

"I saw that you were suddenly indisposed, immediately after your coming upon him! I did not attribute——"

"There can be no mistake about it," said Mr. Humphreys, solemnly, "That man has a direct influence on my life."

"An influence on your life!" I exclaimed. "This man, condemned for life to the galleys, for brigandage and murder—for I asked the Garde Chiourme what was his crime—this man have an influence on your life? You must be joking! You have never seen him before!"

"I have seen him twice before," said Mr. Humphreys, solemnly; "but I shall never see him again."

"Seen him twice before! Do you mind telling me under what circumstances?"

"No," said he, quietly; "I do not mind. It is a strange story, but it will while away the time, and," he added, with a long-drawn sigh, "it will not have any influence on the result."

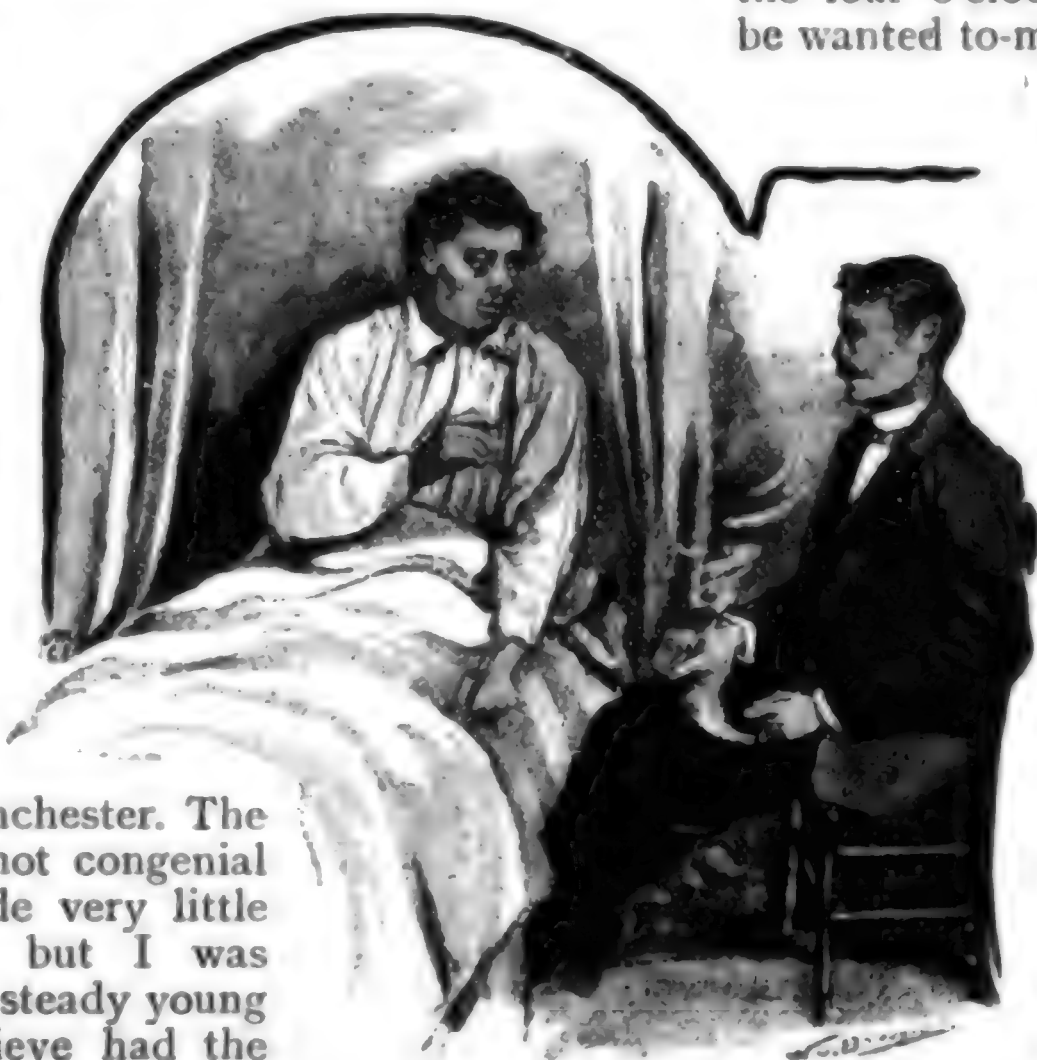
"Twenty-five years ago I was a clerk in a lawyer's office at Manchester. The occupation was not congenial to me, and I made very little progress in it; but I was looked upon as a steady young man, and I believe had the confidence of my employers.

One winter's day I was sent over to Wigan, to collect some evidence in the interest of a client of ours, a lady, who had been struck by a coil of wire, which had fallen off the roof of the railway station, as she was entering the booking-office, and had severely injured her.

"It was a black, bitter day, and the streets were filled by moody, discontented operatives, who were at that time out on strike, and who—ankle-deep in the snow, and with their hands in their pockets—lounged about, visiting public-houses, discussing their grievances and the chances of getting them remedied. I had a hard day's work hunting out the various people whose evidence we had to obtain, and I was not dissatisfied with the result of my labour; for the last person with whom I had a talk, the foreman of the linesmen, turned out to be not only a very intelligent fellow, but an old Manchester acquaintance of mine, whom I had not seen for several months. We had finished our talk in his office, and I was rising to start, when he asked me if I was going straight back to Manchester. I replied, 'Yes.'

"'Well, then,' said he, opening his desk, and taking from it a little canvas bag; 'I wish you would carry this over to the Company's agent in Brown Street. There are two hundred sovereigns in this bag, and I ought to have sent it by one of our men who went over by the four o'clock train. It will be wanted to-morrow to pay the

wages of the men, and get it there somehow I must. You would not object to take it?—you must pass the office door, and all you have got to do is to step in and leave it. The agent, or the head clerk, is sure to be there until ten o'clock to-night.—What was that!' He started, and, raising his head, looked directly over my shoulder at the window behind me.



TO COME AND SMOKE A CIGAR.

"I turned instantly, but saw nothing, and said so.

" 'I could have sworn I saw a man's face peering in at that window,' said he; but it seemed to vanish as I spoke, and, I suppose, must have been fancy.'

"He crossed the room, threw open the window, looked out into the darkness; but, seeing no one there, closed the window again, drew down the blinds, and we resumed our conversation.

"I did not care particularly about taking charge of the sum of money which he wished me to convey to Manchester, but he pressed the bag into my hand, and



'WHAT WAS THAT?'

I placed it into an inner breast-pocket of my coat, and we started for the railway-station, which was close by. The gentleman insisting that we should 'wet' this transaction, as he termed it, we entered a little tavern, just outside the railway, and each had a small quantity of hot brandy and water; but, even with this delay, we arrived at the station some ten minutes before the train was fairly started. I had my return-ticket in my pocket, so my friend and I walked up and down the platform until the first bell had rung, when I jumped into a first-class carriage.

" 'Good-bye,' said he; 'I won't wait to see you off; this is a draughty place, and I am almost dead with cold? You have it all right here?'

"For reply, I touched my left breast, where I felt the pressure of the bag.

"He nodded once more, and went away.

"The second bell had rung, the engine

had uttered its first screech, and the wheels of the carriages were just beginning to revolve, when the door of the compartment in which I was seated was opened, and, saying, 'In there,' a man helped a woman up the steps, and closely followed her.

"The woman placed herself in the seat immediately opposite to me; the man seated himself on the same side as the woman, at the other end of the carriage; the lamp in the carriage roof was burning brightly, and I had full opportunity of taking stock of my fellow-passengers.

"The first thing that struck me was a certain incongruity in their positions. Neither of them was the style of person usually to be met with in first-class carriages. The woman, who was certainly pretty, with large bright, black eyes, and black hair falling in close bands on either side of her face, looked something like a fourth-rate actress. She was tawdrily, and by no means too warmly clad, in a faded blue silk gown, a black silk cloak, and black net bonnet. In her hand she carried what used to be called in those days a reticule, a small bag, closing with a steel clasp, and pendent from her wrist. The man's face was scarcely visible; he wore a soft wide-awake hat, which was pulled down over his brow, and threw his face into the shade. But one could tell that he was not a gentleman from the colour and formation of his hands, which were red and coarse and sinewy, with close-bitten nails; and from the make of his clothes, his trousers being cut very much over his boots—in exaggeration of the fashion then in vogue—and his coat, though worn and shabby, being frogged and braided in the foreign style. I set them down in my own mind for theatrical or circus people; and was about to compose myself to sleep, when my attention was attracted by a movement on the part of the woman.

"I had noticed that, from time to time, she had stealthily looked towards her companion, and as often and as stealthily glanced at me. Now, she accompanied those glances by a slight pressure of my foot, and, on my looking at her, conveyed to me in slight and rapid pantomime that her companion was asleep. Still keeping



her foot on mine, she lay back in her seat, threw back her veil coquettishly, and through her half-shut eyes fixed upon me a long lingering look, which set my heart throbbing and caused all the blood in my veins to tingle. I was a very young man then, easily impressed; and there was something in this woman's appearance and manner which to me was inexpressibly fascinating. I moved forward in the seat, but she, after glancing at her companion, quietly raised her forefinger in admonition. Still, she sat there smiling at me, and now and then glancing at me with that wondrous eager look. We stopped at a station; her foot was withdrawn, her veil was dropped, and she sat erect, with her face turned to the window, but her companion still slumbered. When we started again we had a long run of about twenty minutes before we reached our next halting-place; and the girl lay back in her seat, and looked more fascinating and tempting than ever. We had proceeded for about five minutes, when I thought I would risk anything, and I was bending forward with the intention of whispering something to her, when she suddenly gathered herself together, looked across to her companion, and uttered loudly the word, 'Now!'

"At that instant, the man sprang from his seat, and was upon me with one bound; his hands were twisted in my neck-cloth, his hat fell off, and I could see his face, could distinguish his features, and *could see plainly that he had only one eye*. He was strong, but I was stronger; twice I beat him off, once I had him down on the floor of the carriage, and most assuredly should have strangled him, but at that moment the woman, who had gathered herself up on to the seat to be out of the way of the struggle, opened her bag, pulled from it a handkerchief which she soaked with the contents of a bottle, and then, coming behind me, placed it over

my face. A sense of suffocation immediately overcame me, my grasp upon my antagonist instantly relaxed, and I strove unavailingly to put my hands up and remove the handkerchief from my face. Then my heart, feeling like a great globe of fire within me, began to beat in slow thick throbs; I felt as though I were dying—as though it were impossible for me to catch the next breath—and then a blissful state stole over me, and I became utterly unconscious.

"When I opened my eyes, on recovering consciousness, I found myself lying on the brink of an embankment adjoining the railway track. Day had already dawned, and, in the dim light, I could make out the indistinct forms of two navvies, who were bending over me. I strove to move, but the attempt caused the keenest agony; to speak, but I had no strength. One of the men unloosed a bottle from his belt, and poured some of its contents down my throat. It was beer, small, flat and stale; but it had a reviving effect. I found strength enough to utter the word 'Doctor,' and one of the men started off in search of medical assistance, while the other remained by me. On the doctor's arrival it was found that not only was I helplessly shaken and bruised, but that my collar-bone and left arm were broken. With the first words I could find, I asked the doctor to feel in my breast pocket. The bag, with the two hundred pounds, was gone! Of

course I had half expected that. But the certainty of discovery was too much for me, and I again relapsed into insensibility.

"I was in bed for about four months, part of the time with raging fever, but the strength of my constitution enabled me to pull through, and, when I recovered, I found that my position was made. The bravery I had exhibited in attempting to defend the treasure confided to me, and the sufferings I had undergone, gave me a hero's position and brought me



I HAD HIM DOWN.

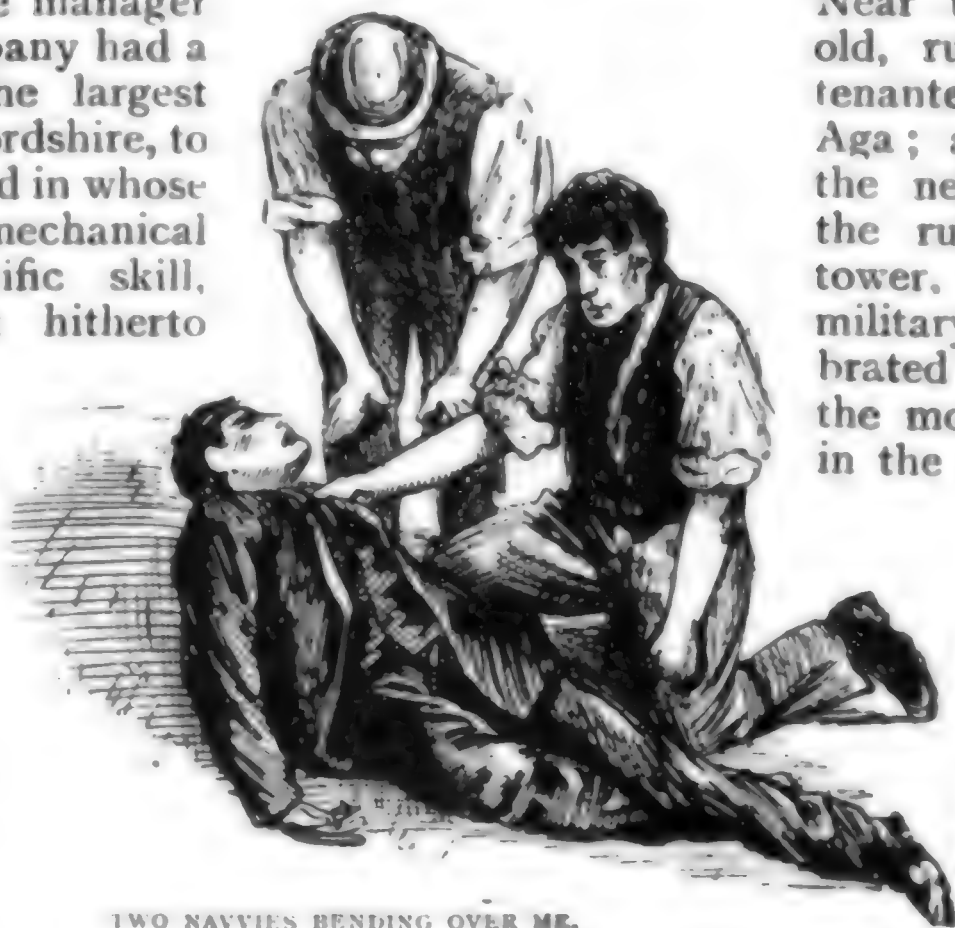
ample reward. The manager of the railway company had a brother, one of the largest ironmasters in Staffordshire, to whom I was sent, and in whose employ certain mechanical genius and scientific skill, which I had not hitherto known that I possessed, were developed in me. These helped my progress, step by step, and finally enabled me to become my master's partner, and at his death to attain the position I now hold.

"I need not tell you that the robber of the railway-carriage and the convict at the Bagne were one and the same man! That was the first time I ever saw him."

"And when was the second?" I asked; "when he was in the dock for his attack upon you?"

"He was never captured for that offence," said Mr. Humphreys. "I did not see him again for ten years, and then it was in a very different place."

"I was out with two friends on a yachting expedition, undertaken by me for the purposes of resting from labour and recovering my health, which had been somewhat impaired by too severe mental strain; and by them for the sake of filling up some portion of the 'fallow leisure of their lives,' with the chances of obtaining some fresh sporting experiences. We had been absent from England three months, and for a week had been dodging in and out among the Greek islands of the Archipelago, enjoying the lovely scenery, the freedom from care, and the novelty of our lives. One night we dropped anchor in the Bay of Butrinto, and early in the morning we were on deck, gazing with delight at the spectacle around us. Before us lay the Albanian shore, with a wide valley running up between two chains of hills, clad with verdure, and running into other chains, which intermingled until they were lost in the blue distance. On one side of the hill, some way off, were the white walls of a straggling Albanian village.



TWO NAVVIES BENDING OVER ME.

Near the shore was an old, ruined castle, then tenanted by a Turkish Aga; and many hills in the neighbourhood bore the ruins of castle or tower, the relics of the military sway of the celebrated Ali Pasha. Almost the most striking feature in the landscape was its perfect quiet; no labourer was to be seen a-field, no herdsman with his flocks, no hum of population: it was more than silence; it was desolation. Behind the yacht, at a distance,

rose the heights of San Salvador, a mountain on the opposite side of the Bay of Corfu to that on which the town is built; and, as it seemed, beyond that, the citadel of Corfu was reflected through the morning light, and stood above and apart from the water. A flock of gulls were soaring about, every now and then making a dash at their prey in the shallows that ran a long way out from the shore; while at a little distance rested on the water a whole host of wild ducks and other water-fowl, with three or four majestic swans among them, apparently unconscious of any enemy.

"This sight delighted my companions. The dingy was soon lowered, and so, telling the captain to look out for us about six in the evening, we were soon paddling quietly towards the game."

"We passed under the walls of the old castle, and entered upon a wild, marshy, reedy tract, which stretched itself a little way before us, and was intersected by numerous creeks."

"'This is the place for snipe!' whispered Major Byrom; and as he spoke, snipe rose, to confirm his words. The sport once begun, went on in earnest, and the snipe got up in front and on the right and left, in a manner and in a number that entirely astounded me. We gradually advanced, extending our line of beating, and before we had passed the swampy tract of ground, had bagged enough snipe to give even a Lincolnshire fen poacher cause for envy."



"At length I found myself separated from the others by an uninviting swamp, and never yet having become sufficiently sportsmanlike to run the risk of wet feet when it was possible to keep them dry, I wandered on, seeking for a firmer passage. After some little time, I reached a spot where the creek widened into a small lagoon fringed with tall rushes and reeds. I pushed these aside, and started, as I saw the whole surface of the lagoon literally alive with teal, widgeon and every kind of wild duck.

"Luckily some of the birds were scared, and flew over my head. I secured a couple of them, and after some splashing in the mud, succeeded in carrying off my trophies. I started to gain my friends; I had seen quite enough of the

useless; and though I could not understand one word of their language, yet from their motions I comprehended they desired me to march with them. So, guarded before and behind, I followed them along the path. After a time, we came to an opening, where the under-wood had been cut away, and through this we turned, marching on until we arrived at a chain of small hills, in the middle of the largest of which a spacious cave had been hollowed out. Three or four men, of the same stamp as my companions, were lounging in front of the cave, and sprang to their feet as we advanced. After an interchange of a few words, one of them went into the cave and disappeared in its recesses. When he came back he was accompanied by

the man whom we saw to day—the man with whom I had the desperate encounter in the railway-carriage.

"I knew him again instantly, but evidently he did not recognise me. He spoke to me in very fluent English, though in a coarse and brutal tone, told me his men were greatly disappointed at finding no booty up-



A LARGE CAVE WAS HOLLOWED OUT.

snipe country, and entered an open wild, pursuing a sort of green lane which ran through it, full of ruts and holes, and very like an English woodland path.

"I had proceeded some distance up this lane, when three men suddenly jumped out in front of me and barred my path. I looked round, and saw three individuals of the same stamp behind me. On their heads each had a miserable fez, faded and dirty, and the whole dress of each of them seemed to consist in a stained yellow woollen capote. Their legs were bare; their feet shod with sandals. They were probably peasants of the district, but there was no doubt of their intentions. Four of them had wretched looking muskets; the other two, long, lithe knives, which they flourished in my face. I saw that resistance was

on me, and that he should hold me as hostage until my friends provided a sufficient ransom for me. This ransom he fixed at two thousand pounds. I was then taken into the outer cave and placed under watch of two of the band, who were relieved at stated intervals by two others, so that I was never left day or night.

"The one-eyed man seemed to be the head captain of the banditti; and a tall strongly-built, active young fellow, who was evidently the second in command, was despatched to Butrinto, with the demand for my ransom. By him I sent a private letter to my friends on board the yacht, begging them to see the consul at Corfu, and make immediate arrangements for sending the money.

"Three days passed in this manner. At the end of the third it was evident that



I KNEW HIM AGAIN.

the patience of my one-eyed friend was getting exhausted. In the evening, just as at sundown I was dropping off to sleep, he came to me, shook me roughly, and said if the money were not forthcoming by that time to-morrow night, I should be shot, by way of warning to the friends of future travellers, who might fall into his hands. In the middle of the night, however, I was awake by the sound of firing, and, raising myself up, found that my guards had left me, and I was alone. I hurried in the direction whence the noise proceeded, and found a hand-to-hand fight going on between the banditti, some of my own yacht's crew and the *guardini*, or Corfu policemen, who had discovered the haunt of the brigands, through the treachery of our emissary the lieutenant. The authorities were victorious, two of the bandits were killed, and three taken prisoners, but the one-eyed chief was not amongst them. It was the great object of the *guardini* to lay hold of him, as he was known to be a desperate character, a large reward had been offered for his capture, but, to their intense disgust, he escaped.

"I had been a good deal broken by the confinement and want of nourishment during the three days which I passed in the brigands' cave, and my health suffered

in consequence. On the second night after my return to the yacht, I was lying on the deck, gazing at the moon, which was flooding the heavens with her light, and thinking over my past experiences in the cave, when a thought flashed across me, which for the moment filled my mind with something like terror. You shall judge whether I had cause for fright.

"Thirteen or fourteen years previously, at the time when a mania for spiritual manifestation was prevalent in certain circles in London, I had assisted at a private *séance* given by a well-known professor of the art. When his performances were ended, I had some conversation with him, and found him to be, however much of a charlatan towards other people, at all events thoroughly impressed with the belief in the powers he professed.

"'You are a sceptic in these matters, I see, Mr. Humphreys?' said he. 'You are a disbeliever in all occult sciences, perhaps, even in that of mesmerism?'

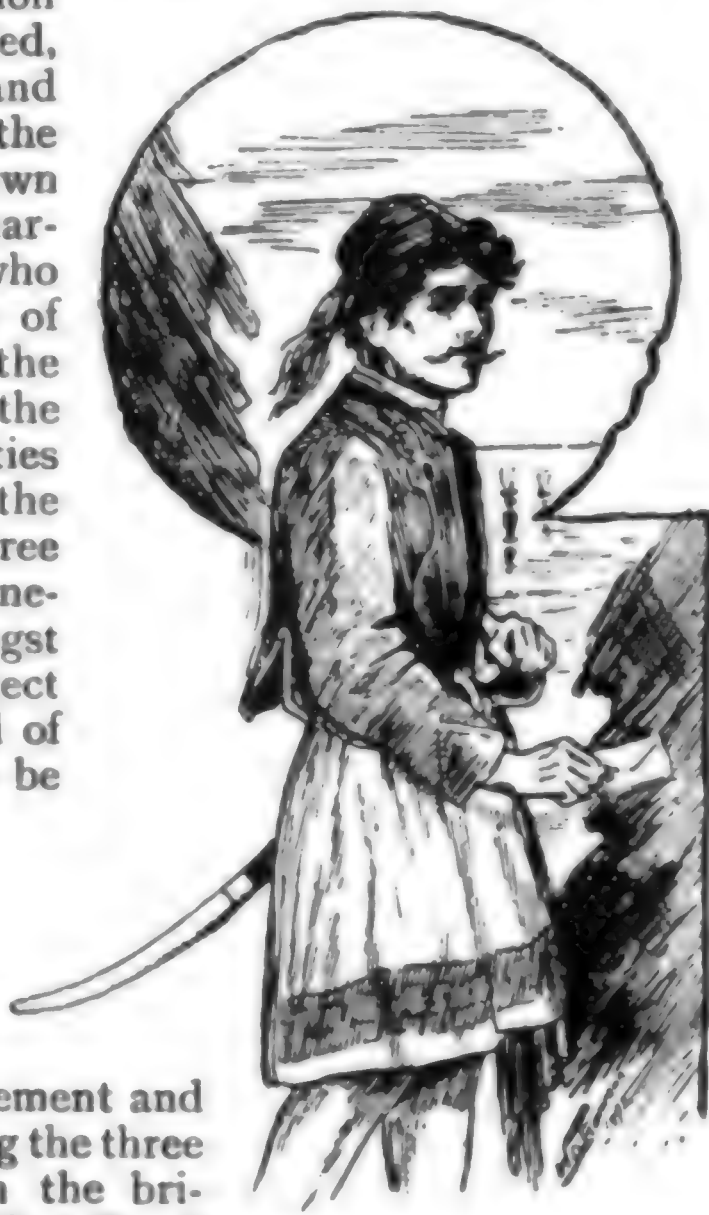
"I laughingly told him that I was a practical man, compelled to trust only to my own eyes and ears for all that I believed.

"'And yet,' said he, 'I think I might convince you, not merely that there is something in mesmeric power, but that that power might be exercised for your good.'

"I shrugged my shoulders.

"'Do you mind,' said he, 'coming to my house to-morrow morning and talking over the matter further with me?'

"I agreed to go, and I went; the result of our conversation being that I permitted him to experiment upon me, and that he succeeded in throwing me into a mesmeric trance, while in which I distinctly saw the face and figure of the one-eyed man, dressed as when I first met him in the Manchester train. When I came to myself, my friend the professor asked me what I had



BY HIM I SENT A PRIVATE LETTER.



seen, and I told him, or, rather, he told me, and I corroborated his description.

"'You have seen that man once before?' said he. 'You may probably see him again. Should he come across your path on a third occasion I have a presentiment that the result will be most unfortunate, if not fatal to you! Do not in future despise mesmerism, which has given me the power of thus warning you!'

"I shook hands with my friend and left him, and the matter never occurred to my mind until that night on board the yacht. I had then seen the man for the second time; would the third time ever come? I looked forward with apprehension, renewed from time to time, but years passed away, and I had forgotten it.

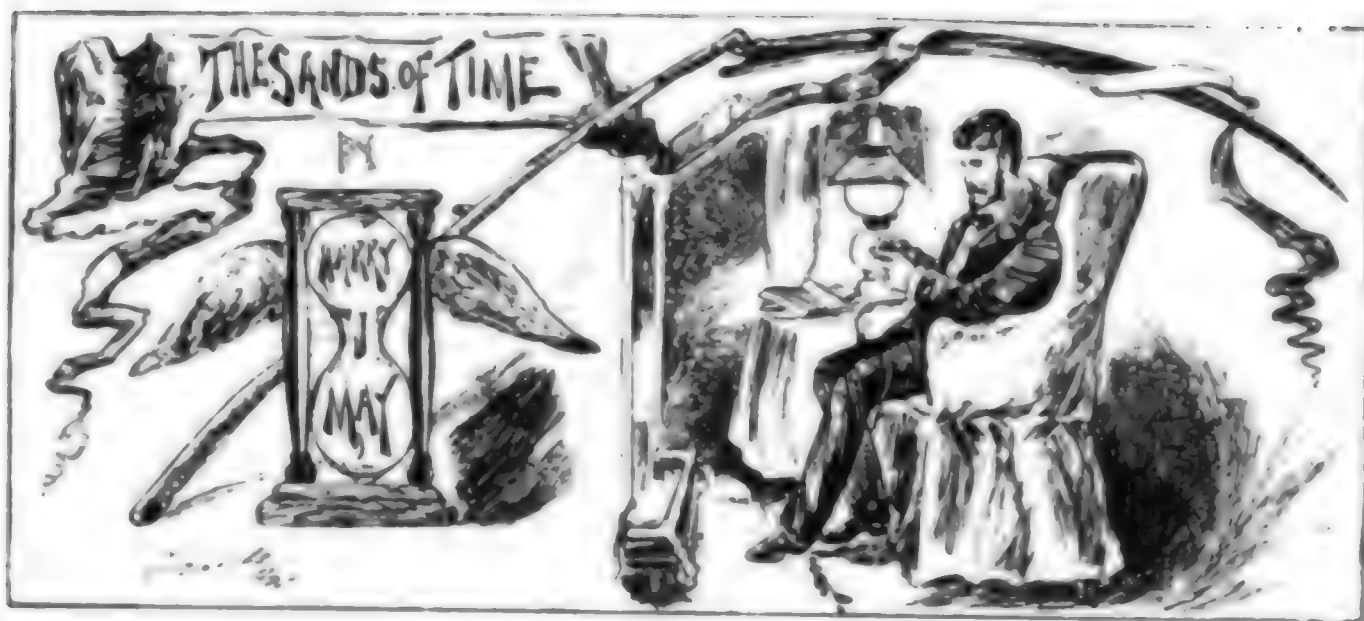
"*Now I have seen him for the third time!* and I have an inward conviction that the prediction of the mesmerist will be verified, and that the result will be fatal to me!"

As he said this, Mr. Humphreys sank back on the couch and wiped away the drops which had started on his brow. I tried to console him, and laugh away his fears, but he remained very dejected; and, complaining that he was tired by his exertions in telling the story, promised to see me on the next day, and, if he were not better, to allow an English physician from Naples to be telegraphed for.

That next day never came to him. When his servant went to his bedroom the next morning, he found his master asleep as he thought, but, on examination, he was dead. He had died very peacefully; the doctor said he evidently had heart-disease, but there was a look of horror upon his dead face, which I shall never forget, and which gave me the idea that his last moments were haunted by the dread apparition of the man with the one eye and the green cap.



THE NEXT DAY NEVER CAME TO HIM.



*Moderato.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*mf*

The musical score for the first system is in 6/8 time. The voice part begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter rest, and a half note F#4. The piano accompaniment starts with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both marked *mf*.

call to mind those me-mo-ries sweet, I lov'd long, long a-go, . . . And

*p*

The second system continues the musical score. The voice part has a melody line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, marked *p*.

wish that I once more might greet The tide from whence they flow; . . . But

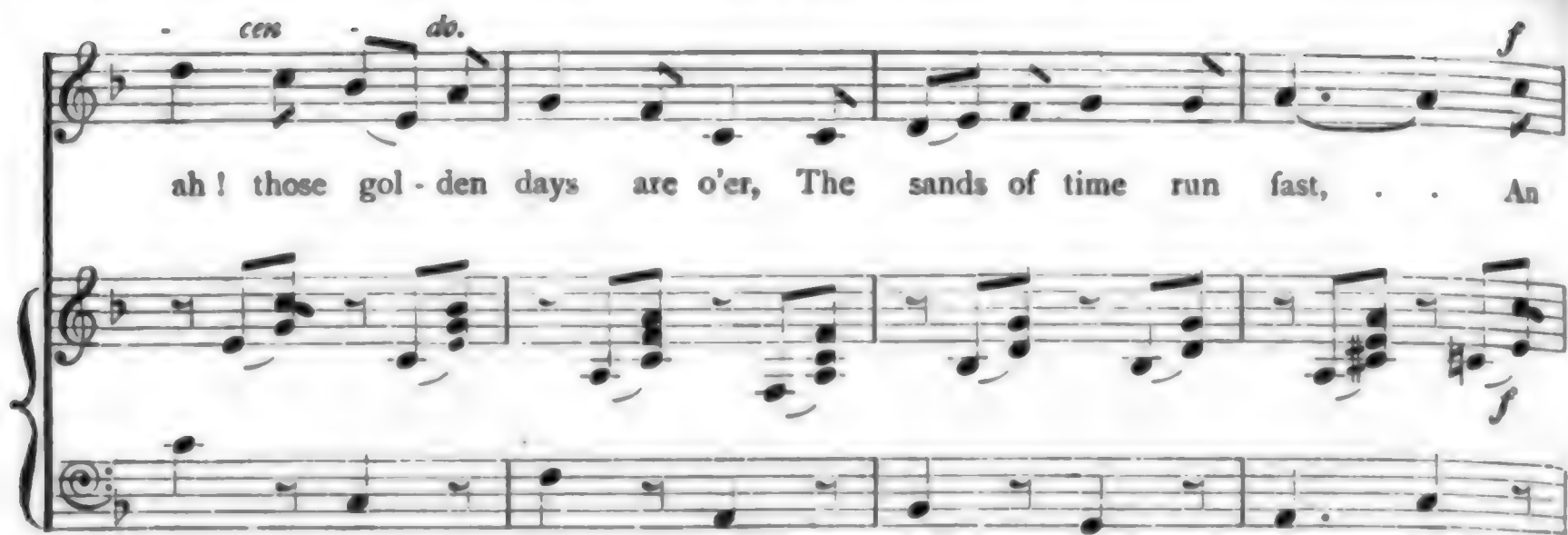
*cres*

The third system continues the musical score. The voice part has a melody line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, marked *cres*.

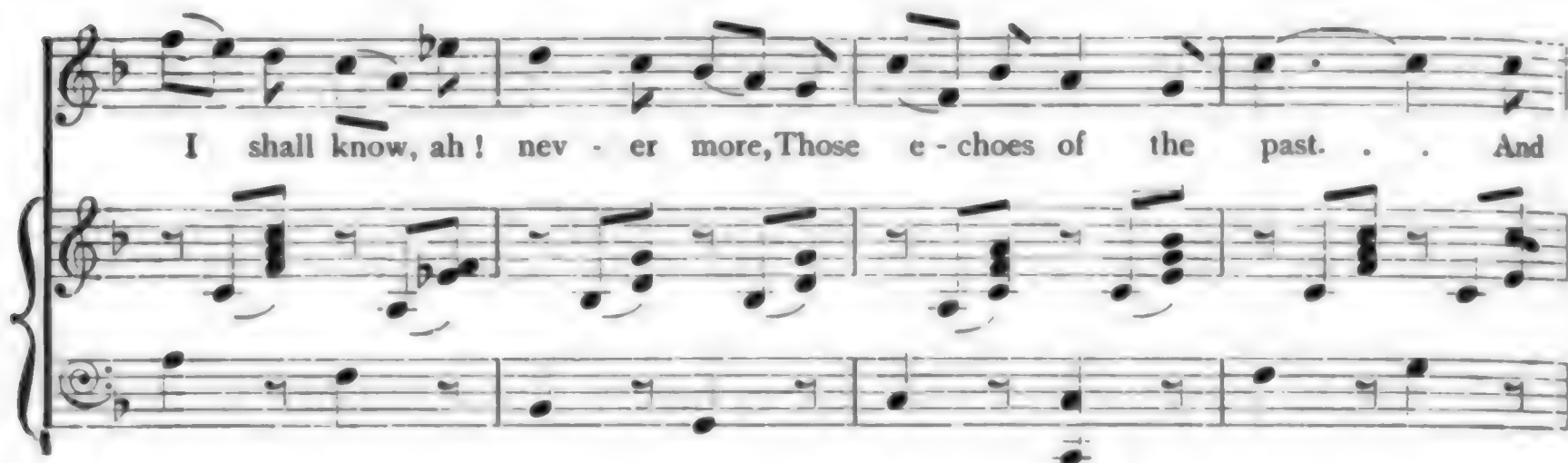


*cres.* *do.* *f*

ah! those gol - den days are o'er, The sands of time run fast, . . . An



I shall know, ah! nev - er more, Those e - choes of the past. . . And



*dim.*

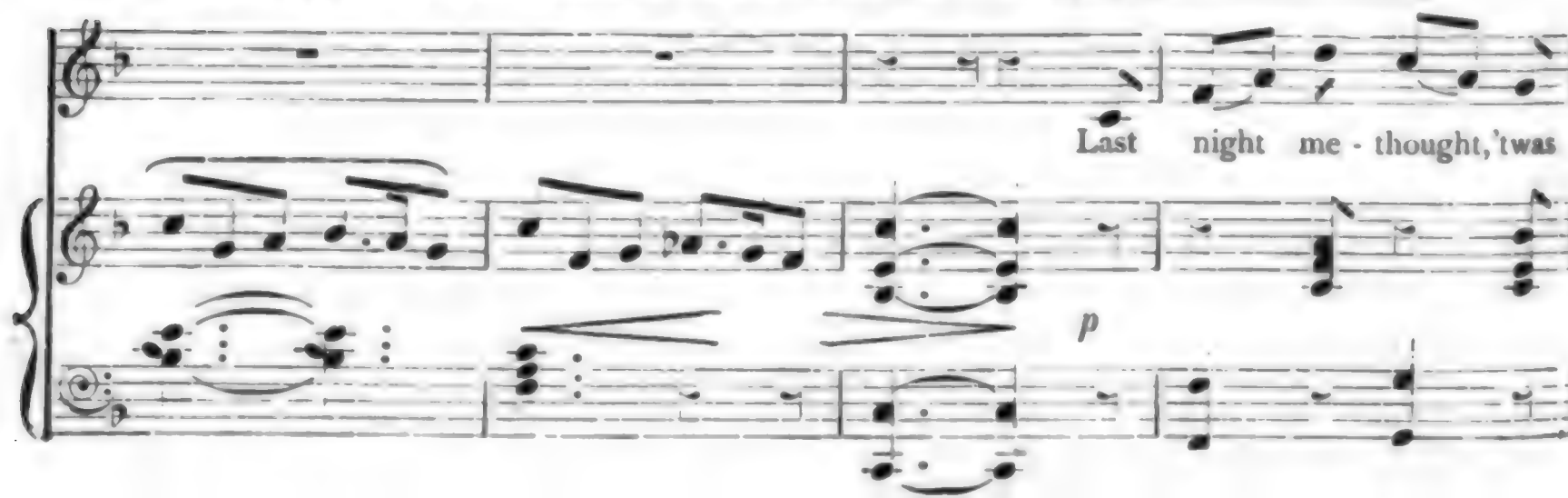
I shall know, ah! nev - er more, Those e - choes of the past. . .

*dim.* *p* *mf*



Last night me - thought, 'twas

*p*



in a dream, Those days were here a - gain, . . . We play'd be - side the

sil - ver stream, And skipp'd the mea-dows o'er; . . . The shout of mer - ry

laugh - ter rang, The bells peal'd forth their chime, . . . While

birds a - bove all gai - ly sang, In that sweet ev'n - ing time, . . . While

birds a - bove all gai - ly sang, In that sweet ev'n - ing time. . .





First system of musical notation, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a pedaling instruction: *Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \**

Second system of musical notation, continuing the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: *- las! a - las! 'twas but a dream, The day - break came once more, . . . I*

Third system of musical notation, continuing the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: *saw the scene roll swift - ly by, Just as those days of yore. . . . A*

Fourth system of musical notation, concluding the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: *morn - ing yet shall bright - er dawn, The stream be o - ver - past, . . . When*

Hea-ven and Earth in har - mon - y shall blend for aye at last, . . . When

*f*

This system contains the first line of the vocal melody and the first two staves of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Hea-ven and Earth in har - mon - y, Shall blend for aye at last, . . . Shall

*p*

*Ped.*

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment includes a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*) and a fermata over a chord in the right hand.

*cres.* *f*  
blend for aye at last. . . .

*mf*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

This system concludes the piece. The vocal line features a crescendo (*cres.*) leading to a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and multiple pedaling instructions (*Ped.*) marked with asterisks to indicate sustained chords.



# LOST IN AFRICA.

By C. L. STOYLE,

*Author of "A Memorable Christmas," &c.*

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER XII.

### INTRODUCED TO THE KING.

**I**T was to the presence of King Cathis and his lady mother that I was now introduced. The latter is a sweet old lady, looking every inch the countess, and most agreeable with those to whom she takes a fancy. I am pleased to say I am one of that fortunate number, and her acquaintance forms one of my greatest enjoyments.

The King is a man of great intelligence, with a very commanding and princely presence; his wife, Queen Una, is of dark complexion, and though handsome, of a haughty and forbidding aspect. I instinctively felt from the first that she and her son Thesis, who stood on her right hand, bore me no kindly feeling, which to me was then utterly incomprehensible, for surely it was owing entirely to Thesis report that I had been forcibly brought to this country; and, out of simple gratitude. I thought they might have reserved their opinion until they had tried me; but I found their ill-will was entirely on account of my personal appearance, for, as you know, I am a fair man, and African sun has but little darkened my skin or hair. Thesis is dark complexioned, like his mother, and the fact struck both mother and son at the moment I entered the Grand Hall, that, should I elect to remain, there might be trouble with the people at the King's death, it being but a rare occurrence that a son succeeded his father, especially if he was dark, like Thesis. Of course I knew nothing of all this at the time, and paid little heed to his cool greeting, my mind being absorbed on my entrance by the display of Oriental splendour in a place so cut off from the outside world.

The King, dressed very similarly to myself, except for his head ring, in which

five large and perfect turquoises were imbedded in clusters of diamonds, and his other magnificent jewels, was seated on a golden throne, the head of which was surmounted by a crown of rubies and diamonds. Columns of gold reached from the steps of the throne to the crown, each one of which was encircled by serpents of diamonds, rubies and emeralds, so fixed that they appeared on the constant move. But the grandest object of all was a representation of the sun, formed of precious stones of the first water. I feel sure you would give but little credence to my description of its dazzling magnificence, but treat it rather as a flight of fancy. Above all, was an eye-shaped mass of priceless stones, which conveyed to my mind that these people do, or did at one time, acknowledge a higher though unseen power. At the King's feet handsome skins of wild beasts were arranged, his foot resting on the head of a noble-looking lion, which was terribly life-like, with his brilliant eyes of precious stones. Queen Una was also a blaze of jewellery, as was her son, and in great contrast to the Countess, who sat on the King's left hand. She was simply attired in a purple toga, with soft lace falling from her neck and shoulders, a diadem and waistband of diamonds being her only ornaments.

The hall was round in shape, lighted by delicately-tinted stained horn windows; its gilded roof was supported by graceful spiral columns, and its floor was composed of exquisite marble mosaic.

I advanced through a throng of gaily decked courtiers, somewhat dazzled with all this unaccustomed brilliancy; and, obeying my instructor, knelt before the King, whereupon he graciously bade me rise and be seated in a chair prepared for my

reception, and then, in a short address, most cordially welcomed me to his country, not forgetting to thank me for the timely assistance I had rendered his son, continuing, that he had demanded me from Etuawa, hearing I was therein captivity, so that he might have the pleasure of granting me freedom and liberty to return to my own country; or, if I so desired, to remain with them.

I have already told you in the early part of my letter, that I had made up my mind never to return to England, and now, on Cara's account, I could not propose the journey back to her people, for in her then delicate state of health, she could never have endured the fatigue. So, thanking the King for his proffered kindness, I desired to be permitted to remain, and promised to conform to the laws of the country. It was then I noticed Queen Una and her son exchange looks of suspicious distrust, as my eyes wandered from them in troubled speculation for a reason for their conduct. I was dumbfounded at recognising Hardwick, of Ours, standing at their back, evidently by his position forming part of the Queen's especial escort. I am perfectly sure it was he, though he returned me no mutual recognition, and, strange as it may seem, I have never since encountered him, though why he should keep out of my way I cannot imagine. I well remember our last meeting had been a sad one.

On the evening of the attack at Isandlwana, I was going my rounds before visiting the watch, and hearing singing in the otherwise silent camp, I entered the tent from whence the sound came, and found the occupant, poor Henderson, in a very bad way from a sudden and violent attack of fever. Hardwick was lustily singing comic songs, with the pleasing idea of cheering him up. I can well recall the pathetic look of distress the invalid gave me on entering, and how glad he seemed of the quiet, during the few minutes I remained; still I felt it was no business of mine to interfere, as any re-

monstrance on my part might be taken unkindly, for that strange consolation of singing to each other when we were ill was our only idea of nursing, though often I fear, for the invalid, it had but the contrary effect to that desired; yet even with a splitting head, it would be endured with thankfulness, rather than being left to die alone. On leaving I heard the merry drinking song that I had interrupted resumed with even greater spirit than before. To me it was very pathetic and I wondered what his friends in England would say if they could have witnessed that scene; though after all, perhaps, he was better off than his comrades, for he may have died before the attack, or at least, feeling he had not long to live, would not have felt his leader's desertion, as some of the others must have done. Seeing Hardwick in this most unexpected manner, made me wonder how many others had possibly made their escape.

After the King had declared his pleasure at receiving me as one of his subjects, I was introduced to the different members of his family, but of all the kind speeches then made to me, that of the Countess alone remains in my memory. It was a few words only, expressing her pleasure at seeing me. It did not take me long to discover that she and her daughter-in-law had nothing in common, and saw as little of each other as possible. To a certain extent the Countess is proud of Thesis, though greatly in awe of him. He can be very pleasant; and, had he let me, I think I should have liked him, for he is certainly brave, with many other noble qualities, spoilt by his temper and ungovernable jealousy.

Shortly after the ladies and their suites



LEFT TO DIE ALONE.



had retired, the King himself conducted me to the large banqueting hall, where I was entertained most royally, the King meanwhile plying me with all sorts of questions, as to my past history; over my account of the Zulu War, he gravely shook his head, saying:

"That was a very sad affair, surely there must have been gross mismanagement on some one's part. Was it true," he queried, "that your General on drawing near to Isandlwana, turned and fled at the sight of a few savages, who were unable to use the guns they had obtained, without any attempt to visit the camp to see if some of the men under his charge were still alive, or to have at least buried the slain?"

I could give no satisfactory answer, for all I knew was what I had read in those few English papers that so strangely came into my possession, and as an officer it was not my duty to condemn my superior, especially if the English nation were content with the way their soldiers had been left, to be made prisoners or die of their wounds. As soon as possible I turned the conversation to the defence of Rorke's Drift.

"Ah! that was something to be proud of," he remarked. "We heard with admiration of the bravery of Lieuts. Chard and Bromhead, for theirs was a gallant defence; they might in justice have fled, knowing they were hampered with a lot of sick men. We have always hoped their services were well rewarded."

I told him from the little I had read in my treasured papers that I believed they had.

"But what about their leader," he anxiously demanded; "is he still a powerful man, or was he ignominiously put to death, as he deserved?"

I said I thought not, and tried to explain that though the brave might be promoted, the great and powerful in England were seldom disgraced, their faults being treated more lightly according to their position.

"What!" he exclaimed; "is that considered justice in your country of boasted high civilization?"

In shame, I answered, I feared it was.

"If such is the case," he excitedly replied, "you have made me prouder than ever before, that I am King of these people, for they would not stand such a deed for a minute; and should a general of mine, even if he were my only son, lead his soldiers into difficulties, and then not do his utmost to deliver them, I myself would stand by and see him shot, as unworthy any longer to enjoy the privileges he had wilfully destroyed in others."

In his intense excitement he rose, stretching out his hand as he spoke to emphasize his words, drawing all eyes towards Thesis, who instantly rose, saying:

"Sir, of a surety were I guilty of such an ignoble act, I would wish to die, for continued life would only be one of unceasing remorse."

"That is bravely spoken," said the King, reseating himself and resuming his interrupted conversation with me, by saying:

"You must not forget that the Zulus also displayed great courage in the way they struggled to defend their King, for theirs was a very unequal fight, for what avail were their rude weapons against the formidable English guns?"

We could never understand why poor Cetewayo, when trapped and captured, was taken over the sea to England, there fêted and made a fuss about, and then returned a prisoner to Cape Town, like a caged wild beast, and after all, cruelly sent back to his own land, when his place had been filled and it was well known he would not be permitted to live. Can you give us any explanation of such strangely inconsistent conduct?"

I could only shake my head and own it was just as mysterious to me, and that I had always felt great sorrow for the unfortunate King, who, from all accounts, had done his best to rule his people justly



DAZZLING MAGNIFICENCE.

and well, and who had treated the foreigners who pushed their way into his country with great forbearance and courtesy, his only crime being, as far as I could learn, that he resented the masterful interference of his English neighbours.

"Well," remarked the King. "I am glad to hear your opinion is pretty much the same as ours, and as you are unable to enlighten us further on the subject, we will bid you adieu, and to-morrow, if you are sufficiently rested, we will show you some of our ancient works, and you shall tell us what strides science has made of late years in your country."

CHAPTER XIII.

CARA'S DEATH.

A FEW weeks after our arrival my little daughter Iris was born, but my pleasure at her appearance was greatly damped by her mother's continued ill-health and subsequent death.

Poor Cara seemed quite unable to regain her former strength, though she seldom or ever complained, and almost imperceptibly faded away, dying as she had lived, ever more thoughtful of others than of herself.

I often fear now that the life she was expected to lead was too luxurious and confined, for as my acknowledged wife, she was treated in every respect as my equal, and after her useful life of work, she did not take to her new life kindly, and in all probability would have been happier working for us both in her domestic duties rather than being waited on as she now was.

Iris was just a year old when the Angels came and bore my gentle, loving little Cara's spirit away. I felt her loss most keenly, for she alone knew and understood my feelings at Ella's quick forgetfulness, and had by her unspoken sympathy prevented my becoming utterly reckless, for I look upon the knowledge of Ella's marriage as the hardest blow I have as yet been called on to suffer, and I doubt if anything

can ever so effect me again, even dear little Cara's death was as nothing to that. I can hardly understand how I lived through that night of anguish, and I cannot bear to think of my Ella belonging to another; it seems, though I know it to be true, an impossibility.

Iris is taken care of by the Sunflower Fraternity, for so we call the unmarried daughters who join a sisterhood for nursing the sick, or taking charge of and instructing the young children. It is almost impossible to imagine a prettier sight than one of these sisters, dressed in her graceful robes, sitting in a shady nook on the open veldt, surrounded



CARA AND IRIS.

by her class of bright little ones, attentively listening to a lecture on natural history.

Often in meeting such a picturesque group, I have remained, and soon become as interested and absorbed as the little children themselves.

Of course my little Iris is still too young for anything of that sort, and spends most of her time in sleep and play, she is an affectionate little soul, reminding me much of my own little sister, with her golden



hair and deep violet eyes, for strange to say, she in no way resembles her mother, except in her love and affection for me.

Of late the King seems failing in health, and I have often fancied Thesis is showing increasing signs of jealousy of my intimacy with his father, and appears to be glad of any excuse of getting me out of the way; consequently I generally volunteer to head all the hunting expeditions, and in that way am now seldom at home for long together. It is best so for other reasons, as I fear the King's daughter, Almwa, has been unfortunately led to believe that now Cara is dead, I shall be pleased to make her my wife, and I find it difficult to show her, without in some way hurting her feelings, that such is not my intention.

I always carry this letter about with me, in hopes of meeting a white hunter, who will manage to send it to England. If such a thing were possible, I should dearly like to hear of you all, and whether Ella is happy. If I thought not and felt I should be of any comfort to her, then nothing would keep me from returning.

HAROLD PEMBERTON.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### OUR DEPARTURE.

I HAD just finished the last line of Harold's wonderful history, and manifold escapes, when the door opened and Hugh entered, looking the very counterpart of his half-brother Harold as I remembered him when he started for the Zulu War, the same well built, commanding figure, and handsome face, with the kindly expressive eyes.

"So Jack," he said in his rich musical voice, seating himself as he spoke, "you have heard the good news."

"Yes, and I must apologise for reading Harold's papers before even you have seen them," I said.

"Oh! never mind that, old boy," he joyously answered; "I

shall have plenty of time for their perusal during the voyage. Tom has told me all the important points, and we are off, if possible, by the next mail packet."

"What, going so soon?" I astonishedly asked.

"Yes; and Hilton also. He thinks we ought to see and consult his sister. The poor girl has suffered long enough, and must be impatient to hear from us—if I judge her by myself. I mean to go up by the early train, and secure the best berths I can."

"Book berths for three!" I exclaimed; "for this damp climate, with its fogs and unceasing rain, is affecting my chest, and bringing back the old trouble; so the sooner I am back in Africa the better. Now let us go and inform the others of our unexpected news—if Hilton has not already done so; for I shut myself in here alone, quite forgetful of the rest of the family."

"Then come along," said Hugh.

Having satisfactorily settled our plans, we turned our attention to Hugh and the children, who, in mute attention, were listening with wide open mouths and startled eyes to his imaginary attacks of lions and tigers, and all the wonderful trophies they should each receive on his return, and the dangers he would encounter to obtain them.

Within a week of the reception of Ella's letter we three were steaming over the high seas in one of the Union Mail ships, full of pleasant anticipation of coming adventures; for, now we were off, the fever of excitement had taken hold of us all, as it does of most men who have once tasted the pleasures of the chase in that free and wild country.

It may be that one day I may be able to recount in these pages the result of our efforts to find Harold Pemberton, and our adventures in the unknown country for which we are bound.

THE END.



S. M. Fitz-Gerald

# Young England at School.

## WESTMINSTER.

**W**ESTMINSTER still claims a place on the list of England's Great Public Schools, perhaps more for its ancient historic past, pleasant associations and large endowments, than any great increase of successes during the past half century. Few schools boast of so ancient and honourable a descent, while its general history commands the highest position, and its list of distinguished scholars compares most favourable with any of its rivals. Its existence was coeval with the monastic establishment at Westminster, since the master and his novices formed the nucleus of a school in which were taught the ordinary rudiments of a mediæval education. From this immemorable antiquity the present Royal foundation does not claim direct descent, for it was after the dissolution of the monasteries that Henry VIII. established, out of the confiscated revenues, the College of Westminster with forty scholars. The second head-master was Alexander Nowell, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's. To Nowell the school owes the foundation of the Terentian play, the pride of Westminster, and to whom

the Reformed Church was indebted for catechisms, accepted as authoritative expositions of the Anglican creed.

Mary's reign brought about great trouble for Westminster, and Nowell fled the country; the entire reformed establishment of dean, chapter and college was swept away; the convent of Westminster was revived; and Feckenham, the last English mitred abbot, became the abbot of the restored Abbey. This state of affairs did not, however, last long, as the end of Mary's reign brought about another great change.

In 1560 Elizabeth re-established Henry VIII.'s foundation, and gave the college those statutes which form the basis of the present constitution.

Forty scholars were placed on the foundation, called "Queen's scholars," and provision was made for the reception of eighty boys, called "pensionarii," "oppidani" and "peregrini." In the early days of Westminster School, the connection with the deanery was very close. The dean was permitted to take boarders, and presided at the annual examinations. In the college hall he dined at the high table, and



WESTMINSTER ABBEY CLOISTERS, WITH SCHOOL-YARD IN DISTANCE.



occupied the position of head of the college. Dean Goodman was in those days a man who lived for and cared for Westminster, exhibiting particular interest in the Queen's scholars.

The "pesthouse," or sanatorium, at Chiswick, to which Busby and his scholars removed during the plague, was one mark of his generosity. Dean Andrewes and Archbishop Williams also worked with singular dexterity for the promotion of the welfare of the school, and in some cases acted as head-master and usher for upwards of a week together.

Although the school has, in a great measure, been altered, several old and interesting bits still remain, which call us back to the old monastic bodies so many centuries ago imprisoned within its walls. The frontage of Westminster School in Dean's Yard also remains a picture of old reminiscences, though altered by new windows and entrances at the head-master's residence, which occupies almost the entire length; there is, however, one of the "ancient lights" still intact, about three feet by two, with its thick iron bars defying the most determined of intruders. The only entrance to the college is that

given in our illustration, which leads directly into the school yard, through the little archway (over which now are the premises for home boarders), at once denoting it was built for something more than a school. On the left of the yard stands the famous Ashburnham House, which has a history in itself far too long for me to here dwell upon, beyond that, in its early days it was the only house on the island; and the head-masters, when appointed to Westminster

College, have the choice of this beautiful residence or that occupied by the present master, the Rev. William Gunion Rutherford, M.A. Ashburnham House is indeed a grand building, the ground floor containing the several class rooms and offices of the school, while upstairs consists of a noble reading-room, anterooms and library, with communication to the present head-master's house. The door in the centre of our picture of the reading-room leads to one of the finest staircases in the country; in fact, from the external appearance of the house, one would think it almost impossible for such beautiful work to be hidden there; but once ushered upon the landing, you would imagine yourself in one of England's most beautiful castles. On the right is the home boarders' residence and the new racquet courts; continuing to the right are three large houses, Nos. 1, 2, 3; these occupy the whole of the right side of the yard, the first and second being occupied by masters, who also provide for a certain number of boarders. Facing you is the large stone arched doorway, leading to the school rooms, with the noble tower of the Houses of Parliament in the background.



ASHBURNHAM HOUSE.



A CORNER OF COLLEGE HALL YARD.

This tower, when built, severed a large underground passage, by means of which the monks were enabled in time of danger to escape. By opening two trap-doors, now in existence, and passing through the passage, whose exit was on the river side, they were able to take to their boats, and reach the other side of the river in safety.

Other great schools, having vast grounds attached to the college, have a considerable advantage over Westminster, as their intervals between school can be spent at their favourite pastime. Whereas Westminsters not having time to go to their capital grounds at Vincent Square, have only the school-yard, with its two racquet courts and two open courts, together with the small enclosure in Dean Yard, where football is practised with great glee, the goals being marked out by

white lines drawn across between two of the tall elms at either end.

The Cloisters of Westminster Abbey and those of the School, entered from the school-yard in the left-hand corner under the school-room, are divided only by an iron gateway, placed close to the massive and beautiful ancient structure where the first Parliament sat, or, as it is called, the first House of Commons. Along these cloisters the boys pass to the morning service at the Abbey. They rise early in the morning, breakfast in their different houses, attend "Abbey," which begins at 9.15, excepting Saints' Days, when the service commences at

nine o'clock. Then School starts at 9.30 A.M.

The morning lessons are divided into three schools. First from 9.30 to 10.30, an interval of five minutes, then second school from 10.35 to 11.35, followed by an interval of ten minutes (a short but sweet time for the "subs," at the tuck shop,

where they sell very good confectionery); third school starts at 11.45, ending at 12.45, when morning school is over. At one o'clock the home boarders, and Queen's scholars go to Hall, whilst the day boys dine in their Houses. In College Hall generally about one hundred and twenty students dine together daily. After dinner, which lasts about five-and-twenty minutes, comes a break of two hours; a general stampede is made for the football or cricketing clothes, as the case may be, and



A 'BIT' OF THE OLD DORMITORY.



away to "Station, up fields," which commences at two o'clock. Station is an expression for the compulsory games, which are strictly enforced, unless boys get leave or are detained. After a good hour's enjoyment, the scholars are running back from their playground at three o'clock to change back into the school garments ready for 3.30, the time appointed for afternoon school, which continues to 4.45, when all go down to "big school," where Latin prayers are read. These occupy but five minutes, after which the day boys go home and those boarding in school make for "gym" or the library.

The big school-room is not used for classes, with the exception of "Exams" at the end of the term. A wainscot some seven or eight feet high surrounds the walls of the large room, over which are the coats of arms of different celebrated old Westminsters, together with their names and the date of leaving the school.

One thing that is very striking at Westminster is the unity there seems to be amongst the boys, and the absence of the detestable dividing lines between the different classes of scholars. No, they play together and enjoy one another's company, and a kind of freemasonry seems to bind young and old Westminsters as brethren.

The school-room, to which I have referred before, was a portion of the old dormitory of the monks of St. Peter's College. The room itself has been greatly altered during the last twenty-five years, and is now a very noble and imposing chamber. At a distance of about twenty feet from the entrance an iron bar crosses the room at a height of about twenty feet, from which was suspended a curtain to divide the upper from under schools.

The curtain has long disappeared, but the rod still remains, a lasting memory to us of an interesting story attached to it, and well worth repeating:—

One of the boys in the Under School happened by some accident to tear the curtain. Being of a nervous and timid nature, he was overwhelmed with dread at the thought of the flogging which he knew was sure to follow. He was cheered, however, by one of his form fellows, who offered to take the blame upon himself and to bear the punishment.

This he accordingly did. During the Civil War these boys, then men, took different sides, the one who had torn the curtain being in the position of judge under the Protectorate; the other, who had engaged in Penruddock's rebellion in 1655, being one of the prisoners brought up for trial at Exeter. He, with others, was tried

and condemned. The judge who tried them, recognising the school-fellow who had borne his flogging, and having satisfied himself by inquiry that his recognition was undoubtedly correct, at once took horse and rode to London, where his influence with Cromwell was sufficient to obtain the pardon of his friend.

As to who this judge really was there is some slight disagreement. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. iv. p. 163, it is asserted that the judge was Robert Nicholas; but



READING-ROOM IN ASHBURNHAM HOUSE.

the editor of *Alumni Westmonasterienses* states most positively that the judge was John Glynn, who was sent into the West with a commission to try the actors in Col. Penruddock's insurrection, and who was in the same year made chief justice of the Upper Bench, from which he was removed in 1659, and that the boy who endured the flogging, and was afterwards tried, was William Wake, the father of Archbishop Wake.

This fine room, as stated before, is not used as a classroom, as capital rooms are provided adjoining the school-room, a good one in the basement of the College, and three or four in Ashburnham House.

Like the other great schools I have been pleased to write upon, I find Westminster had in the past been no exception to the general rule, as far as over-cramming boarders into rooms hardly fit for human beings to sleep in. But what did it do? Why we have men's names handed down to us who have gone through all this, and to their dying day loved the school of their youth: men of learning, in every conceivable station. When we pass into Dean's Yard, and look upon the young men frolicking after the leather, we can hardly imagine such a list of England's worthies to have at one time played under the shadow of the same trees. Westminster has been famous for turning out some excellent soldiers, and the Duke of Wellington himself bore witness to the high soldierly qualities which Old Westminsters so often displayed. At one time five out of eight field marshals had been educated at the school. When the troops embarked for the Crimea, the Commander-in-Chief, the Commanding Officers of the Cavalry and Artillery, and the Quartermaster-General were all Old Westminsters, and the column in front of the west door of the Abbey is a proud monument, though so melancholy a record of the num-



HOME BOARDERS AND HOUSE.

bers sent out to serve their country in that ever memorable and disastrous war.

It will be seen from above and it is therefore no exaggeration to say that the entire British army in the Crimean campaign was dependent for its safety, conduct and comfort on the five men referred to and named below, who but a few years previously had been taking part in the games on the green in Dean's Yard.

Lord Raglan, Commander-in-Chief; Sir W. Cator, Chief of Artillery; Lord Lucan, and afterwards Lord George Paget, Chiefs of Cavalry; Lord de Ros, Quartermaster-General.

In 1714 five Westminsters were included in the Ministry, the same number in 1744, and in 1848 there were no fewer than eight Old Westminsters in the Ministry.

My readers must excuse me not giving them anything representing an idea of the distinguished men who have migrated from Westminster School to the pinnacle of fame, but a few I feel I am in duty bound to mention. Busby, one of the greatest of Westminster's Head-masters, could boast that sixteen bishops, who had been his pupils, held at one period Sees, a number nearly representing half the bishops holding Sees in the United Kingdom at that time.

Richard Busby's name, like Arnold's at Rugby, will long stand at the top of the list of the numerous celebrated men who



have been entrusted with "Young England at school." Busby became head-master in 1638, after being educated at Westminster School and a student at Christchurch. In 1660 he was appointed Prebendary of Westminster and to other important posts. Two fine paintings hang in the present head-master's drawing-room, which show him to have been a determined man, but kind at heart.

At the coronation of Charles II., in 1661, Busby carried the ampulla; and the orb with the cross at the coronation of James II. in 1685.

The story of his walking with his head covered in the presence of Charles II. is well known to all. His plea was that he insisted upon his scholars thinking that no greater than himself could enter his class-room; and the tale told of the doctor's walk in St. James's Park and meeting one Petre, an old pupil, who had gone over to the Church of Rome, describes the man.

Petre accosted Busby with "Don't you know me, sir?" The Doctor answered, as if trying to recollect, "But you were of another faith in those days, sir. How came you to change?" "The Lord had need of me," was the reply. To this Busby replied, scornfully, "Few men have read their Bible more carefully or frequently than I have, but I never knew the Lord had need of anything but once, and that was an ass."

A lasting monument appears against the wainscot of the choir opposite the south transept in the Abbey, to the memory of this great ruler of Westminster. Busby is represented in his Canonical

habit, with his eyes fixed on the inscription, and most particularly on the words "Scholæ Westmonasteriensis."

Numerous head-masters claim special attention as having been great benefactors to the College, but space forbids me devoting these columns to their names, and I must content myself with treating briefly the present and previous reigns.

The Rev. Charles Brodrick Scott, D.D. was appointed Head-master of Westminster

This great master was educated at Cambridge, taking the highest classic honours.

On his retirement in 1883 the sum of £1,200 was subscribed as a testimonial to his long labours, and success in consequence.

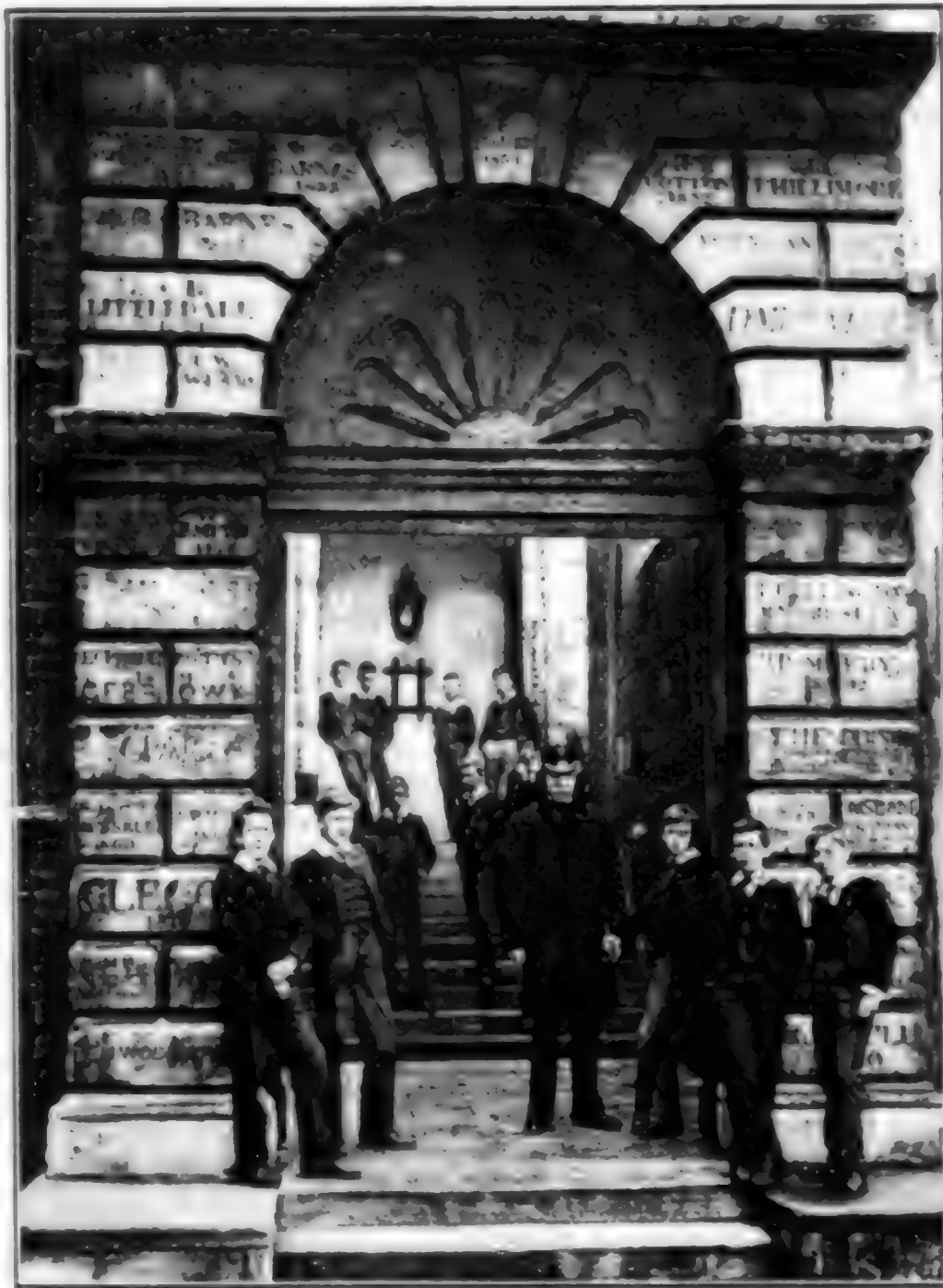
With this sum Dr. Scott founded the "Scott Memorial Library" in Ashburnham House, which will keep his name green in the minds of generations of Westminsterers.

The Rev. W.G. Rutherford, M.A., present master, has cultivated that kindly feeling between mas-

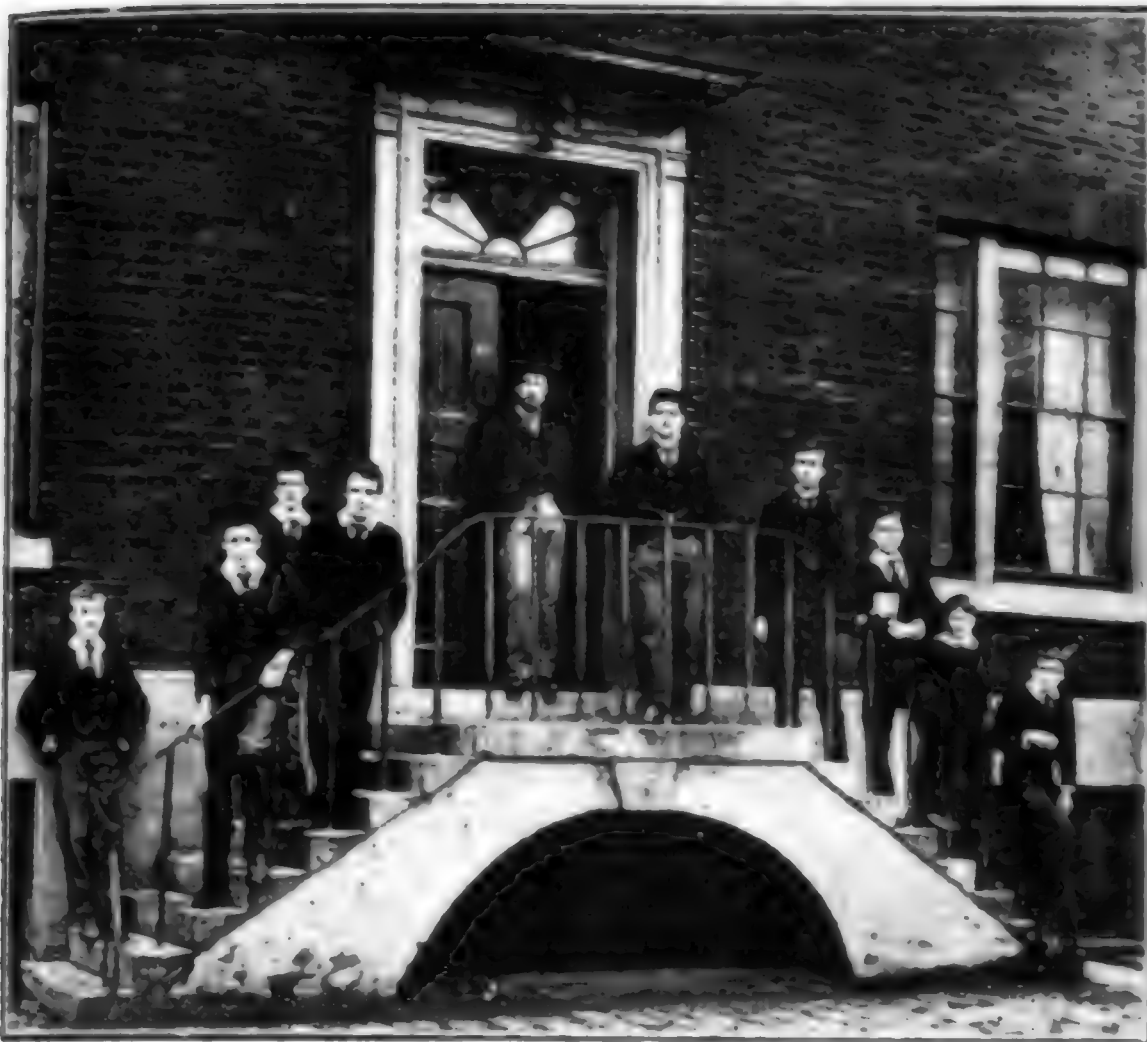
ter and scholar that tends to make School life a pleasure, instead of a burden.

When Mr. Forshall said Westminster had won a prize in Mr. Rutherford, he evidently forecast the success of both school and master that has since so fully been manifested. Mr. Rutherford is only now about forty years old, but previous to his attachment to Westminster his publications had made him a world-wide name.

A few of Westminster's past distinguished scholars I should mention in order to give a slight idea of the worthies that



ENTRANCE TO SCHOOL-ROOM.



HOUSE NO. 1.

have been amongst England's Great Men owing their education to the famous school, the subject of this "article."

John Locke, who was admitted on the foundation at Westminster School through Popham's interest, is a name handed down to us even from his success at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1655 and 1658. A more happy combination of the characters of the Christian, the soldier and the gentleman has, perhaps, never been exhibited than in the person of this distinguished philosopher.

Earl Russell, the third son of John, sixth Duke of Bedford, ranks amongst past famous Westminsters, and his works are still cherished by his numerous admirers.

Jeremy Bentham, another indefatigable student, and a voluminous writer, also received his education at Westminster.

Warren Hastings, the ever-

memorable President of Bengal, was sent to Westminster School, where he received high scholastic acquirements.

His life from the beginning was one sea of encounters, marred at the finish by great trouble, and the history of Warren Hastings I can recommend to any of my readers as an interesting life during the second half of last century. Born December 6th, 1732; died August, 1818.

Westminster each year offers prizes of the aggregate value of £1,300 to attract boys of promise to the school.

Six exhibitions, two of £30 and four of £20, raised respectively to £40 and

£30 if held by a boarder; and from eight to ten places on the foundation of the annual value of £50, tenable while the holder remains at school, are annually offered for public competition.

The benefactions attached to the school at Oxford and Cambridge go far to maintain their possessors during a University career. Each year there are three studentships at Christ Church, tenable for seven years, which, with the addition of the



SCHOOL, FROM DEAN'S YARD.



Carey bequest, may be estimated at the annual value of £170. Each year three exhibitions are offered at Trinity College, Cambridge. These are only worth £40 a-year, but two of them are always supplemented by Samwaies and Triplett exhibitions, which raise their value to about £110.

The monitorial system, like that at our other colleges, is accepted at Westminster, and is a wonderful assistance to the masters in controlling the school. The monitors are formally invested with authority to keep boys within the bounds, to see that they are in the playground at certain hours and generally to enforce the school regulations. Considering the position of Westminster School, it is not to be wondered why the masters are compelled to rely almost entirely on the monitors and seniors for the preservation of order, which they cannot maintain themselves without a spy system.

The holidays are three weeks at Easter, eight at Midsummer and four at Christmas, with four days in the middle of each term.

Founder's Day, or Commemoration Day, as it is called, falls on the 17th of November, when a Latin service takes place in the Abbey, and the boys, who are given a half-holiday, have a good romp at the match against Cambridge O. W. W. The old custom of "tossing the pancake" still survives, causing great fun and rejoicings on Shrove Tuesday. Every day, except Saturday, there is debention, beginning at 2.15 and lasting till 3.00 or 3.15 p.m. Tuesdays and Fridays are appointed for drill in the school yard.

Westminster is not behind as regards "college terms," which, of course, are totally different to those used by any other colleges, viz:—Blick, any kind of ball; Ragging, playing about; Up school tanning, a flogging from the monitors.

It will be seen by the latter that the monitors are vested with a limited power of punishing

breaches of discipline and other minor offences.

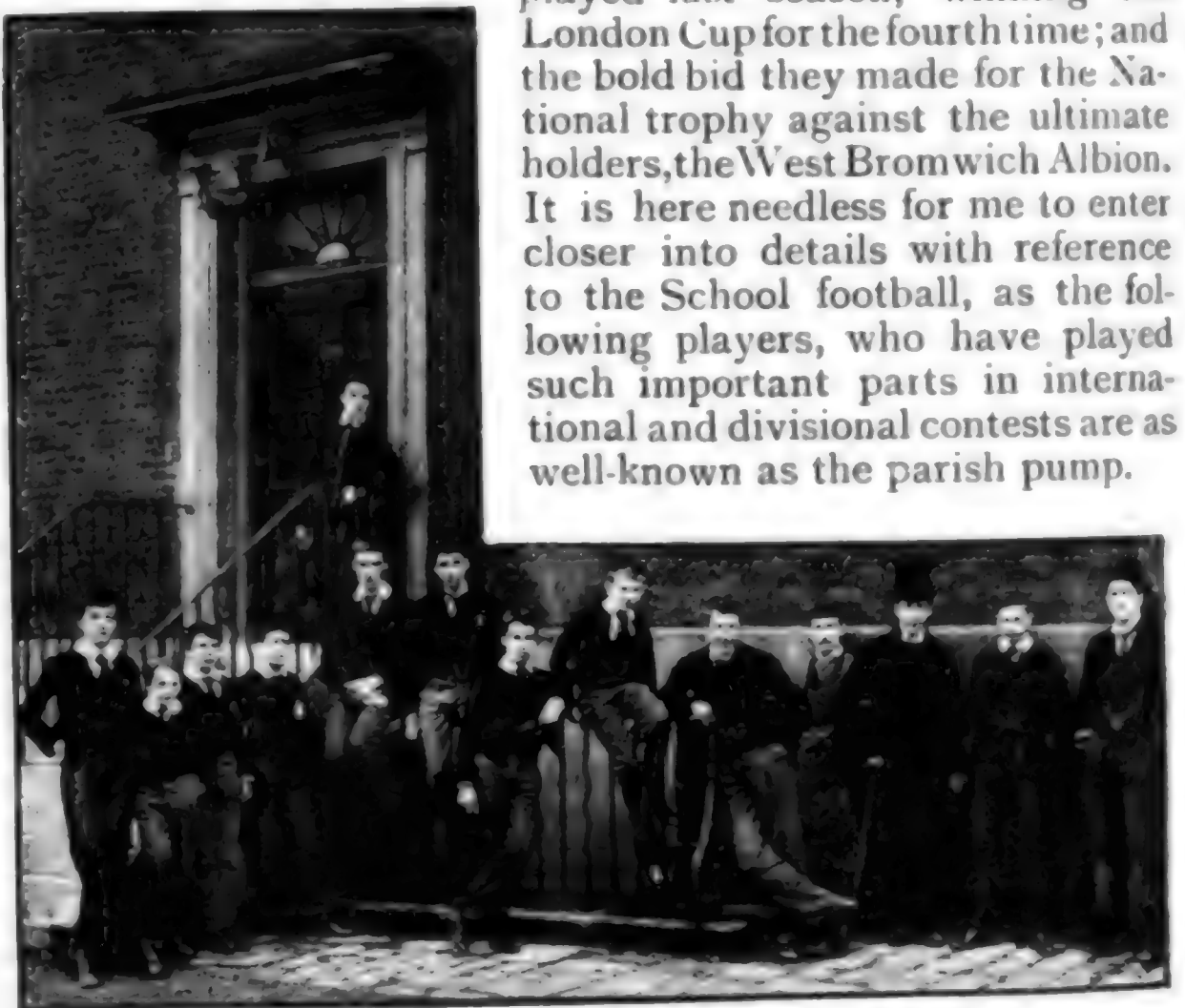
"Greeze up" is a familiar expression, meaning shore up, and "hack up" is applied as meaning kicking a football about.

The shops patronised by the boys are Sutcliffe's "Tuck Shop," for confectionery, etc.; Davenport's for caps and general things; while Martin's supply footballs, boots, etc.

Coming now to the Athletics which, of course, claim a great share of attention, Westminster, in some divisions, reigns supreme; while some of the other branches have slightly fallen from the high position they held prior to the sixties.

In former days, Westminster could boast of such famous cricketers for her sons as Hussey, "Charlton" Lane, Balfour, Ashley Walker and Bray; and at the present time, amongst our famous cracks of the willow and well-known athletes is Mr. C. J. M. Fox, the well-known Kent County cricketer, who also plays an important part in defending the name of his school amongst the Old Westminster Football Team.

It cannot be disputed that Westminster provides us with some sterling exponents of the Association Football Game, considering that the Old Boys, during the last ten years, have made the name of their school almost a household word. It will be remembered how well the Old Boys played last season, winning the London Cup for the fourth time; and the bold bid they made for the National trophy against the ultimate holders, the West Bromwich Albion. It is here needless for me to enter closer into details with reference to the School football, as the following players, who have played such important parts in international and divisional contests are as well-known as the parish pump.



HOUSE NO. 2.

R. T. Squire, a capital player at school, and now Hon. Sec. to the Old Boys, played for England in the three international contests, 1886.

W. R. Moon, considered one of the best goal-keepers of the present day, had charge of England's goal against Scotland, 1888, '89 '90; and against Wales, 1888-'89, '90 and '91.

W. N. Winkworth, who played against Wales last season, is acknowledged one of the best forwards in England; and it would be difficult to find a better player than R. R. Sandilands, who

also represented England last season against the Welsh Team.

N. C. Bailey was a grand player, and claims the distinction of having represented England more often than any other international player. Against Scotland he has played ten times; seven times against Wales, and twice against Ireland, thus taking part in nineteen international contests.

Since 1862 the rowing contests with Eton have ceased, thus in a great measure bringing aquatics below the average of their old rivals.



ENTRANCE FROM DEAN'S YARD.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

*Our Illustrations are from photographs taken specially for this Magazine by R. W. Thomas, 121, Chiswick Rd., from whom photographic prints can be obtained.*



# Football.

By C. BENNETT.



SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY.

**S**HOULD the in and out play that has been the order on the meeting of our League teams during the Christmas season continue to the end of January, our Editor will have given my football readers a more difficult task than it at first appeared, when he placed for competition a Gold Watch, the winner to be he who, before the last day of January, had sent in to head quarters of THE LUDGATE, the nearest guess of the relative positions, at the end of the season, of the sixteen teams contesting in the first division of the League. From the onset Preston North End headed the list, but Sunderland has been quite content with their second position, while they boast of having still the best chance of retaining the trophy they so meritoriously won last season.

On paper it looks as though Sunder-

land had quite four points the best of Preston North End, who had played three games more than the champions previous to the first meeting of Sunderland and Wolverhampton Wanderers, December 24th.

Therefore, after such brilliant victories over the North End Team, West Bromwich Albion, etc. etc., it was considered an easy thing for the Tynesiders, and the result, 2 to 0 in favour of the Wanderers, came as a great surprise, especially as the latter had previously been beaten by those unable to cope with Sunderland.

Playing the return match the following Saturday at Sunderland, the home team soon showed their superiority, winning by five goals against two. So uncertain has been the results that I consider the idea of placing the teams in order of merit would puzzle any footballer of the present

age, and as for upsetting your calculations, why "the missing word," or "the kind assistance of the Chancery Court," is not in it.

At time of writing, Sunderland and Preston North End head the list with 29 points each, the holders of the Championship capturing the first position from North End, as their score is registered from only 18 games as against 20 played by the North End.

The return match, January 7th, when the Tynesiders gained the second victory over North End this season, came as a

ton Wanderers are placed fifth. The great Perry Bar team are as uncertain this season as ever, and brilliant victories are followed by unaccountable defeats. Everton, the ex-champions, seem to be making a very bad show again this season, and only receive a place after Bolton Wanderers, Stoke, and Blackburn Rovers.

Whenever will Everton settle down and regain their old form? They have everything to encourage them—the chief of all being a good following, and though of late they have not delighted the Liverpudlians with great victories, they command a gate



LONDON CALEDONIANS.

great surprise, but not to be wondered at, as the Sunderland men have shown more consistency than any other team, and I shall not only predict them winning the League Championship, but making a very bold struggle to appear at the Oval, March 25th, in the final of the Association Cup Competition.

Sheffield Wednesday have more than shown their claim to a place in the League matches by working their way to fourth position, with Aston Villa just beating them for third place, while Wolverhampton

that Sunderland would be proud of for any two matches. Notts County generally make a good fight at home, but have played very inconsistently when on strange ground, and are consequently low down the list, followed by West Bromwich Albion, who are seldom seen to advantage in the League competition. I anticipated better results from Notts Forest, who made such a good struggle last year with the Wolverhampton Wanderers for National honours, and am, therefore, much disappointed to find them



at time of writing only just beaten by Newton Heath for the lowest score.

The best scoring is credited to Sunderland, who, for 18 matches, have secured 59 goals, while 20 only have been given against them. I had hoped to have given illustrations of several of the League teams in this issue, but find myself unable to do so until the following number (March), when I hope to give Everton, Blackburn Rovers, Wolverhampton Wanderers, Bolton Wanderers, and Stoke, etc. To this end I shall be very pleased if the secretaries of the various clubs named will communicate with

the executive for doing, as they have equally as good a list of fixtures and, perhaps, better gates; but most of all they totally dispense with the fighting element, for which they were often wrongfully blamed for exhibiting, and, in some cases, I have seen this charge myself more applicable to their opponents. Now, Willie Hay, the "Scots" captain tells me he can have a jolly good game, and their numerous opponents, although compelled to go away defeated, are content with having had a sound game at football. W. Stirling will be recognised at the back, the bold custodian of the "Callies" goal



OLD MERCHANT TAYLORS.

Mr. R. W. Thomas, 121, Cheapside, E.C., when they are within easy access of London, who will take a special picture for us. Should this not be practicable, I shall be glad if they will forward to Mr. Thomas, or this office, a copy of the latest group taken of the team.

The London Caledonians are now in their sixth season, and perhaps their most successful, as up to the present time they have not received a single defeat since September last. For reasons, perhaps better left untold, they have withdrawn from all Cup ties, an action I commend

and the Middlesex goal. Stirling is a capital goal-keeper, and has also been trusted with the London goal. Last year the Caledonians lost a grand player in J. A. Lambie, who held the reins of captain for several seasons, and his return to Scotland was deeply regretted by his numerous friends in London and London football circles generally.

The Club ground at Tufnell Park is, perhaps, the best in North London, and anyone visiting the ground any Saturday may rely upon seeing a good game, for should the first team be away, the Callies possess

a very formidable lot of reserves, well able to cope with many good first elevens.

The Caledonians are fairly good friends with the Millwall, and up to this season had fixtures with the Royal Arsenal, but the latter have, for some reason or other, thought it unfitting to give them a date this year—an action I can hardly commend in the Arsenal executive, as the London Scots have a following of their own, and would, perhaps, be as profitable as bringing some of these big Scotch teams to Invicta grounds, only to receive defeats, or even at the best a draw, which very often dissatisfies their supporters. The Arsenal is the

when a margin of a goal was the only difference; following this up, the Arsenal disposed of the Clapton, and thus entered into the Competition proper of the Association Cup. Drawn against the League Champions, I am afraid the Arsenal have seen all they will see this season of the National trophy, more especially as they have already given us an idea of their ability to cope with the Sunderland team. Rumour says the Northerners have decided to come to London for this match, thinking, perhaps, they would command a better gate here than up North, and great will be the day at Invicta grounds should this



ROYAL ARSENAL.

only football team in London acknowledging professionalism. They possess capital grounds at Plumstead, and receive wonderful patronage from the Royal Arsenal employes, and the numerous inhabitants of Woolwich. A great drawback to the Londoners is the funeral-like journey to the ground, which occupies something like an hour. During this season the Arsenal have played most inconsistently, but they have brought off a few brilliant victories which have happened to be on the occasion of Cup ties. The most pleasing victory was that over the Millwall,

be agreed upon and favoured with fine weather. The Millwall was formed in 1885, and is undoubtedly the best football club in the East of London, and a fair match for any Metropolitan combination. O. Caygil, their captain, is a capital goal-keeper, and last year represented London v. Sheffield. The executive have been the means of securing numerous visits from our crack Northern clubs, which had the effect of importing sound play to the East Enders and placing the club in the front rank of footballers.

The Sheffield Wednesday, as I have



previously mentioned, is going exceptionally strong this year, which must be very gratifying to the executive, seeing that they claim to be one of the oldest associations in England, formed in 1866, and this season having been promoted to the first division of the League; and, after a most successful season so far, they proudly occupy a position equal to third place in the statistics, proving themselves on many occasions more than equal to the finest teams in the competition.

The Wednesday Club remained an amateur combination until 1889, when, tempted by the example set by other clubs, the executive adopted professionalism, but

A capital ground at Olive Grove, Queen's Road, Sheffield, is the home of this now popular club, and its officers are Mr. J. Holmes, president, who appears in our group with Mr. H. C. Vessey, another hard-working and enthusiastic official; Mr. W. Fearnough, A. Holmes and A. J. Dickinson, the club's secretary.

To December 28th, the following were the records of the doings of some of our principal Association clubs.

						Goals	
						For.	Agst
Played.	Won.	Lost.	Dwn.				
Sunderland ...	28	21	5	2	90	31	
Preston North End ...	30	20	7	3	68	36	
Sheffield Wednesday	27	14	8	5	57	45	
Aston Villa ...	26	14	10	2	63	52	



OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

played only local men until season 1890-91. About eleven years ago this Sheffield Club came into prominence by reaching the semi-final of the Association Cup competition, and has won the Charity Cup, presented by Earl Wharncliffe, something like half-a-dozen times, and the Sheffield Association Cup upwards of that number. Some of the best exponents of the dribbling game have fought for the Wednesday Club, whilst it boasts of the close connection of such a grand enthusiast as Mr. J. C. Clegg, now Vice-President of the Football Association, and the list of players it has supplied the country with at the international contests.

West Bromwich Albion	29	10	14	5	51	69
Casuals ...	37	23	10	4	106	63
Royal Arsenal ...	29	23	8	1	95	44
Sheffield United ...	33	20	9	4	78	33
London Caledonians ..	17	11	2	4	55	22
Millwall Athletic ...	22	14	5	3	78	37

The weather during the early part of last month greatly interfered with all Rugby matches especially during the holiday time. The most important engagement in December was the 'Varsity contest, which is generally either postponed or marred by bad weather on the day first fixed. Last season a black "November fog" delayed the meeting till January; but this season beautiful weather promised an



ROSSLYN PARK.

exception to the rule; but it was not to be, for rain set in fifteen minutes before the kick off, and the Dark and Light Blues were soon all alike—"black." Our photographer just happened to obtain a snap shot at Oxford, but Cambridge did not relish sitting out in a blinding rain. Oxford were unable to play several of their old Blues, which consequently made Cambridge strong favourites, but a very sloppy game ended in a draw, neither side scoring.

To Dec. 28th the Light Blues had played 16 matches, with 10 wins, 5 lost, and one drawn; while the Dark Blues won 9 of 17 engagements, with 5 lost, and 3 drawn. Perhaps the most wonderful Rugby team is Newport, who are going ahead this season again, winning all their engagements, having so far pulled off all their fifteen matches; and with such form it is almost wondered why Wales did not place the Newport fifteen in the field to meet England; as it was, they selected more of its members than usual, with the result this year of turning a series of defeats into a brilliant victory for the Welshmen.

The Old Merchant Taylors are, as usual,

showing up good form this year. This Rugby club is composed entirely of old boys from the Merchant Taylors' School, now situated in Charterhouse Square, the old site of the Charterhouse School.

The Old Boys are now in their eleventh season. The Club was originally formed by Mr. L. H. Gunnery, the present honorary secretary and previous captain. In its earlier days the club had to rely on those who had just left school, so many of the best players having already engaged themselves to Blackheath, Richmond, or other clubs, it was a struggle to get a thoroughly good combination together. In season 1886-7 the Merchant Taylors came more to the front, and have ever since held a fairly good position in the Rugby world, especially during the last three or four years. One great feature in the Old Boys is the capital attendance of its members, which must "spell" success, more especially as they do not rely upon individual play, but the combination as a team.

To show the merits of the Old Boys as a team, it is sufficient to say that when on their South Wales tour last season they



met the all-conquering Newport team, and a draw was the only result the crack team of Wales could arrive at. Swansea defeated the Old Boys by a goal and a try, while Cardiff were defeated by the same points.

The Merchant Taylors have engagements with the principal clubs in the South of England, and up to the present time have more than held their own, their record now standing as follows:—

14 matches played, 11 won, 3 lost, with 18 goals 23 tries against 5 goals 4 tries, or 129 points against 33.

Another prominent Rugby organisation was started in 1879, under the title of the Rosslyn Park F.C. Its founder was Mr. C. C. Hoyer Miller, an old Cliftonian, who thought there was a good opening for a Rugby club in Hampstead. Owing to the energy and influence of Mr. Hoyer Miller, the club was gradually worked up, and on his retirement after five years' hard work, he left it in a very flourishing condition. The captaincy then fell to the lot of H. R. Burton, who successfully led the Rosslynites to battle for three years, and afterwards was succeeded by E. W. James, who devoted six years to the club's interest, James, however, retired in 1889, when B. E. Figgis, the club's present captain, was elected. The high position of the club is mainly due to the unceasing devotion to the secretarial duties for upwards of six years of Alec

Reid, who retired this season in favour of J. B. Jackson.

During the earlier days of the Rosslyn Park only one team could be raised; but now three teams are wearing its colours each Saturday.

The first fifteen have fixtures with all the leading clubs, and both the 'Varsities' and their ground at Acton is quite one of the pleasure resorts for the residents of that neighbourhood. Last Easter Rosslyn Park created some stir by making a tour to Paris, and beating a team composed entirely of Frenchmen; this was the first time an English team had ever played in Paris, and so successful was the trip throughout that I hear the fixture is to be repeated this coming Eastertide.

We are now looking forward to the most important events of the season, and as each week passes, so the anxiety increases, until the date fixed for the Final tie at the Oval is reached, and the last match of the League played.

Our international fixtures, both Rugby and Association, greatly add to the pleasure of our winter pastime during the second half of the season, and I, like many others, will look forward to a good wind-up of season 1892-3, though we have made a somewhat bad start.

*Our Portraits are from Photographs by R. W. Thomas, 121, Cheapside, E.C., from whom Copies can be obtained.*

# The Experiences of Loveday Brooke, Lady Detective.

By C. L. PIRKIS, AUTHOR OF "LADY LOVELACE," &c. &c.

## THE BLACK BAG LEFT ON A DOOR-STEP.

**I**T'S a big thing," said Loveday Brooke, addressing Ebenezer Dyer, chief of the well-known detective agency in Lynch Court, Fleet Street; "Lady Cathrow has lost £30,000 worth of jewellery, if the newspaper accounts are to be trusted."

"They are fairly accurate this time. The robbery differs in few respects from the usual run of country-house robberies. The time chosen, of course, was the dinner-hour, when the family and guests were at table and the servants not on duty were amusing themselves in their own quarters. The fact of its being Christmas Eve would also of necessity add to the business and consequent distraction of the household. The entry to the house, however, in this case was not effected in the usual manner by a ladder to the dressing-room window, but through the window of a room on the ground floor—a small room with one window and two doors, one of which opens into the hall, and the other into a passage that leads by the back stairs to the bedroom floor. It is used, I believe, as a sort of hat and coat room by the gentlemen of the house."

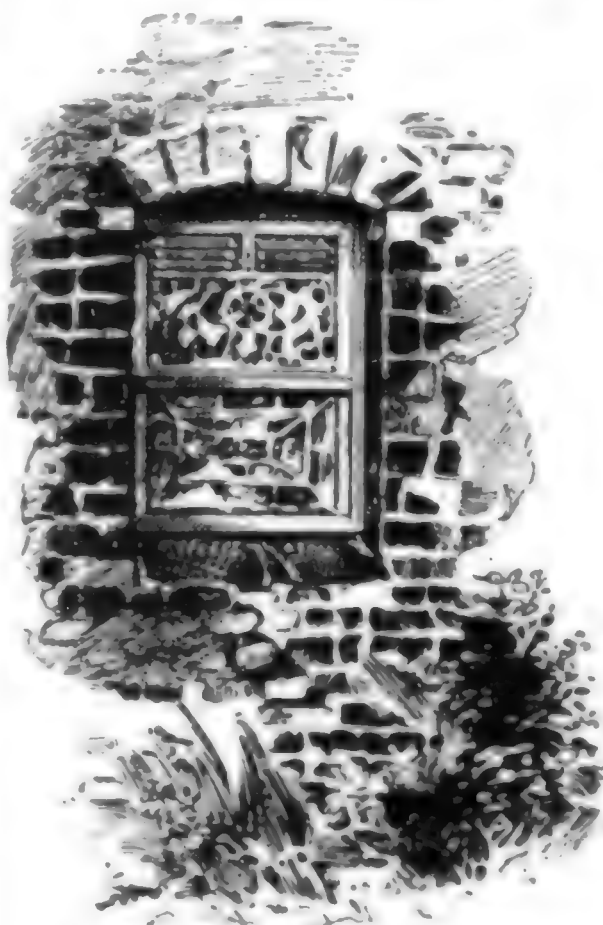
"It was, I suppose, the weak point of the house?"

"Quite so. A very weak point indeed. Craigen Court, the residence of Sir George and Lady Cathrow, is an oddly-built old place, jutting out in all directions, and as this window looked

out upon a blank wall, it was filled in with stained glass, kept fastened by a strong brass catch, and never opened, day or night, ventilation being obtained by means of a glass ventilator fitted in the upper panes. It seems absurd to think that this window, being only about four feet from the ground, should have had neither iron bars nor shutters added to it; such, however, was the case. On the night of the robbery, someone within the house must have deliberately, and of intention, unfastened its only protection, the brass catch, and thus given the thieves easy entrance to the house."

"Your suspicions, I suppose, centre upon the servants?"

"Undoubtedly; and it is in the servants' hall that your services will be required. The thieves, whoever they were, were perfectly cognizant of the ways of the house. Lady Cathrow's jewellery was kept in a safe in her dressing-room, and as the dressing-room was over the dining-room, Sir George was in the habit of saying that it was the 'safest' room in the house. (Note the pun, please, Sir George is rather proud of it.) By his orders the window of the dining-room immediately under the dressing-room window was always left unshuttered and without blind during dinner, and as a full stream of light thus fell through it on to the outside terrace, it would have been impossible



WINDOW ON THE GROUND FLOOR.



for anyone to have placed a ladder there unseen."

"I see from the newspapers that it was Sir George's invariable custom to fill his house and give a large dinner on Christmas Eve."

"Yes. Sir George and Lady Cathrow are elderly people, with no family and few relatives, and have consequently a large amount of time to spend on their friends."

"I suppose the key of the safe was frequently left in the possession of Lady Cathrow's maid?"

"Yes. She is a young French girl, Stephanie Delcroix by name. It was her duty to clear the dressing-room directly after her mistress left it: put away any jewellery that might be lying about, lock the safe, and keep the key till her mistress came up to bed. On the night of the robbery, however, she admits that, instead of so doing, directly her mistress left the dressing-room, she ran down to the housekeeper's room to see if any letters had come for her, and remained chatting with the other servants for some time—she could not say for how long. It was by the half-past-seven post that her letters generally arrived from St. Omer, where her home is."

"Oh, then, she was in the habit of thus running down to enquire for her letters, no doubt, and the thieves, who appear to be so thoroughly cognizant of the house, would know this also."

"Perhaps; though at the present moment I must say things look very black against the girl. Her manner, too, when questioned, is not calculated to remove suspicion. She goes from one fit of hysterics into another; contradicts herself nearly every time she opens her mouth, then lays it to the charge of her ignorance of our language; breaks into voluble French; becomes theatrical in action, and then goes off into hysterics once more."

"All that is quite Français, you know," said Loveday. "Do the authorities at Scotland Yard lay much stress on the safe being left unlocked that night?"



A HABIT OF DROPPING HER EYELIDS.

"They do, and they are instituting a keen enquiry as to the possible lovers the girl may have. For this purpose they have sent Bates down to stay in the village and collect all the information he can outside the house. But they want someone within the walls to hob-nob with the maids generally, and to find out if she has taken any of them into her confidence respecting her lovers. So they sent to me to know if I would send down for this purpose one of the shrewdest and most

clear-headed of my female detectives. I, in my turn, Miss Brooke, have sent for you—you may take it as a compliment if you like. So please now get out your notebook, and I'll give you sailing orders."

Loveday Brooke, at this period of her career, was a little over thirty years of age, and could be best described in a series of negations.

She was not tall, she was not short; she was not dark, she was not fair; she was neither handsome nor ugly. Her features were altogether nondescript; her one noticeable trait was a habit she had, when absorbed in thought, of dropping her eyelids over her eyes till only a line of eyeball showed, and she appeared to be looking out at the world through a slit, instead of through a window.

Her dress was invariably black, and was almost Quaker-like in its neat primness.

Some five or six years previously, by a jerk of Fortune's wheel, Loveday had been thrown upon the world penniless and all but friendless. Marketable accomplishments she had found she had none, so she had forthwith defied convention, and had chosen for herself a career that had cut her off sharply from her former associates and her position in society. For five or six years she drudged away patiently in the lower walks of her profession; then chance, or, to speak more precisely, an intricate criminal case, threw her in the way of the experienced head of the flourishing detective agency in Lynch Court. He quickly enough

found out the stuff she was made of, and threw her in the way of better-class work—work, indeed, that brought increase of pay and of reputation alike to him and to Loveday.

Ebenezer Dyer was not, as a rule, given to enthusiasm; but he would at times wax eloquent over Miss Brooke's qualifications for the profession she had chosen.

"Too much of a lady, do you say?" he would say to anyone who chanced to call in question those qualifications. "I don't care twopence-halfpenny whether she is or is not a lady. I only know she is the most sensible and practical woman I ever met. In the first place, she has the faculty—so rare

among women—of carrying out orders to the very letter; in the second place, she has a clear, shrewd brain, unhampered by any hard and fast theories; thirdly, and most important item of all, she has so much common sense that it amounts to genius—positively to genius, sir."

But although Loveday and her chief as a rule, worked together upon an easy and friendly footing, there were occasions on which they were wont, so to speak, to snarl at each other.

Such an occasion was at hand now.

Loveday showed no disposition to take out her note-book and receive her "sailing orders."

"I want to know," she said, "if what I saw in one newspaper is true—that one of the thieves before leaving, took the trouble to close the safe-door, and to write across it in chalk: 'To be let, unfurnished'?"

"Perfectly true; but I do not see that stress need be laid on the fact. The

scoundrels often do that sort of thing out of insolence or bravado. In that robbery at Reigate, the other day, they went to a lady's Davenport, took a sheet of her note-paper, and wrote their thanks on it for her kindness in not having had the lock of her safe repaired. Now, if you will get out your note-book —"

"Don't be in such a hurry," said Loveday calmly; "I want to know if you have seen this?" She leaned across the writing-table at which they sat, one either side, and handed to him a newspaper cutting which she took from her letter-case.

Mr. Dyer was a tall, powerfully-built man with a large head, benevolent bald

forehead and a genial smile. That smile, however, often proved a trap to the unwary, for he owned a temper so irritable that a child with a chance word might ruffle it.

The genial smile vanished as he took the newspaper cutting from Loveday's hand.

"I would have you to remember, Miss Brooke," he said severely, "that al-

though I am in the habit of using despatch in my business, I am never known to be in a hurry; hurry in affairs I take to be the especial mark of the slovenly and unpunctual."

Then, as if still further to give contradiction to her words, he very deliberately unfolded her slip of newspaper and slowly, accentuating each word and syllable, read as follows:—

"Singular Discovery.

"A black leather bag, or portmanteau, was found early yesterday morning by one of Smith's newspaper boys on the doorstep of a house in the road running between Easterbrook and Wreford, and inhabited by an elderly spinster lady. The



"HAVE YOU SEEN THIS?"



contents of the bag include a clerical collar and necktie, a Church Service, a book of sermons, a copy of the works of Virgil, a *facsimile* of Magna Charta, with translations, a pair of black kid gloves, a brush and comb, some newspapers, and several small articles suggesting clerical ownership. On the top of the bag the following extraordinary letter, written in pencil on a long slip of paper, was found:

'The fatal day has arrived. I can exist no longer. I go hence and shall be no more seen. But I would have Coroner and Jury know that I am a sane man, and a verdict of temporary insanity in my case would be an error most gross after this intimation. I care not if it is *felo de se*, as I shall have passed all suffering. Search diligently for my poor lifeless body in the immediate neighbourhood—on the cold heath, the rail, or the river by yonder bridge—a few moments will decide how I shall depart. If I had walked aright I might have been a power in the Church of which I am now an unworthy member and priest; but the damnable sin of gambling got hold on me, and betting has been my ruin, as it has been the ruin of thousands who have preceded me. Young man, shun the bookmaker and the race-course as you would shun the devil and hell. Farewell, chums of Magdalen. Farewell, and take warning. Though I can claim relationship with a Duke, a Marquess, and a Bishop, and though I am the son of a noble woman, yet am I a tramp and an outcast, verily and indeed. Sweet death, I greet thee. I dare not sign my name. To one and all, farewell. O, my poor Marchioness mother, a dying kiss to thee. R.I.P.'

"The police and some of the railway officials have made a 'diligent search' in the neighbourhood of the railway station, but no 'poor lifeless body' has been found. The police authorities are inclined to the belief that the letter is a hoax, though they are still investigating the matter."

In the same deliberate fashion as he had opened and read the cutting, Mr. Dyer folded and returned it to Loveday.

"May I ask," he said sarcastically, "what you see in that silly hoax to waste your and my valuable time over?"

"I wanted to know," said Loveday, in the same level tones as before, "if you saw anything in it that might in some way

connect this discovery with the robbery at Craigen Court?"

Mr. Dyer stared at her in utter, blank astonishment.

"When I was a boy," he said sarcastically as before, "I used to play at a game called 'what is my thought like?' Someone would think of something absurd—say the top of the monument—and someone else would hazard a guess that his thought might be—say the toe of his left boot, and that unfortunate individual would have to show the connection between the toe of his left boot and the top of the monument. Miss Brooke, I have no wish to repeat the silly game this evening for your benefit and mine."

"Oh, very well," said Loveday, calmly; "I fancied you might like to talk it over, that was all. Give me my 'sailing orders,' as you call them, and I'll endeavour to concentrate my attention on the little French maid and her various lovers."

Mr. Dyer grew amiable again.

"That's the point on which I wish you to fix your thoughts," he said; "you had better start for Craigen Court by the first train to-morrow—it's about sixty miles down the Great Eastern line. Huxwell is the station you must land at. There one of the grooms from the Court will meet you, and drive you to the house. I have arranged with the housekeeper there—Mrs. Williams, a very worthy and discreet person—that you shall pass in the house for a niece of hers, on a visit to recruit, after severe study in order to pass board-school teachers' exams. Naturally you have injured your eyes as well as your health with overwork; and so you can wear your blue spectacles. Your name, by the way, will be Jane Smith—better write it down. All your work will lie among the servants of the establishment, and there will be no necessity for you to see either Sir George or Lady Cathrow—in fact, neither of them have been apprised of your intended visit—the fewer we take into our confidence the better. I've no doubt, however, that Bates will hear from Scotland Yard that you are in the house, and will make a point of seeing you."

"Has Bates unearthed anything of importance?"

"Not as yet. He has discovered one of the girl's lovers, a young farmer of the name of Holt; but as he seems to be an honest, respectable young fellow, and en-

tirely above suspicion, the discovery does not count for much."

"I think there's nothing else to ask," said Loveday, rising to take her departure. "Of course, I'll telegraph, should need arise, in our usual cipher."

The first train that left Bishopsgate for Huxwell on the following morning included, among its passengers, Loveday Brooke, dressed in the neat black supposed to be appropriate to servants of the upper class. The only literature with which she had provided herself in order to beguile the tedium of her journey was a small volume bound in paper boards, and entitled, "The Reciter's Treasury." It was published at the low price of one shilling, and seemed specially designed to meet the requirements of third-rate amateur reciters at penny readings.

Miss Brooke appeared to be all-absorbed in the contents of this book during the first half of her journey. During the second, she lay back in the carriage with closed eyes, and motionless as if asleep or lost in deep thought.

The stopping of the train at Huxwell aroused her, and set her collecting together her wraps.

It was easy to single out the trim groom from Craigen Court from among the country loafers on the platform. Someone else beside the trim groom at the same moment caught her eye—Bates, from Scotland Yard, got up in the style of a commercial traveller, and carrying the orthodox "commercial bag" in his hand. He was a small, wiry man, with red hair and whiskers, and an eager, hungry expression of countenance.

"I am half-frozen with cold," said Loveday, addressing Sir George's groom; "if you'll kindly take charge of my portmanteau, I'd prefer walking to driving to the Court."

The man gave her a few directions as to the road she was to follow, and then drove off with her box, leaving her free to indulge Mr. Bates's evident wish for a walk and confidential talk along the country road.

Bates seemed to be in a happy frame of mind that morning.

"Quite a simple affair, this, Miss Brooke," he said; "a walk over the course, I take it, with you working inside the castle walls and I unearthing without. No complications as yet have arisen, and if that girl does not find herself in jail before another week is over her head, my name is not Jeremiah Bates."

"You mean the French maid?"

"Why, yes, of course. I take it there's little doubt but what she performed the double duty of unlocking the safe and the window too. You see I look at it this way, Miss Brooke: all girls have lovers, I say to myself, but a pretty girl like that French maid, is bound to have double the number of lovers than the plain ones. Now, of course, the greater the number of lovers, the greater the chance there is of a criminal being found among them. That's plain as a pikestaff, isn't it?"

"Just as plain."

Bates felt encouraged to proceed.

"Weil, then, arguing on the same lines, I say to myself, this girl is only a pretty, silly thing, not an accomplished criminal, or she wouldn't have admitted leaving open the safe door; give her rope enough and she'll hang herself. In a day or two,

if we let her alone, she'll be bolting off to join the fellow whose nest she has helped to feather, and we shall catch the pair of them 'twixt here and Dover Straits, and also possibly get a clue that will bring us on the traces of their accomplices. Eh, Miss Brooke, that'll be a thing worth doing?"

"Undoubtedly. Who is this coming along in this buggy at such a good pace?"

The question was added as the sound of wheels behind them made her look round.

Bates turned also. "Oh, this is young Holt; his father farms land about a couple of miles from here. He is one of Stephanie's lovers, and I should imagine about the best of the lot. But he does not appear to be first favourite; from what I hear someone else must



RECITING THE "NOBLE CONVICT."



have made the running on the sly. Ever since the robbery I'm told the young woman has given him the cold shoulder."

As the young man came nearer in his buggy he slackened pace, and Loveday could not but admire his frank, honest expression of countenance.

"Room for one—can I give you a lift?" he said, as he came alongside of them.

And to the ineffable disgust of Bates, who had counted upon at least an hour's confidential talk with her, Miss Brooke accepted the young farmer's offer, and mounted beside him in his buggy.

As they went swiftly along the country road, Loveday explained to the young man that her destination was Craigen Court, and that as she was a stranger to the place, she must trust to him to put her down at the nearest point to it that he would pass.

At the mention of Craigen Court his face clouded.

"They're in trouble there, and their trouble has brought trouble on others," he said a little bitterly.

"I know," said Loveday sympathetically; "it is often so. In such circumstances as these suspicion frequently fastens on an entirely innocent person."

"That's it! that's it!" he cried excitedly; "if you go into that house you'll hear all sorts of wicked things said of her, and see everything setting in dead against her. But she's innocent. I swear to you she is as innocent as you or I are."

His voice rang out above the clatter of his horse's hoofs. He seemed to forget that he had mentioned no name, and that Loveday, as a stranger, might be at a loss to know to whom he referred.

"Who is guilty Heaven only knows," he went on after a moment's pause; "it isn't for me to give an ill name to anyone in that house; but I only say she is innocent, and that I'll stake my life on."

"She is a lucky girl to have found one to believe in her, and trust her as you do," said Loveday, even more sympathetically than before.

"Is she? I wish she'd take advantage of her luck, then," he answered bitterly. "Most girls in her position would be glad to have a man to stand by them through thick and thin. But not she! Ever since the night of that accursed robbery she has refused to see me—won't answer my letters—won't even send me a message. And, great Heavens! I'd marry her to-

morrow, if I had the chance, and dare the world to say a word against her."

He whipped up his pony. The hedges seemed to fly on either side of them, and before Loveday realised that half her drive was over, he had drawn rein, and was helping her to alight at the servants' entrance to Craigen Court.

"You'll tell her what I've said to you, if you get the opportunity, and beg her to see me, if only for five minutes?" he petitioned before he re-mounted his buggy. And Loveday, as she thanked the young man for his kind attention, promised to make an opportunity to give his message to the girl.

Mrs. Williams, the housekeeper, welcomed Loveday in the servants' hall, and then took her to her own room to pull off her wraps. Mrs. Williams was the widow of a London tradesman, and a little beyond the average housekeeper in speech and manner.

She was a genial, pleasant woman, and readily entered into conversation with Loveday. Tea was brought in, and each seemed to feel at home with the other. Loveday in the course of this easy, pleasant talk, elicited from her the whole history of the events of the day of the robbery, the number and names of the guests who sat down to dinner that night, together with some other apparently trivial details.

The housekeeper made no attempt to disguise the painful position in which she and every one of the servants of the house felt themselves to be at the present moment.

"We are none of us at our ease with each other now," she said, as she poured out hot tea for Loveday, and piled up a blazing fire. "Everyone fancies that everyone else is suspecting him or her, and trying to rake up past words or deeds to bring in as evidence. The whole house seems under a cloud. And at this time of year, too; just when everything as a rule is at its merriest!" and here she gave a doleful glance to the big bunch of holly and mistletoe hanging from the ceiling.

"I suppose you are generally very merry downstairs at Christmas time?" said Loveday. "Servants' balls, theatricals, and all that sort of thing?"

"I should think we were! When I think of this time last year and the fun we all had, I can scarcely believe it is the same house. Our ball always follows my lady's ball, and we have permission to

ask our friends to it, and we keep it up as late as ever we please. We begin our evening with a concert and recitations in character, then we have a supper and then we dance right on till morning; but this year!"—she broke off, giving a long, melancholy shake of her head that spoke volumes.

"I suppose," said Loveday, "some of your friends are very clever as musicians or reciters?"

"Very clever indeed. Sir George and my lady are always present during the early part of the evening, and I should like you to have seen Sir George last year laughing fit to kill himself at Harry Emmett dressed in prison dress with a bit of oakum in his hand, reciting the "Noble Convict!" Sir George said if the young man had gone on the stage, he would have been bound to make his fortune."

"Half a cup, please," said Loveday, presenting her cup. "Who was this Harry Emmett then—a sweetheart of one of the maids?"

"Oh, he would flirt with them all, but he was sweetheft to none. He was footman to Colonel James, who is a great friend of Sir George's, and Harry was constantly backwards and forwards bringing messages from his master. His father, I think, drove a cab in London, and Harry for a time did so also; then he took it into his head to be a gentleman's servant, and great satisfaction he gave as such. He was always such a bright, handsome

young fellow and so full of fun, that everyone liked him. But I shall tire you with all this; and you, of course, want to talk about something so different;" and the housekeeper sighed again, as the thought of the dreadful robbery entered her brain once more.

"Not at all. I am greatly interested in you and your festivities. Is Emmett still in the neighbourhood? I should amazingly like to hear him recite myself."

"I'm sorry to say he left Colonel James about six months ago. We all missed him very much at first. He was a good, kind-hearted young man, and I remember he told me he was going away to look after his dear old grandmother, who had a sweet-stuff shop somewhere or other, but where I can't remember."

Loveday was leaning back in her chair now, with eyelids drooped so low that she literally looked out through "slits" instead of eyes.

Suddenly and abruptly she changed the conversation.

"When will it be convenient for me to see Lady Cathrow's dressing-room?" she asked.

The housekeeper looked at her watch. "Now, at once," she answered; "it's a quarter to five now and my lady sometimes goes up to her room to rest for half an hour before she dresses for dinner."

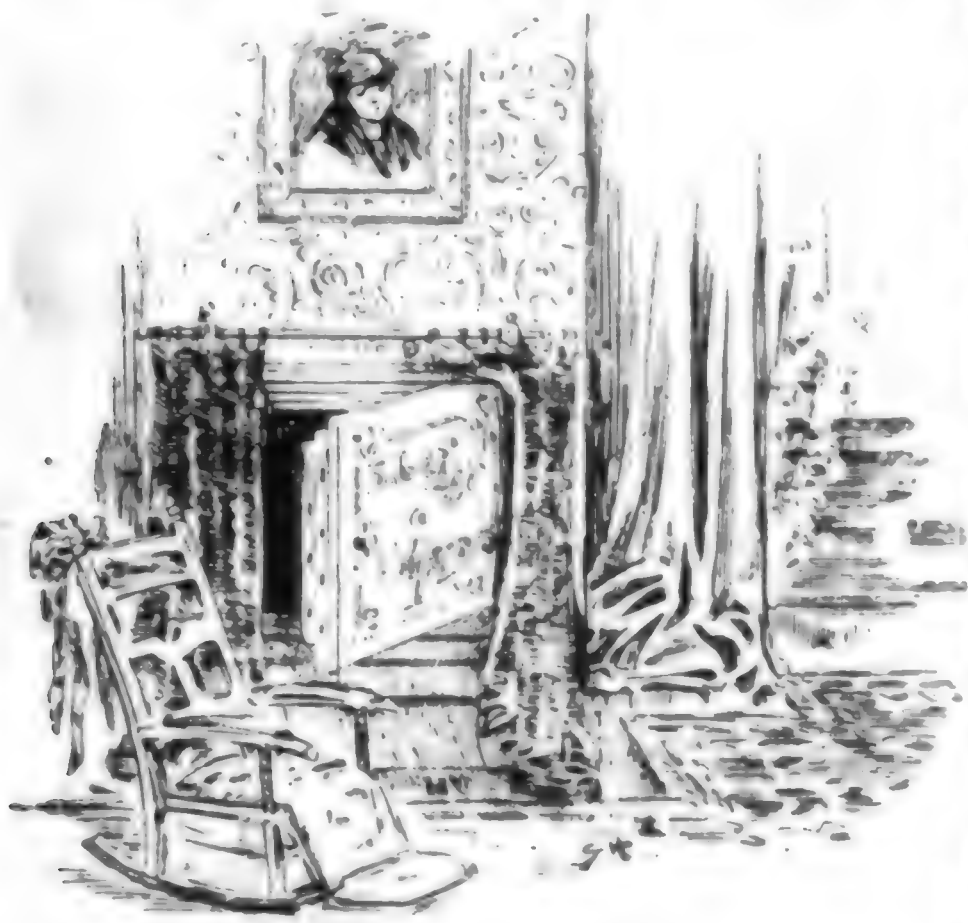
"Is Stephanie still in attendance on Lady Cathrow?" Miss Brooke asked as she followed the housekeeper up the back stairs to the bedroom floor.

"Yes. Sir George and my lady have been goodness itself to us through this trying time, and they say we are all innocent till we are proved guilty, and will have it that none of our duties are to be in any way altered."

"Stephanie is scarcely fit to perform hers, I should imagine?"

"Scarcely. She was in hysterics nearly from morning till night for the first two or three days after the detectives came down, but now she has grown sullen, eats nothing and never speaks a word to any of us except when she is obliged. This is my lady's dressing-room, walk in please."

Loveday entered a large, luxuriously furnished room, and naturally made her way straight to the chief point of attraction in it—the iron safe fitted into the wall that sepa-



"TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED."



rated the dressing-room from the bedroom.

It was a safe of the ordinary description, fitted with a strong iron door and Chubb lock. And across this door was written with chalk in characters that seemed defiant in their size and boldness, the words: "To be let, unfurnished."

Loveday spent about five minutes in front of this safe, all her attention concentrated upon the big, bold writing.

She took from her pocket-book a narrow strip of tracing-paper and compared the writing on it, letter by letter, with that on the safe door. This done she turned to Mrs. Williams and professed herself ready to follow her to the room below.

Mrs. Williams looked surprised. Her opinion of Miss Brooke's professional capabilities suffered considerable diminution.

"The gentlemen detectives," she said, "spent over an hour in this room; they paced the floor, they measured the candles, they —"

"Mrs. Williams," interrupted Loveday, "I am quite ready to look at the room below." Her manner had changed from gossiping friendliness to that of the business woman hard at work at her profession.

Without another word, Mrs. Williams led the way to the little room which had proved itself to be the "weak point" of the house.

They entered it by the door which opened into a passage leading to the back-stairs of the house. Loveday found the room exactly what it had been described to her by Mr. Dyer. It needed no second glance at the window to see the ease with which anyone could open it from the outside, and swing themselves into the room, when once the brass catch had been unfastened.

Loveday wasted no time here. In fact, much to Mrs. Williams's surprise and disappointment, she merely walked across the room, in at one door and out at the opposite one, which opened into the large inner hall of the house.

Here, however, she paused to ask a question:

"Is that chair always placed exactly in that position?" she said, pointing to an oak chair that stood immediately outside the room they had just quitted.

The housekeeper answered in the affirmative. It was a warm corner. "My

lady" was particular that everyone who came to the house on messages should have a comfortable place to wait in.

"I shall be glad if you will show me to my room now," said Loveday, a little abruptly; "and will you kindly send up to me a county trade directory, if, that is, you have such a thing in the house?"

Mrs. Williams, with an air of offended dignity, led the way to the bedroom quarters once more. The worthy housekeeper felt as if her own dignity had, in some sort, been injured by the want of interest Miss Brooke had evinced in the rooms which, at the present moment, she considered the "show" rooms of the house.

"Shall I send someone to help you unpack?" she asked, a little stiffly, at the door of Loveday's room.

"No, thank you; there will not be much unpacking to do. I must leave here by the first up-train to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning! Why, I have told everyone you will be here at least a fortnight!"

"Ah, then you must explain that I have been suddenly summoned home by telegram. I'm sure I can trust you to make excuses for me. Do not, however, make them before supper-time. I shall like to sit down to that meal with you. I suppose I shall see Stephanie then?"

The housekeeper answered in the affirmative, and went her way, wondering over the strange manners of the lady whom, at first, she had been disposed to consider "such a nice, pleasant, conversable person!"

At supper-time, however, when the upper-servants assembled at what was, to them, the pleasantest meal of the day, a great surprise was to greet them.

Stephanie did not take her usual place at table, and a fellow-servant, sent to her room to summon her, returned, saying that the room was empty, and Stephanie was nowhere to be found.

Loveday and Mrs. Williams together went to the girl's bed-room. It bore its usual appearance: no packing had been done in it, and, beyond her hat and jacket, the girl appeared to have taken nothing away with her.

On enquiry, it transpired that Stephanie had, as usual, assisted Lady Cathrow to dress for dinner; but after that not a soul in the house appeared to have seen her.

Mrs. Williams thought the matter of sufficient importance to be at once reported to her master and mistress; and Sir George, in his turn, promptly despatched a messenger to Mr. Bates, at the "King's Head," to summon him to an immediate consultation.

Loveday despatched a messenger in another direction—to young Mr. Holt, at his farm, giving him particulars of the girl's disappearance.

Mr. Bates had a brief interview with Sir George in his study, from which he emerged radiant. He made a point of seeing Loveday before he left the Court, sending a special request to her that she would speak to him for a minute in the outside drive.

Loveday put her hat on, and went out to him. She found him almost dancing for glee.

"Told you so! told you so! Now, didn't I, Miss Brooke?" he exclaimed. "We'll come upon her traces before morning, never fear. I'm quite prepared. I knew what was in her mind all along. I said to myself, when that girl bolts it will be after she has dressed my lady for dinner—when she has two good clear hours all to herself, and her absence from the house won't be noticed, and when, without much difficulty, she can catch a train leaving

Huxwell for Wreford. Well, she'll get to Wreford safe enough; but from Wreford she'll be followed every step of the way she goes. Only yesterday I set a man on there—a keen fellow at this sort of thing—and gave him full directions; and he'll hunt her down to her hole properly. Taken nothing with her, do you say? What does that matter? She thinks she'll find all she

wants where she's going—"the feathered nest" I spoke to you about this morning. Ha! ha! Well, instead of stepping into it, as she fancies she will, she'll walk straight into a detective's arms, and land her pal there into the bargain. There'll be two of them netted before another forty-eight hours are over our heads, or my name's not Jeremiah Bates."

"What are you going to do now?" asked Loveday, as the man finished his long speech.

"Now! I'm back to the "King's Head" to wait for a telegram from my colleague at Wreford. Once he's got her in front of him he'll give me instructions at what point to meet him. You see, Huxwell being such an out-of-the-way place, and only one train leaving between 7.30 and 10.15, makes us really positive that Wreford must be the girl's destination and relieves my mind from all anxiety on the matter."

"Does it?" answered Loveday gravely. "I can see another possible destination for the girl—the stream that runs through the wood we drove past this morning. Good night, Mr. Bates, it's cold out here. Of course so soon as you have any news you'll send it up to Sir George."

The household sat up late that night, but no news was received of Stephanie from any quarter. Mr. Bates had im-

pressed upon Sir George the ill-advisability of setting up a hue and cry after the girl that might possibly reach her ears and scare her from joining the person whom he was pleased to designate as her "pal."

"We want to follow her silently, Sir George, silently as, the shadow follows the man," he had said grandiloquently, "and then we shall come upon the two, and I trust



AN OLD GENTLEMAN WRITING.



upon their booty also." Sir George in his turn had impressed Mr. Bates's wishes upon his household, and if it had not been for Loveday's message, despatched early in the evening to young Holt, not a soul outside the house would have known of Stephanie's disappearance.

Loveday was stirring early the next morning, and the eight o'clock train for Wreford numbered her among its passengers. Before starting, she despatched a telegram to her chief in Lynch Court. It read rather oddly, as follows:—

"Cracker fired. Am just starting for Wreford. Will wire to you from there. L.B."

Oddly though it might read, Mr. Dyer did not need to refer to his cipher book to interpret it. "Cracker fired" was the easily remembered equivalent for "clue found" in the detective phraseology of the office.

"Well, she has been quick enough about it this time!" he soliloquised as he speculated in his own mind over what the purport of the next telegram might be.

Half an hour later there came to him a constable from Scotland Yard to tell him of Stephanie's disappearance and the conjectures that were rife on the matter, and he then, not unnaturally, read Loveday's telegram by the light of this information, and concluded that the clue in her hands related to the discovery of Stephanie's whereabouts as well as to that of her guilt.

A telegram received a little later on, however, was to turn this theory upside down. It was, like the former one, worded in the enigmatic language current in the Lynch Court establishment, but as it was a lengthier and more intricate message, it sent Mr. Dyer at once to his cipher book.

"Wonderful! She has cut them all out this time!" was Mr. Dyer's exclamation as he read and interpreted the final word.

In another ten minutes he had given over his office to the charge of his head clerk for the day, and was rattling along the streets in a hansom in the direction of Bishopsgate Station.

There he was lucky enough to catch a train just starting for Wreford.

"The event of the day," he muttered, as he settled himself comfortably in a corner seat, "will be the return journey when she tells me, bit by bit, how she has worked it all out."

It was not until close upon three o'clock in the afternoon that he arrived at the old-

fashioned market town of Wreford. It chanced to be cattle-market day, and the station was crowded with drovers and farmers. Outside the station Loveday was waiting for him, as she had told him in her telegram that she would, in a four-wheeler.

"It's all right," she said to him as he got in; "he can't get away, even if he had an idea that we were after him. Two of the local police are waiting outside the house door with a warrant for his arrest, signed by a magistrate. I did not, however, see why the Lynch Court office should not have the credit of the thing, and so telegraphed to you to conduct the arrest."

They drove through the High Street to the outskirts of the town, where the shops became intermixed with private houses let out in offices. The cab pulled up outside one of these, and two policemen in plain clothes came forward, and touched their hats to Mr. Dyer.

"He's in there now, sir, doing his office work," said one of the men pointing to a door, just within the entrance, on which was painted in black letters, "The United Kingdom Cab-drivers' Beneficent Association." "I hear, however, that this is the last time he will be found there, as a week ago he gave notice to leave."

As the man finished speaking, a man, evidently of the cab-driving fraternity, came up the steps. He stared curiously at the little group just within the entrance, and then chinking his money in his hand, passed on to the office as if to pay his subscription.

"Will you be good enough to tell Mr. Emmett in there," said Mr. Dyer, addressing the man, "that a gentleman outside wishes to speak with him."

The man nodded and passed into the office. As the door opened, it disclosed to view an old gentleman seated at a desk apparently writing receipts for money. A little in his rear at his right hand, sat a young and decidedly good-looking man, at a table on which were placed various little piles of silver and pence. The get-up of this young man was gentleman-like, and his manner was affable and pleasant as he responded, with a nod and a smile, to the cab-driver's message.

"I sha'n't be a minute," he said to his colleague at the other desk, as he rose and crossed the room towards the door.

But once outside that door it was closed firmly behind him, and he found himself in the centre of three stalwart

individuals, one of whom informed him that he held in his hand a warrant for the arrest of Harry Emmett on the charge of complicity in the Craigen Court robbery, and that he had "better come along quietly, for resistance would be useless."

Emmett seemed convinced of the latter fact. He grew deadly white for a moment, then recovered himself.

"Will someone have the kindness to fetch my hat and coat," he said in a lofty manner. "I don't see why I should be made to catch my death of cold because some other people have seen fit to make asses of themselves."

His hat and coat were fetched, and he was handed into the cab between the two officials.

"Let me give you a word of warning, young man," said Mr. Dyer, closing the cab door and looking in for a moment through the window at Emmett. "I don't suppose it's a punishable offence to leave a black bag on an old maid's doorstep, but let me tell you, if it had not been for that black bag you might have got clean off with your spoil."

Emmett, the irrepressible, had his answer ready. He lifted his hat ironically to Mr. Dyer; "You might have put it more neatly, guv'nor," he said; "if I had been in your place I would have said: 'Young man, you are being justly punished for your misdeeds; you have been taking off your fellow-creatures all your life long, and now they are taking off you.'"

Mr. Dyer's duty that day did not end with the depositing of Harry Emmett in the local jail. The search through Emmett's lodgings and effects had to be made, and at this he was naturally present. About a third of the lost jewellery was found there, and from this



HE GREW DEADLY WHITE.

it was consequently concluded that his accomplices in the crime had considered that he had borne a third of the risk and of the danger of it.

Letters and various memoranda discovered in the rooms, eventually led to the detection of those accomplices, and although Lady Cathrow was doomed to lose the greater part of her valuable property, she had ultimately the satisfaction of knowing that each one of the thieves received a sentence proportionate to his crime.

It was not until close upon midnight that Mr. Dyer found himself seated in the train, facing Miss Brooke, and had leisure to ask for the links in

the chain of reasoning that had led her in so remarkable a manner to connect the finding of a black bag, with insignificant contents, with an extensive robbery of valuable jewellery.

Loveday explained the whole thing, easily, naturally, step by step in her usual methodical manner.

"I read," she said, "as I dare say a great many other people did, the account of the two things in the same newspaper, on the same day, and I detected, as I dare say a great many other people did not, a sense of fun in the principal actor in each incident. I notice while all people are agreed as to the variety of motives that instigate crime, very few allow sufficient margin for variety of character in the criminal. We are apt to imagine that he stalks about the world with a bundle of deadly motives under his arm, and cannot picture him at his work with a twinkle in his eye and a keen sense of fun, such as honest folk have sometimes when at work at their calling."

Here Mr. Dyer gave a little grunt; it might have been either of assent or dissent.

Loveday went on:

"Of course, the ludicrousness of the



diction of the letter found in the bag would be apparent to the most casual reader ; to me the high falutin sentences sounded in addition strangely familiar ; I had heard or read them somewhere I felt sure, although where I could not at first remember. They rang in my ears, and it was not altogether out of idle curiosity that I went to Scotland Yard to see the bag and its contents, and to copy, with a slip of tracing paper, a line or two of the letter. When I found that the handwriting of this letter was not identical with that of the translations found in the bag, I was confirmed in my impression that the owner of the bag was not the writer of the letter ; that possibly the bag and its contents had been appropriated from some railway station for some distinct purpose ; and, that purpose accomplished, the appropriator no longer wished to be burthened with it, and disposed of it in the readiest fashion that suggested itself. The letter, it seemed to me, had been begun with the intention of throwing the police off the scent, but the irrepressible spirit of fun that had induced the writer to deposit his clerical adjuncts upon an old maid's doorstep had proved too strong for him here, and had carried him away, and the letter that was intended to be pathetic ended in being comic."

"Very ingenious, so far," murmured Mr. Dyer : "I've no doubt when the contents of the bag are widely made known through advertisements a claimant will come forward, and your theory be found correct."

"When I returned from Scotland Yard," Loveday continued, "I found your note, asking me to go round and see you respecting the big jewel robbery. Before I did so I thought it best to read once more the newspaper account of the case, so that I might be well up in its details. When I came to the words that the thief had written across the door of the safe, 'To be Let, Unfurnished,' they at once connected themselves in my mind with the 'dying kiss to my Marchioness Mother,' and the solemn warning against the race-course and the book-maker, of the black-bag letter-writer. Then, all in a flash, the whole thing became clear to me. Some two or three years back my professional duties necessitated my frequent attendance at certain low class penny-readings, given in the South London slums. At these penny-readings young



A YOUNG CLERGYMAN PRESENTED HIMSELF.

shop-assistants, and others of their class, glad of an opportunity for exhibiting their accomplishments, declaim with great vigour ; and, as a rule, select pieces which their very mixed audience might be supposed to appreciate. During my attendance at these meetings, it seemed to me that one book of selected readings was a great favourite among the reciters, and I took the trouble to buy it. Here it is."

Here Loveday took from her cloak-pocket "The Reciter's Treasury," and handed it to her companion.

"Now," she said, "if you will run your eye down the index column you will find the titles of those pieces to which I wish to draw your attention. The first is 'The Suicide's Farewell ;' the second, 'The Noble Convict ;' the third, 'To be Let, Unfurnished.'"

"By, Jove ! so it is !" ejaculated Mr. Dyer.

"In the first of these pieces, 'The Suicide's Farewell,' occur the expressions with which the black-bag letter begins—'The fatal day has arrived,' etc., the warnings against gambling, and the allusions to the 'poor lifeless body.' In the second, 'The Noble Convict,' occur the allusions to the aristocratic relations and the dying kiss to the marchioness mother. The third piece, 'To be Let, Unfurnished,' is a foolish little poem enough, although I dare say it has often raised a laugh in a not too-discriminating audience.

It tells how a bachelor, calling at a house to enquire after rooms to be let unfurnished, falls in love with the daughter of the house, and offers her his heart, which, he says, is to be let unfurnished. She declines his offer, and retorts that she thinks his head must be to let unfurnished, too. With these three pieces before me, it was not difficult to see a thread of connection between the writer of the black-bag letter and the thief who wrote across the empty safe at Craigen Court. Following this thread, I unearthed the story of Harry Emmett—footman, reciter, general lover and scamp. Subsequently I compared the writing on my tracing-paper with that on the safe-door, and, allowing for the difference between a bit of chalk and a steel nib, came to the conclusion that there could be but little doubt but what both were written by the same hand. Before that, however, I had obtained another, and what I consider the most important link in my chain of evidence—how Emmett brought his clerical dress into use."

"Ah, how did you find out that now?" asked Mr. Dyer, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees.

"In the course of conversation with Mrs. Williams, whom I found to be a most communicative person, I elicited the names of the guests who had sat down to dinner on Christmas Eve. They were all people of undoubted respectability in the neighbourhood. Just before dinner was announced, she said, a young clergyman had presented himself at the front door, asking to speak with the Rector of the parish. The Rector, it seems, always dines at Craigen Court on Christmas Eve. The young clergyman's story was that he had been told by a certain clergyman, whose name he mentioned, that a

curate was wanted in the parish, and he had travelled down from London to offer his services. He had been, he said, to the Rectory and had been told by the servants where the Rector was dining, and fearing to lose his chance of the curacy, had followed him to the Court. Now the Rector had been wanting a curate and had filled the vacancy only the previous week; he was a little inclined to be irate at this interruption to the evening's festivities, and told the young man that he didn't want a curate. When, however, he saw how disappointed the poor young fellow looked—I believe he shed a tear or two---



LOVEDAY EXPLAINED THE WHOLE THING.

his heart softened; he told him to sit down and rest in the hall before he attempted the walk back to the station, and said he would ask Sir George to send him out a glass of wine. The young man sat down in a chair immediately outside the room by which the thieves entered. Now I need not tell you who that young man was, nor suggest to your mind, I am sure, the idea that while the servant went to fetch him his wine, or, indeed, so soon as he saw the coast clear, he slipped into that little room and pulled back the catch of the window that admitted his confederates, who, no doubt, at that very moment were in hiding in the grounds. The house-



keeper did not know whether this meek young curate had a black bag with him. Personally I have no doubt of the fact, nor that it contained the cap, cuffs, collar, and outer garments of Harry Emmett, which were most likely re-donned before he returned to his lodgings at Wreford, where I should say he repacked the bag with its clerical contents, and wrote his serio-comic letter. This bag, I suppose, he must have deposited in the very early morning, before anyone was stirring, on the door-step of the house in the Easterbrook Road."

Mr. Dyer drew a long breath. In his heart was unmitigated admiration for his colleague's skill, which seemed to him to fall little short of inspiration. By-and-by, no doubt, he would sing her praises to the first person who came along with a hearty good will; he had not, however, the slightest intention of so singing them in her own ears—excessive praise was apt to have a bad effect on the rising practitioner.

So he contented himself with saying :

"Yes, very satisfactory. Now tell me how you hunted the fellow down to his diggings?"

"Oh, that was mere A B C work," answered Loveday. "Mrs. Williams told me he had left his place at Colonel James's about six months previously, and had told her he was going to look after his dear old grandmother, who kept a sweet-stuff-shop; but where she could not remember. Having heard that Emmett's father was a cabdriver, my thoughts at once flew to the cabman's vernacular—you know something of it, no doubt—in which their provident association is designated by the phrase, 'the dear old grandmother,' and the office where they make and receive their payments is styled 'the sweetstuff-shop.'"

"Ha, ha, ha! And good Mrs. Williams took it all literally, no doubt?"

"She did; and thought what a dear, kind-hearted fellow the young man was. Naturally I supposed there would be a branch of the association in the nearest market town, and a local trades' directory confirmed my supposition that there was one at Wreford. Bearing in mind where the black bag was found, it was not difficult to believe that young Emmett, possibly through his father's influence and his own prepossessing manners and appearance, had attained to some position of trust in the Wreford branch. I must confess I scarcely expected to find him as I did, on reaching the place, installed as receiver of the weekly moneys. Of course, I immediately put myself in communication with the police there, and the rest I think you know."

Mr. Dyer's enthusiasm refused to be longer restrained.

"It's capital, from first to last," he cried; "you've surpassed yourself this time!"

"The only thing that saddens me," said Loveday, "is the thought of the possible fate of that poor little Stephanie."

Loveday's anxieties on Stephanie's behalf were, however, to be put to flight before another twenty-four hours had passed. The first post on the following morning brought a letter from Mrs. Williams telling how the girl had been found before the night was over, half dead with cold and fright, on the verge of the stream running through Craigen Wood—"found too"—wrote the housekeeper, "by the very person who ought to have found her, young Holt, who was, and is so desperately in love with her.

Thank goodness! at the last moment her courage failed her, and instead of throwing herself into the stream, she sank down, half-fainting, beside it. Holt took her

straight home to his mother, and there, at the farm, she is now, being taken care of and petted generally by everyone."



FOUND ON THE VERGE OF THE STREAM.

# SOCIETY LEADERS.

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## H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

**F**OR more than a quarter of a century our own Princess has occupied a unique position in the hearts of the English people, and by her gentle presence, gracious demeanour and womanly attributes, has exercised a marked influence on all classes. Example, rather than precept, has been Her Royal Highness's motto; and simplicity and thoroughness her chief characteristics. These, combined with a magnetism only given to the few, make her, in the various relations of life, the most popular woman in England: an ideal wife and mother, and a perfect gentlewoman.

When the Prince of Wales went over the sea to woo the Norse King's daughter he won for himself a jewel such as falls to the lot of few of the sons of men; and the Queen found another daughter, sympathetic and ever-willing to relieve her, in every way possible, during the earlier years of her widowhood, of the irksome ceremonials of State incidental to her position as the ruler of an empire. This loving service, which has entailed upon the Princess no small amount of fatigue, has been carried on to the present day; and no private pursuit, or trifling indisposition, is allowed to stand in the way of any engagement. Of late years Her Royal Highness has practically held the Drawing Rooms, for it has been Her Majesty's custom to retire at an early hour, and to depute the Princess

of Wales to represent her in these important functions.

The days of the popular wife of the Heir-Apparent are mapped out for her weeks ahead, and each contains a round of duties of a more or less uninteresting character, but which the Princess, by her presence alone, invests with a certain amount of charm. During the season these labours are increased, and, in addition to the ordinary vocations of a woman of fashion, there are numberless charitable and philanthropic undertakings which engage Her Royal Highness's attention.

At Marlborough House, the town residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, various entertainments take place, at which Royal visitors from other Courts are received, besides the Princess's large and ever-increasing circle of friends. It is, however, at Sandringham that Her Royal Highness is seen to most advantage.

The house is purely English in style—cosy and luxurious to the last degree, without being in the least showy. As you enter the hall you at once remember the Princess of Wales' great love of flowers, for they meet you at every turn, and a sweet perfume pervades the open doorways of the sitting rooms, while towering palms and other exotics nearly

reach to the columns and archways; and richly shaded rugs and pictures give a touch of colour to this handsome interior. The visitors' book forms a splendid collection of autographs, for what name inscribed on the roll of



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.



fame has not at some time or other enjoyed the hospitality of the Prince and Princess of Wales. In the hall, when there is a large house party, that delightful function, afternoon tea, is generally served; and is here by no means the perfunctory meal one is accustomed to find it in other country houses. Besides the cup that cheers, brandy and sodas, sherry and bitters, aerated waters, and delicate wines, are at the disposal of those who wish to take them. Hot soup is also in request during the shooting season, and fabulous quantities of sandwiches, hot cakes and confectionery disappear during the twilight hours spent so pleasantly by Her Royal Highness's guests.

Life at Sandringham during the winter months is simple and practical, though very enjoyable. The Princess breakfasts in her own room, and joins her friends later in the saloon, where they amuse themselves with books, music and daily papers. Arrangements are then made for joining the shooting party, and lunch is served in a tent put up in a wood nearest to the last beat, or is partaken of at home, if the weather is inappropriate for such an extension. The Princess generally drives herself and one of her visitors to the rendezvous in a little yellow cart, drawn by the smartest of ponies; her daughters and other visitors following in carriages. After lunch the ladies return to Sandringham House. Tea is served at five, and dinner at about half past eight. The Prince and Princess dine with their visitors, and sit exactly opposite each other, occupying the centre place on either side of the table. During dessert the piper plays in the corridor, pacing backwards and forwards in



From a Photo by]

[E. Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

true Highland fashion. After dinner, coffee and liqueurs are served in the drawing-room, and tumblers of iced water are handed round by the pages. After this an adjournment is made, perhaps, to the bowling alley or to the billiard room, or there is music in the drawing-room, bringing the evening to a pleasant close, as far as the ladies are concerned.

On Sunday the Princess drives to and from church, accompanied by her guests. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and any gentlemen staying at the house usually walk on later, and enter just before the com-

mencement of the Litany. Perhaps one of the most charming rooms at Sandringham is the boudoir, which is full of souvenirs and works of art, collected from all parts of the world. The photographs, which appear in such numbers, remind one to how many of the reigning European families the Princess is related by the ties of kinship or marriage. Here there is also ample evidence of Her Royal Highness's fondness for lace, old china and antique silver. Both the Prince and Princess are clever at designing furniture, and the latter displays, with pardonable pride, a pretty screen, made after her own fancy, for holding photographs; and a sofa contrived to hold books, and a reading-desk on either side, is an idea evolved from the Prince's brain.

Visitors to Sandringham generally have an opportunity of inspecting the Royal Dairy, which is built to resemble a Swiss cottage. A number of beautiful tiles presented to the Prince during his visit to India have been utilised for lining the interior walls. They are of a peculiar tint of peacock blue, and the design is the rose, shamrock and thistle, with the

Prince of Wales' motto. This fine collection was placed here by the Prince as a pleasant little surprise to his wife. The silver cream pans are lined with eggshell china, and stand upon a marble counter. The churn used by the Royal Princesses is of the same precious metal, frosted. A striking feature in this unique dairy is a collection of miniature reproductions of cows and calves, made in Italian marble, china, alabaster, terra cotta, silver and other materials. The Princess's room in the Royal Dairy is a panelled apartment, lighted by a handsome candelabra. The mantelpiece is draped with embossed Utrecht velvet, trimmed with daisy fringe,

is a kitchen with an admirably fitted range, where practical demonstration lessons are given twice a week. The pupils cook an entire dinner and some of the dishes are tested by the Princess of Wales. The repast is afterwards enjoyed by the girls at a nominal charge per head, for Her Royal Highness has decreed that the scheme shall be made self-supporting in the interests of those most concerned, and not a mere philanthropic effort. Accordingly, 4d. a-head is paid for the excellent dinner provided, which includes soup, meat, vegetables and pudding, and this covers the expense incurred. On alternate days, the sewing classes are held, the Princess hav-



SANDRINGHAM.

and the mirror is surrounded by handsome pottery. A small afternoon-tea table suggests the idea that the Princess and her daughters sometimes enjoy a quiet cup of tea in this cosy retreat, and taste their own handiwork.

Another interesting spot on the Sandringham Estate is the Alexandra Technical School, established and personally superintended by the Princess of Wales for the benefit of the tenantry in the pretty Norfolk village in which she spends some of the happiest months in the year. It has been in existence for five years. One portion is devoted to the school-room in which sewing and dress-cutting classes and cookery lectures are held. Adjoining

ing provided a sewing machine, which the girls learn in turn to use. The pupils are taught to make all kinds of underlinen; and the "Sandringham Overalls" have attained quite a wide reputation, as they are made in different sizes, and are equally suitable for children's pinafores or as artists' blouses. They are made of ungrained dyed linen, or of cream linen, trimmed with blue, or turkey twill. The dress-making department is especially renowned for its tailor-made dresses, and shooting skirts of thick woollen material, which are largely patronised by many of the aristocracy who are interested in the progress of the school.

The Princess of Wales is anxious that



all the work should be of a purely practical nature. For the forged and bent ironwork and wood-carving excellent designs are provided, and the best instruction is given to those who show a special aptitude in this direction. All articles are stamped with the initial and crown of Her Royal Highness, and reflect the greatest credit on the teaching and general management of the Alexandra Technical School. The Princess herself

is a clever wood-carver and leather-worker; consequently is well able to direct the pupils' efforts.

She is also an excellent musician, and plays both the piano and zither with great taste and expression.

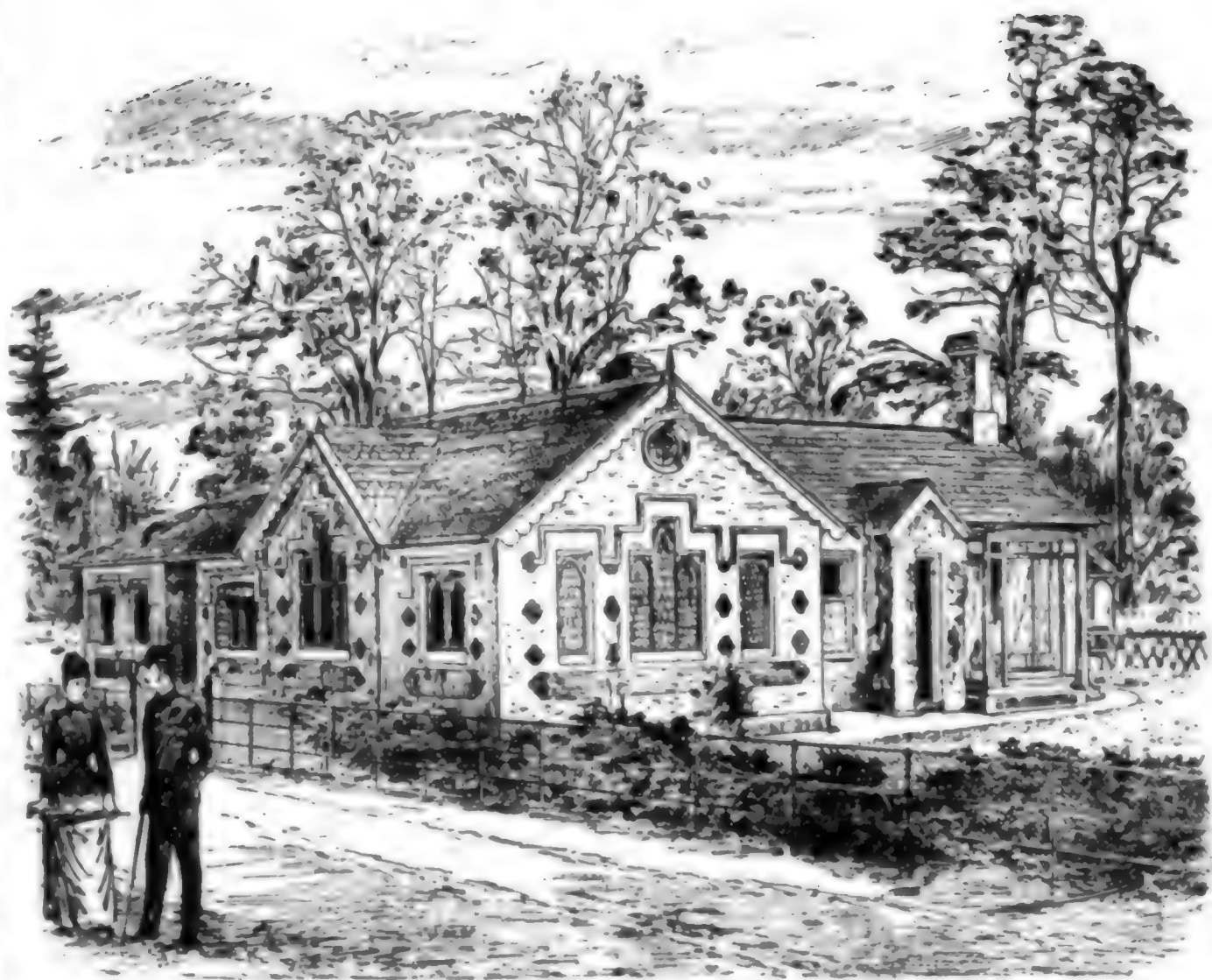
Though the life of the Princess of Wales has been an exceptionally happy and prosperous one, she has not entirely escaped the sorrows and anxieties which fall to the lot of rich and poor alike—

"There is no home, however watched and tended,  
But has one vacant chair ;"

and last year the Angel of Death hovered over what had hitherto seemed to be a charmed circle; and, as of old in Egypt, "the firstborn" was taken.

The mother and son had similar tastes and were drawn together by the strongest cords of sympathy. Those who were privileged to see them together in the privacy of home-life, tell us that the most remarkable feature in the young Prince's character was his intense devotion to her. Her Royal Highness was the first to welcome him after the shortest absence; and it was for his mother that the first inquiry was made.

During his University career the Princess visited Cambridge several times, and in his rooms were numerous portrait-mementoes of one he loved so well.



ALEXANDRA TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

#### THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

"To calm the affections, elevate the soul,  
And consecrate their lives to truth and love."

WINIFRED, only daughter of Thomas Dallas Yorke, Esq., married the Sixth Duke of Portland in 1889. Owing to delicate health, her Grace, though one of the youngest and most beautiful wearers of the strawberry leaves, is more often found at her country seat, Welbeck Abbey, than at her town house, 43, Belgrave Square. During the season, however, she is generally to be seen at the smartest entertainments, and is a great favourite at Marlborough House. Her little daughter, Victoria, is a godchild of Her Majesty's, and enjoyed the distinction of being baptized at Windsor with all the pomp attendant on such an important ceremony.

The Duchess takes the warmest interest in the Primrose League, and is one of its most active members. Great wealth allows her to indulge in many charitable projects, and she is the patroness of various institutions and other organisations for the benefit of the suffering or indigent members of the community. At Welbeck Abbey, where she spends so much of her time, she is most popular with rich and poor. Ever ready to aid by her influence or presence any scheme likely to benefit those around, and to bring before the Duke's notice instances

which are specially worthy of his attention. Such paragraphs as the following are constantly appearing in the public press :

"The Duke of Portland opened a new Hospital at Mansfield, which has been erected in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee. He gave a cheque for £300 to the endowment fund, and asked to be allowed to defray the cost of one bed in the hospital on behalf of the Duchess of Portland."

"The Duchess of Portland, accompanied by the Duke, laid the Memorial Stone, on the 22nd of November, of the Girls' Grammar School at Mansfield; an annual scholarship was promised by the Duke, who, as well as the Duchess, met with a most enthusiastic reception."

"The Duchess of Portland is endeavouring to revive the woollen industry, which is carried on in many cottage homes

about Langwell, and the Duke has offered the women on his Caithness estate to purchase from them woollen goods of their own make, or to supply them with wool and pay them for spinning and weaving.

The young mother is generally accompanied by her little girl when engaged in works of charity, and personally superintends her education. During the present winter a series of house parties at Welbeck have followed each other in rapid succession, and no more stately home could be found than the one presided over by the graceful woman who rules with such gentle sway.



WINIFRED, DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

#### LADY BROOKE.

"Earth's noblest thing a woman perfected."

"TALL and divinely fair" is the first impression of Lady Brooke. The wealth of chestnut hair shading the high white



WELBECK ABBEY



forehead, the pure complexion, radiant with health, the fathomless eyes of blue, sweet expression and gentle manner combine to make a perfect type of womanhood.

It was in the yellow and brown Louis Quinze drawing-room of her town house in Park Lane that I first saw the original of this little sketch, but this can scarcely be considered her home in the usual acceptance of the term, for Lady Brooke spends the greater portion of her time at Easton Lodge, Dunmow, Essex, an ideal country house where the fair châtelaine can indulge in those rural pursuits which to her make life worth living.

About a quarter of a mile from the house, the park gates open into a beautiful drive, shaded by trees. You are soon in view of the Lodge, an Elizabethan mansion built by Henry Maynard, an ancestor of Lady Brooke's, and designed by John Thorp, who was responsible for Holland House.

It has massive stacks of chimneys, numerous gables and quaint oriel windows which give it an old-time look, very attractive to those who see it for the first time, or enjoy its hospitable shelter. The left wing is of more modern date, it, however, greatly adds to its convenience as a dwelling. To the right of the hall are the state apartments, which are seldom used with the exception of the dining and billiard rooms.

The first greetings over, Lady Brooke told me that she was the daughter of the late Hon. Charles Henry Maynard, and married Lord Brooke, the Earl of Warwick's eldest son in 1881. After a little desultory chat about her husband's ances-

tral home on the banks of the Avon at Warwick, she spoke with all a mother's loving tenderness of her son, Leopold, a fine boy of ten years of age, and of her little daughter, Margery Blanche Eva, who was born in 1884.

"I want to ask you about your school of needlework, Lady Brooke, as I know you are interested in finding employment for the daughters of labourers and others employed on your estate at Dunmow?"

"It originated from my having six girls into the house to sew for my family, and now we have a hundred usefully employed, and a depot in Bond Street which is rapidly making its way into public favour."

"In an agricultural neighbourhood, such as you live in, such a school must be a great boon?"

"Yes, and I believe it is fully appreciated. My girls walk in from the surrounding villages, and the teachers I employ have the strictest instructions never to pass indifferent work, and, according to the proficiency of the sewers, so are the wages regulated. I take the greatest pains to procure

the newest patterns; and besides the most dainty lingerie, we produce gowns for morning and evening wear, *negligés* of every description, wedding trousseaux, down to the most minute details, and layettes, such as only mothers can appreciate. To make the school widely known and self-supporting is the chief object I have in view, and this, I feel, is only a work of time, as we have made considerable progress already; for the fineness and durability of the work cannot fail to please those who have once been purchasers, whilst others who have not hitherto done so are cordially invited to



LADY BROOKE.



SCHOOL OF NEEDLEWORK, AT EASTON.

inspect the stock always on view at the London Depot."

"Is any of the work carried on in London?"

"The best workers are sent up from the country, and are lodged in suitable homes, where they have the opportunity of joining clubs and of entering upon other innocent forms of amusement suitable to their age. I am also endeavouring to form a library, and should be pleased to receive bound volumes of magazines, and books of a similar nature, for this purpose, which should be addressed to the Depot, and each package clearly marked: 'Books for the Library.'"

At this stage, our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of visitors, so I could only thank Lady Brooke for her kindness in furnishing me with these interesting particulars of her philanthropic scheme to which she has devoted a large amount of time, money and personal interest, notwithstanding her nu-

merous social engagements, and bid my charming hostess adieux.

### THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them."—SHAKESPEARE.

LADY ABERDEEN, who is still a young woman, was born in 1857, and spent her early girlhood in her father's (Lord Tweedmouth's) home, Guisachen House, Inverness-shire; but at twenty she married the Earl of Aberdeen and went to live at the family mansion, Haddo House, Aberdeenshire.

When her husband was appointed High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland a few years later, as representative of Her Majesty, the Countess of Aberdeen did the honours of Holyrood. In 1886, under Mr. Gladstone's Government, Lord Aberdeen was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Though only resident there a year, this energetic lady set to work at once to study

the needs of the people, and laid the foundation of the Irish Home Industries Association. The continued interest in this branch of woman's work is shown by the active part she has taken, in conjunction with Mrs. Hart (another lady who has done much to promote home industries among the Irish peasantry), in organising a large exhibit at the World's Fair, to be held this year at Chicago. It is proposed to have an Irish village, which will be composed of ten cottages. In the first there will be hand-weavers



From a Photo by]

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN

[Russell and Sons.

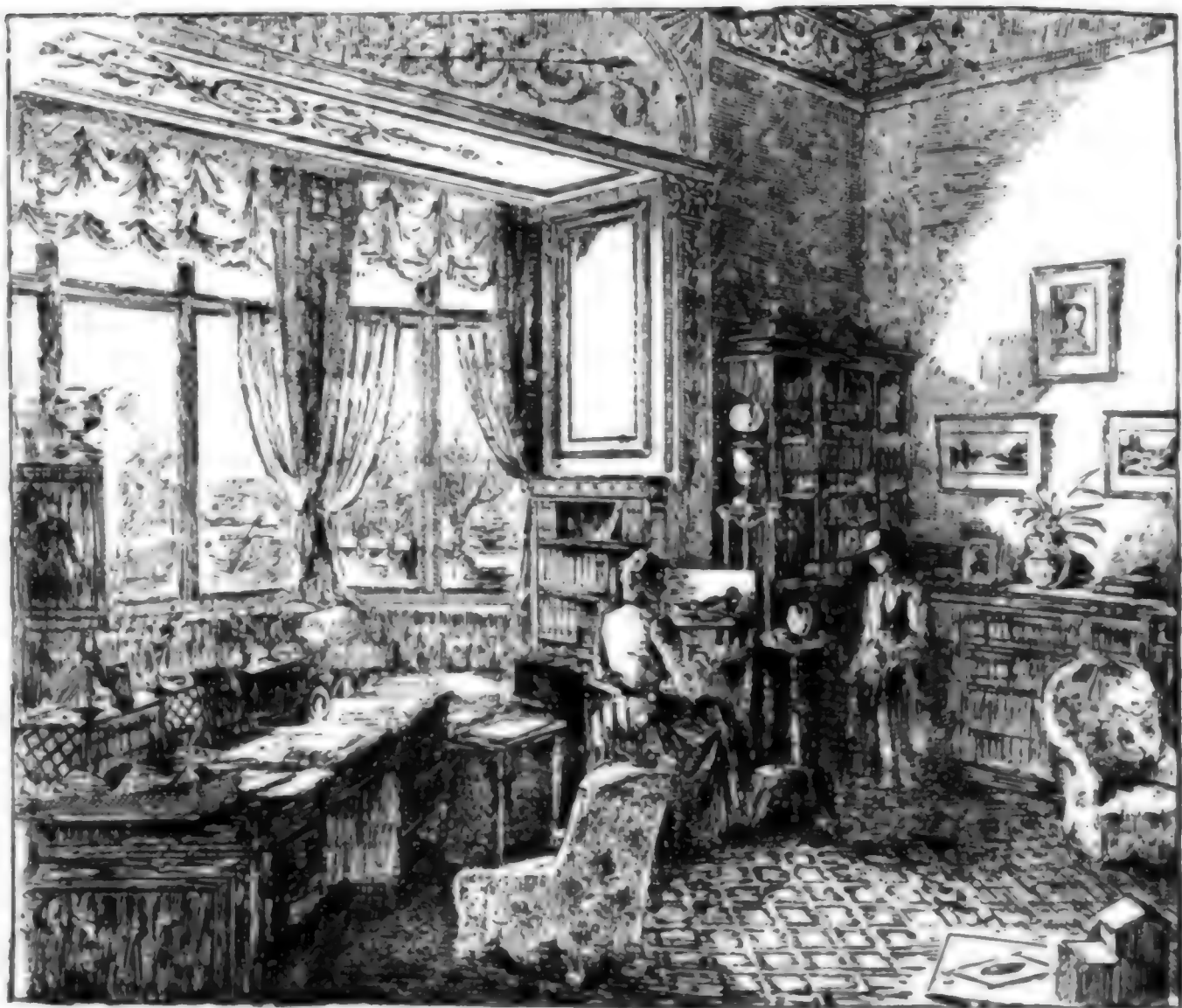


and hand looms; in the second will be the dyers, carrying on their work; in the others will be Irish linen weavers, knitters, spriggers, lace-workers, makers of Kell's embroidery, shirt-makers, log-oak carvers, etc. It is to be a practical as well as an ideal village, and an old Irish cross and round tower will be placed in the centre; also a village store and a hall for concerts and other meetings. It is hoped that this effort will result in improving the condition

of many hundreds of Irish workers.

When released from their duties in Ireland, husband and wife took advantage of their leisure to make a tour round the world, visiting India, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand and America.

In 1881, Lady Aberdeen founded the Haddo House Association, which is primarily intended for the benefit of girls employed as farm servants in Scotland, and now numbers upwards of ten thousand members. Married as well as single women are eligible for election, and are taught by lectures, friendly meetings and the circulation of pamphlets how they may make homes healthy and happy. Another organisation in which the Countess of Aberdeen is interested (as joint secretary with the Duchess of Bedford) is the Associated Workers' League, a medium for bringing ladies of the upper classes, who often suffer from want of work as much as those in a lower rank do from an over-supply, into contact with such employment as they may be suitable for. Various enterprises and societies are introduced to their notice with a view to gaining their co-operation in the good work carried on. Papers are written by members of the League, and among her numerous avocations the talented secretary supplies a very fair proportion.



LADY ABERDEEN'S FAVOURITE SITTING-ROOM AT HADDO.

How Lady Aberdeen manages in the usual twenty-four hours allotted to the day and night to compass work which would make the average man, with his eight hours of labour, shiver in his shoes, at present remains an unsolved problem. Those causes enumerated, however, only represent a tithe of the movements with which she is connected. The Aberdeen ladies have an active society for the benefit of women and children, and look to the Countess as President; the Scottish Home Industries Association, the Parents Educational Union and countless committees also engage her attention.

Her politics are those of her husband, Liberal, and at the meetings of the Executive Committee of the Women's Liberal Association, in the important position of President, she speaks with a certain amount of conviction and decision which invariably commands attention.

Lady Aberdeen is renowned for her boundless hospitality, which embraces all classes of society, from the Premier to little boys touring through the country on behalf of the Farningham Homes. But perhaps the Countess's greatest charm is her intense womanliness, which shows itself in her relations with her family, her ambition for her husband and in the education of her children.

# Leaves from the Life of Captain Tom Holybone.

By GUY CLIFFORD.

## No. 5.—A WRECK AT HOME.



FIERCE south-west-erly wind had been blowing all day, dashing the foaming surf in clouds of spray far over the rock-strewn beach. Towards night the wind increased to a gale, which rose as the night drew on to almost hurricane force.

The heavy rain which fell during the day had effectually prevented us

from going out, and we were just preparing to turn into bed when the sudden boom of a gun aroused us to instant action.

"Come on, Guy," said Tom, as the ominous sound rolled away, and slipping on our thick coats, we started out into the darkness.

Tom's cottage was built on the cliff which sloped upwards from the little village of Diphham, on the South Devon coast.

When we got outside, my companion took my arm and we started off along the narrow coastguard path which wended in and out, up and down, skirting the margin of the precipitous cliff.

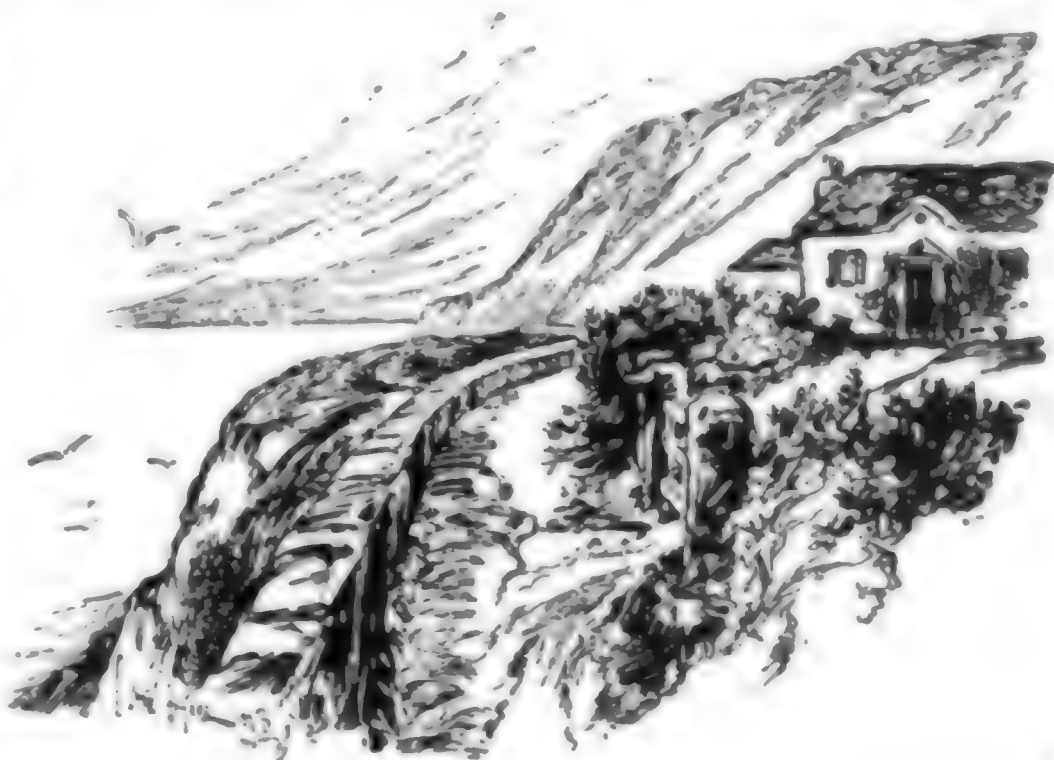
We both intuitively recognised that the sound of the gun we had heard had been borne to us on the wind, so it was against the tempest that we directed our steps. The wind blew almost directly in our faces, and at times its force compelled us to stand still, while the angry blast made us bow our heads as we butted against its invisible strength.

Pressing slowly on, we anxiously awaited another report to indicate the distance of the labouring vessel; presently it came, but not in its previous form. A thin line of red ran up into the sky, which, bursting out into a brilliant greeny yellow flare, showed us about half a mile off the rocky headland, a large three-master, with close reefed topsails and mainsails braced fore and aft as tightly as they could go, almost on her beam ends as she bravely endeavoured to beat out from the deadly shore.

It seemed from the momentary view we had from the light of the exploded rocket that her chance of escape was almost hopeless. We stood still, neither speaking, waiting for the next rocket to show us how she fared. The least loss of way in her present position meant certain destruction to the vessel and the probable loss of all on board.

As we stood thus in expectancy, we heard voices approaching us along the path we had come, and as the new-comers came up we recognised them as fellow villagers.

"Is that you, Captain?" said one of them—Jabez Penelly; "we knocked at the



TOM'S COTTAGE.



cottage as we came by, but you were out ; we thought we should find you up here somewhere. Do you think she'll manage it ?" As he spoke another red line shot up skywards.

"There goes another rocket ; she's drawing off a little, I think. It will be all up with her if she touches with this sea running."

Tom Holybone was the speaker ; he was standing on the cliff surrounded by half-a-score of hardy fishermen and seafaring folk, all clustered in this bleak spot to watch the fight of a gallant ship, wrestling with the fierce tempest of wind and sea, as she struggled to weather the rock-bound coast she had approached too nearly.

Each of the onlookers could judge for himself the ship's deadly peril, revealed thus by the flash of the rocket. There was no need for words. Hardy seamen they all were, and they wanted no telling to inform them of the almost certain disaster that awaited the threatened vessel.

Help from the shore was absolutely impossible, as no boat of theirs could be hoped to weather the fearful sea that broke in on the beach. They could only watch and wait. Presently another rocket went up and we could see that the ship held her own, at least, and several even thought she was drawing off the land a little. That the crew were making a brave fight for life was evident, and if her spars and rigging held, there was the faintest hope that she might yet get out.

For ten minutes or more we watched in

vain for the sign of another rocket ; the rain had ceased somewhat and the gale appeared to be inclined to moderate ; the force of the wind might have seemed unaltered to a landsman, but the experienced watchers detected the slightest change, and all agreed that the worst was past. As these tokens of the weather were being eagerly discussed, the dense blackness of the night was broken by a brilliant flare up of coloured light from the deck of the ship and in the same moment we all saw with horror that her main and mizen masts had gone by the board and the vessel was drifting in to her doom.

"Come on, men ; it's no use standing here ; let's get down to the beach ; some of them may manage to reach the shore and will want all the help we can give them." Thus Captain Holybone shouted ; and, setting the example, he set off at the top of his speed back on the path we had come.

Following him at a run, we all made for the beach as fast as our legs would carry us, and although Tom's wooden extremity somewhat handicapped him, he was not the last down.

The leaden clouds above were breaking up fast, and every now and then a glimpse of moonlight shot through, illuminating the scene below. The force of the waves entering Diphham Cove was broken by the western headland ; the dismantled ship had let go her anchors in the last vain struggle, and for a minute or two they seemed to hold her, but the mountainous sea was not to be baulked of its prey ; and slowly, but surely, she drifted, yard by yard, nearer and nearer to the ragged rocks. Once, twice, thrice was she



"THERE GOES ANOTHER ROCKET."

tossed up on the unyielding reef; then she heeled over and lay bereft of motion whilst the devouring waters pounded her to death. All around her was a boiling surf, and every other sea washed her from stem to stern. We could see that some of the crew had climbed up into the truck of the foremast, clinging there for dear life. How many there were the light was too dim to make out, but that their chance of living through the ceaseless wash of those seas was almost hopeless we felt sure.

Several of the women from the village, who were gathered amongst us on the beach, were sobbing and wringing their hands in helpless agony; one brave young fellow offered to try and swim out with a line to try and bring the crew ashore, but his life would have been sacrificed for no good.

"I can't stand this any longer," said Tom to me; "we must attempt something even if only to fail."

Then going up to Jabez Penelly, he proposed that they should try and launch one of their smartest fishing boats, and make an effort to get alongside.

Penelly shook his head. "It might be done, Captain, but the chances are all against us," he said; "it's almost asking men to go to their death."

"I know, I know, Jabez: but there is a chance, and we can't stand here and see them drop off one by one into the sea," replied Tom. "I will take the tiller," he continued, "if we can get volunteers to man a boat—we've got cork jackets enough."

"And I will go with you, Holybone," I joined in; "and I'll give every man ten pounds a-piece that goes with us."

"I'll go," said Jabez; "I see you're bent on it."

Then going up to a group of men, he

said: "We're going to launch a boat and fetch those poor fellows off. Captain Holybone goes in command, and there's ten sovs. each for all that go with him. I'm going. Now, lads, whose going?"

Before he had finished speaking he had offers enough to man three boats. "I'm one," "I'm another," called the men; "and we won't have no pay for a job like this." The result was we had to choose our crew from about a score of eager volunteers and pay was absolutely refused by one and all.

We took the single men only, so that in case of the worst there would be no widows or children left mourning.

No time was now lost; the shores were knocked away from the fishing boat chosen and she was run down to the water's edge. The oars were put in, together with a long coil of rope. The cork jackets were now fastened on to each man, and then all was ready for the final launch.

"Wait a second," said the Captain. "Penelly is not here yet." But as he spoke Jabez came running down from the village with a parcel in his hand, and as he handed

it to Tom I recognised it to be a bottle of brandy.

Willing hands now grasped the gun'nel of our boat, and, taking our places, we were shoved off on our perilous voyage. The wind had dropped considerably, but there was very little appreciable decrease in the force of the sea, and for some minutes it was a matter of doubt whether we should be able to pull through the surf; the foam-capped breakers time after time threatened to capsize our frail craft and the spray



"COME ON, MEN."



broke over us in one unceasing cloud; but we got through it, and then, although the work was tremendous, we felt that we had a good chance of effecting our purpose.

The stranded vessel lay about six or seven hundred yards distant from the cliffs and we occupied almost an hour in pulling this distance. We had several narrow escapes from capsizing whilst covering this short space; at one time our boat was almost swamped by an avalanche of broken water, which, but for the clever seamanship of Captain Holybone, must have ended our voyage prematurely.

As we at last drew near to the ill-fated vessel, we could more clearly recognise the fearful position in which she lay: the sea was sweeping her decks and dashing its spray far up into what little was left of the rigging, as though loth to let one living soul escape. The fore-truck was crowded as full as it could hold with human beings, now frantically waving their arms to us in their excitement of hope, while a few poor fellows hung in the ratlins, clinging on for dear life. Pulling carefully under the lee of the wreck, we made fast to some of the cordage hanging from the ship's side; here we were in comparative shelter, save for the broken seas that tumbled over from the weather side; the men in the rigging now began to descend as fast as their numbed and cramped limbs would allow, and one by one we got them into our boat.

Tom's brandy now came in handy, and a good nip was given to each of the rescued men, which helped to put a little life into their half-frozen bodies.

From them we learnt that their ship was homeward bound from Melbourne, and besides the crew of twenty-three hands, had three passengers, two of whom were ladies; these were now up on the truck of the foremast, where they had been carried to keep them as much out of the breaking seas as was possible. The Captain had died of fever on the voyage



CLINGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE.

and been buried at sea. This was but one of the casualties that had overtaken the unlucky ship; for when off the Bay of Biscay they had encountered terrific weather, and the first officer, who was acting then as captain, was knocked down on the deck by a falling spar and had been unconscious since then. The gale had continued ever since with more or less fury, and during the darkness of the preceding night they had quite lost their reckoning until they were almost on the rocks where we had first discovered them.

While this short account was being related, the men in the truck were making preparations to bring the ladies and the

delirious mate down; three of our men volunteered to go and help them, so the boat was pulled in close to the ship and they clambered up.

We had every hope now of getting all off safely: the wind had gone down quite a lot, and the sea was not nearly so violent.

The poor fellows who were up aloft were so numbed that it was as much as they could do to hang on themselves; and although two of them were trying their best to bring one of the ladies down, they had to give the job up and let our men take them. None of them would come aboard till we had got the ladies and the wounded mate safely in our boat. This was a hazardous matter, as each had to be carried down a rope hanging from the ship's side, and wait until the sea permitted us to run in under them so they could be dropped into our arms. We made several futile attempts before we succeeded in getting these three on board; but we managed it at last, and then, one by one, we got the rest of the men into our craft.

Tom had serious doubts at first as to whether we should not have to make a second trip to take the rest of the crew, but Jabez and several of the men thought that the sea had gone down sufficiently to allow us to get back safely, and besides, as soon as we should get within the shelter

of the headland, the water would be much less rough.

What, however, decided our captain more than these arguments were the ominous signs given forth by the poor ship itself. Each heavy sea raised her up and then pounded her down on to the iron-like rock beneath. Her hold was full of water, and her lower timbers were being gradually, but surely, crunched to pieces. Her lee side was quite two feet nearer the water than when we first came alongside, and it was evident that it was only a question of a very short time before she heeled over and went to pieces.

The hitherto comparatively safe refuge on the fore truck became each minute more and more insecure, and, by the time we left, it would have been impossible for the men to have maintained their position there, owing to the increasing cant of the vessel as she fell over on her side.

It was a pretty tight fit to stow all away comfortably. The ladies sat in the stern with Tom, and the men put themselves in the bottom of the boat wherever there was room. An occasional sea would break over us, but beyond the wetting and a little water in the boat, no harm was done. As we anticipated, we got into smoother water as we pulled into the cove; but the pinch was to come when we neared the shore and attempted to land. We were now close enough to distinguish the heavy rollers breaking into mountains of foam as they burst on the shore.

"We must pull for it, sir, and chance it," said Jabez Penelly to Captain Holybone; "unless you think it better to keep off for a time till it quiets down a bit; anyhow, we

might hold off till daylight, which won't be long now."

"I fear to risk the landing now, crowded as we are," replied Tom. "It's only about an hour to daybreak, when we can see what we are doing, and those on shore can better help us."

For nearly an hour, therefore, we lay off and on; our exertions were beginning to tell on the crew, who had now been almost continually at work for seven or eight hours. One or two of the hardiest of the rescued men had taken a spell at the oars to give our fellows a rest; but we were all more or less played out, and it was with joyful hearts we watched the first faint dawn of day glimmering out from the east.

As the light broadened, we prepared for the final act in the drama we were engaged in.

The two ladies were so overcome with the exposure and fatigue that they had both sunk into sleep where they lay; and, until we roused them, they had been oblivious to their position during the last few hours. The poor girls—for they were both somewhere about twenty years of age—had passed through a fearful night, and borne their lot bravely, too. The boat was headed for the shore, and we all prepared for the last struggle.

We could see our friends on the beach gathered about the usual landing-place of the village, and as we drew near they cheered us bravely. Tom Holybone's plan was to pull in quietly to where the sea broke, and then rush in on the top of a big wave and ground as far up on the shingle as possible, and jump out before the following wave overwhelmed us.



THE WOMEN WERE SOBBING.





FASTENING ONE END OF THE ROPE.

"Steady, boys; easy," sang out Tom when we got close to the boiling surf, as he glanced behind, watching for the wave that was to carry us in. Then, "Give way, lads," he shouted, as a mighty wall of dark green sea came rolling up: "Pull boys, pull for it," and we shot along, impelled by their oars and the mountainous roller that hove us aloft on its foam-crowned bosom.

I saw a line of men, linked together by rope, standing almost waist deep in the broken water, waiting to grasp our boat when she was cast up on the shore. In another instant the wave which bore us broke with a hissing roar as it curved over in a torrent of angry spume, filling our craft, and half blinding us with spray and froth; then we were dashed forward, one over the other, as the boat was hurled on the beach.

I had charge of one of the ladies, and Jabez had the other. Picking myself up, I took my charge in my arms and, rushing forward, placed the girl in the arms of one of the men who was connected by the rope, who passed her to another of our fellows who was holding on to the rope, waiting to help us. Jabez, with the other lady, was just behind me. All had got safely ashore now except Tom and we three, when the man who was grasping the

boat call out in a voice of dismay, "Hold fast, for God's sake," and almost before his warning was uttered, the sea broke over us and we were struggling for life in the icy water. Jabez and myself were carried in shore and stranded close together, both practically unhurt, although somewhat bruised. Jumping up, I looked round for Tom and the girl, and my glance following the direction of several men who were excitedly pointing seawards, I saw poor Holybone clinging to the gun'nel of our boat, which floated, waterlogged, just beyond the broken water, and in his other arm he held his fair burden.

Jabez had grasped the situation as quickly as myself, and as he dashed up to the other men, he called out for a coil of rope to be brought. This was already at hand, so, pulling off his heavy sea boots and thick reefer coat, and fastening one end of the rope round his body, he re-adjusted the cork jacket, and sprang into the water after his captain.

Penelly was a powerful swimmer, and although impeded by the cork belt, he soon got through the surf and slowly, but surely, overhauled the boat. We gave him a cheer as he got hold, and then we commenced to draw in the rope. The men formed up the rope line again, and casting off from the boat, the three came in on the top of a wave, this time to be caught and held by the sturdy fellows at the end of the line.

There is little more to tell. We carried the two ladies up to Tom's cottage, and as our eyes ranged over the spot where their ship had struck, there was now nothing visible save the glistening foam of the broken water as it split on the reef beneath; no sign remained of what a few hours before had been a gallant ship filled with life and gladness.

The two girls were sisters, returning home under the charge of the captain from a pleasure trip to Sydney, Australia, and under the motherly care of Tom's housekeeper, Mrs. Boynton, they were quite recovered from their fatigue by the second day, when their uncle arrived to take them home; and both Tom and I are frequent and welcome visitors at their house in London.

The rest of the rescued crew all recovered, and each man received a five-pound note from the uncle for the care they had taken of his nieces, whilst the volunteers of our boat were presented with twenty pounds apiece for their gallant services.

# IRRIGATION IN AUSTRALIA.



OFFICES OF IRRIGATION WORKS AT MILDURA.

**T**O turn an arid, desert waste into smiling, fertile gardens of flowers, orchards, and fruits of the earth is indeed a work rightly to be proud of. Here, in England we seldom have reason to complain of the want of that moisture so essential to the farmer, but in some of the large tracts of country in Australia this want has rendered absolutely impossible the cultivation of either arable or pasture land. Now, however, this long considered insuperable difficulty has been overcome in Australia by the perseverance and energy of the pioneers of irrigation, George and W. B. Chaffey.

The place selected for the commencement of work was at Mildura, on the Murray River, in Victoria, and here the two brothers began operations in 1887.

The land at Mildura, although the country is arid through deficient rainfall, is in other respects excellent for the growth of fruit and vegetables.

Those who knew the country, squatters, travellers and agents, shrugged their shoulders and remarked to each other that

a couple of madmen had come to visit them. They prophesied ruin and disaster, swift and certain. Nevertheless the two strangers persevered. There was the flowing river, full of water, and on either bank sterility, and utter absence of life, animal or vegetable.

But they knew that by an intelligent human effort, a union of the two elements, water and land, could be secured, which would result in a marvellous fructification of the latter, resulting in the ultimate benefit of thousands upon thousands of tillers of the soil who should come after them.

A grant of 250,000 acres of this unattractive looking land was obtained at the price of £1 per acre, and those who decried the scheme saw that the two "*madmen*" evidently intended to back their opinions with hard cash.

Then began the preliminary work of turning this wilderness of waste into a garden of fruitfulness.

It may be well here to give a picture of Mildura, as it then was.

You must imagine, then, a tract of coun-





IRRIGATION MAIN WATER WAY.

horse riding through the country heard nothing but the dry rustle of the mallee leaves, saw nothing but the dry glistening foliage, the red sand driving, the starved sheep perishing, the rabbits skipping about (sustaining life in some incomprehensible manner), and the innumerable ants. The dingo howled by night, the villain crow croaked dis-

try with a frontage of some forty miles to the river, and reaching some twenty miles back; rising generally from the river bank, save where in places flats, subject to frequent inundations, were covered with really splendid forests of red gum. Some few thousand acres of the frontage were lightly timbered or covered with the blue bush, but generally over the whole area the mallee scrub reigned supreme.

It had been a hard time in the mallee country, and the rabbits had marvelously increased; grass there was none; miserable sheep were dying all around; the parched stranger on the weary

mally by day, and the only tolerable spot in the broad area of hopelessness and misery was the little irrigated garden at the homestead on the river. Lessee after lessee had been ruined in Mildura, and indeed the great majority of the squatters on the lower Murray and on the Darling



IRRIGATION WORKS UNDER CONSTRUCTION.



COFFEE PALACE AT MILDURA.

all new countries was practically begun. First of all a block of 25,000 acres was surveyed, and at once enclosed with a rabbit and vermin proof fence of netting and barbed wire. Then, taking the landing place as a central point, a township was surveyed, and "avenues" three chains in width ran out full fifteen miles. The town allotments were each 155 feet by

had been reduced to the condition of caretakers for the banks, or the great financial institutions, to whom their lands were mortgaged. It is probable, indeed certain, that had the whole of Mildura been submitted to auction in that month of November, 1887, it would not have found a purchaser at 10s. an acre.

Work began in Mildura in 1888. The boat was moored to the muddy bank, surveyor's tent and gear were pitched out, Mr. W. B. Chaffey established himself in the old homestead, which, together with the stock and plant, had been purchased from the original lessee, and the first work of

33 feet. Immediately beyond them were villa lots  $2\frac{1}{2}$  acres each, and beyond them again were the horticultural lands proper, each in area 10 acres, and each to be commanded by the irrigation channel, which must touch the highest corner. A great work had also to be done in the skilful



STEAM CULTIVATING PLANT.



plotting of the channels. Pumping stations had to be chosen on the river, whence the water could be lifted to ridges commanding easily all the surrounding country; and along these ridges channels were surveyed, main channels, each one to convey a river of water to be ultimately distributed into many creeks, brooks and rivulets; to trickle over the whole face of these 25,000 acres. Heart, head and hand went into this work, and a big show was very quickly made. Nor were the white tents long pitched, when the curious enterprise of Australia began to manifest itself. The storekeeper came down with his boat-load of goods; the butcher and the baker followed. The publican would fain have come also, but in terms of the agreement with the Government of Victoria, was warned sternly off. The Messrs. Chaffey have resolved that if it be in their power to prevent it, there shall be no liquor shop in Mildura for ever, and dearly as I love liberty in all things and at all times, I can but think they are right.

And now did settlers begin to arrive. Enquiring men began to ask the meaning of all this enterprise, and could they not provide (through it) some endowment for their children? Lord Ranfurly and his friend, Mr. Aylmer, a much-travelled English gentleman, were amongst the first to arrive; and Lord Ranfurly, though very well posted in all that had been done and that remained to be done in California, was quick to recognise a larger opportunity here. He at once made a large investment and entered into contracts with the Messrs. Chaffey for tilling and planting. Nurserymen and practical gardeners came up also, and of all that came with any serious intent, very

few went away without, to some extent, casting in their lot with the settlement.

In a year from the time a Chaffey surveyor planted his first red flag, there were more than five hundred men busily employed, and more to show in the way of building and actual development than on all the sheep stations up and down two hundred miles of the river. A newspaper was started, the *Cultivator*, under the editorship of Mr. T. B. Mackay. Great engineering shops were in course of construction, machinery, such as Murray settlers had never heard of was being landed at Adelaide for conveyance to the river steamers, and hundreds of



STATE SCHOOL AT MILDURA

hired bullock, or contractors' teams, were working with plough and scoop in the big channels. Planting was already begun, and far-seeing nurserymen were putting in tens of thousands of truncheons of olives and cuttings of vines.

It was in November, 1890, that I prepared for a second visit, and speedily found that "the face of Nature was changed by the art of man."

Is it possible that only two years have passed away? One asks that question, looking out on the following morning. Only two years! I stand out on the balcony of the grand new coffee palace and look around.



UPPER AND LOWER LEVEL SUPPLIES.

beauty of the settlement, and fashioned so with wise intent.

About this little office, at nine o'clock in the morning, there is a peculiar muster. It is like a bush wedding; it is like a bush funeral; it is not like either. It is not, indeed, like anything one has ever seen in the bush be-

At the river first, the mighty, beneficent long neglected deity of all this land; a shining, steely blue in the morning; a crescent, whose convex is to the colony, seen along four or five miles, ending apparently then in the gum forest, but only turning, as we know, to enfold other areas, embracing in turn the shore of either colony. A broad red road runs along the fore foot of the colony here, all too close to the palace, next to which—a bright and happy contrast—is seen the garden-enclosed offices of “the company.” A flower garden set all about a broad verandahed cottage, before which, centred in a perfect lawn, a fountain plashes, musical and cool. A garden of innumerable flowers — of stock, and phlox, and pink, and pansy, and rose, and lily, and verbena, and poppy, and oleander, and all varieties of fuchsias, and geraniums, blazing beds of mingled colours beside the dark green grass, and within, the forming of cypress walls. It is the eye of

fore. There is a muster of near a dozen traps, four-horse, and three-horse, and two-horse, providing accommodation enough for all the passengers by the steamer, and the dozen odd folks who have arrived at the place by other means. They are regarded as possible buyers. Up they tumble, mature men of means, farmers of the old sort, visitors from the Old World, young farmers from England, and tea planters from Ceylon, all come to have a look at the wonderful transformation effected by irrigation. Let us accompany them.

We pass a store of solid construction, and a school which is not near large enough for the wants of the juveniles already attending. Here we have a vineyard. We get



APRICOT TREE, THREE YEARS OLD.



down to investigate; the proprietor carries us off to his favourite show vine. It has been planted fourteen months, and bears twenty-one bunches of luscious grapes, which will turn the scale, when gathered, at twenty pounds. Then there are apricots and peaches, of the same age as the vines, bearing fruit; whilst farther on are

orange and lemon trees, all doing remarkably well.

This is but one of many of such homesteads; others cultivate wheat, oats and vegetables; all flourish in the same prolific abundance.

One acre of this irrigated land yields tenfold more than land not so watered.

Now let us visit the wonderful motive power that brings forth all this plenty.

Let us get to the machinery.

A brick building, high, roomy, sufficiently ornate in exterior architecture, the roof within lined and polished in style that recalls the ceiling of a cathedral aisle, and, set central on solid concrete foundations, such machinery as one is familiar with in the hold of an ocean liner. Triple-expan-



LEMON TREE, THREE YEARS OLD.

sion compound engines, 1,000 h.p. Bright on all their polished surfaces as the works of a watch, moving with that rhythmic, pulse-like action which always suggests stupendous and perfectly regulated power. Lifting the water from the river well, and sending it thundering along two gigantic tubes to the valve on the main channel.

It is great work—cheering, heartening, satisfying; one desires to have a share in it; to be with it in fact, as in sympathy. And see now, conveniently situated each on its garden plot, the new, well-built brick cottages of the engineers. No huts or tents; their day is done. Men's homes are being fashioned here.

Here is one answer to the question "What shall we do with our sons?" Men,

young or old, if energetic and persevering, can here find a healthful and prosperous arena, wherein they may found a home, and, by manly work, secure to themselves a competency.

The chief Commissioner of the colony in London, Mr. J. E. M. Vincent, F.R.G.S., of 35, Queen Victoria Street, will furnish all further information.



PACKING FRUIT FOR MARKET.

# Whispers from the ❧

## ❧ Woman's World.

BY FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

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### THE HALL.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

IT is interesting to trace by a process of evolution the many changes which have taken place in the houses of the British Nation at various periods of their history, and to compare the dwellings and appointments of our remote ancestors with those with which we are familiar at the present day. Take, for example, the house of the Anglo-Saxon Noble, round which the Serfs, who were little better than bondmen, grouped themselves for the sake of protection, food and shelter, and upon whose mercy they were dependent for all the necessities of life. Such a house consisted of a single floor—the lower portion only was of masonry, and above this were placed roughly-hewn planks, between whose cracks and crannies the winter winds whistled, and the rain and moisture gradually penetrated. The roof was formed of thatch or of semicircular pieces of wood painted or gilded. The windows were far from the ground and provided with shutters and grills of iron: for in these warlike times no place was safe from the depredations of those to whom "might" was "right." The hall, as now, was the central apartment, which had to do triple service as sitting, eating and sleeping room for the family and servants. In most cases a portion was partitioned off at one end for the accommodation of the mistress of the house and her daughters. Occasionally separate apartments or bowers, leading out of the hall, were reserved for the female members of the family. This innovation, however, was by no means common, as the ideas of privacy which we associate with domestic life were unknown to the rough

and sturdy people who, in these early times, called this tight little island, "Home."

The furniture of these dwellings was as primitive as possible. A few oak chests, in which the bags of straw used for sleeping on were kept during the day; boards and trestles for forming tables; a settee with raised back, for the head of the family, and wooden stools and benches for the children and dependents, was considered all that was requisite to commence housekeeping with. After the Norman Conquest greater refinement and other varieties of furniture for domestic use were introduced into the homes of the English. The hall, as before, remained the principal living-room, but services of pewter and more costly metals were employed for the table in place of the trenchers of bread and wooden bowls previously used when serving food, and a buffet was placed at one end garnished with drinking cups, etc., in daily use. The Normans called this the "*dressoir*," because it was *drese*, or ornamented with the family plate, but the Britons spoke of it as the "cup-board," and so the two expressions gave names to household fixtures, now to be found in every modern home. The floor was strewn with straw or rushes, which, on festive occasions, were mixed with flowers. The walls were hung with "wah rift," or wall clothing, embroidered by the ladies of the family; and light was obtained from candles, rushlights or oil lamps, with a floating wick similiar in shape to those used by the Romans.

The family and servants dined together in the hall, the saltcellar in the centre of the table forming the divisional line; and this rude fashion of living continued through the Middle Ages. During the





HALL IN A TOWN HOUSE.

Crusades, however, various Eastern luxuries were brought home, such as table-covers, carpets and woven hangings; while from the South of Europe, which was considered the seat of the fine arts, were received many additions to the household plenishings then in common use. With the Tudors a complete change came over the style of furniture of the English dwellings. Handsome carvings of a Flemish or Italian character were used wherever practicable; and the specimens which still remain to us are silent witnesses to the care and trouble which were expended by the workmen of that period.

By this time the houses were more elaborate in style, and built of brick and stone. The hall was no longer used for the purpose for which it was originally intended, but rather as a vestibule, where visitors remained till their presence was announced to their host. To reach the upper floors, handsome staircases, formed of single oaken logs, with balustrades of pierced or carved woodwork, in many cases surmounted by sacred or mythological figures, and shut off by dog gates

from the hall, formed an important feature in the internal fittings of a Tudor mansion; and during the long reign of Elizabeth, by her example and the general prosperity of the country, great strides were made by all classes, and those who were only moderately well off could indulge in many household comforts which, at an earlier period, were unattainable luxuries to kings and princes.

The next important change was made in the reign of William and Mary. When, during the occupation of Ceylon, Dutch merchants penetrated as far as China and Japan and brought back with them beautiful specimens of lac work, inlaid with gold and mother of pearl, and delicate Oriental carvings, eggshell china and other curiosities. Wall-papers of crude design superseded the tapestries and panellings of former times.

During the Georgian Period the handsome carved mahogany furniture of Chippendale, or the more refined designs inlaid with various coloured woods, by Sheraton, found favour. A large quantity of Marquetry furniture of various kinds

was also imported from the Continent, and suites of satinwood with classical figures beautifully painted by well-known artists of the day, are still to be obtained by those who search long and diligently for them. The furniture of the earlier half of the present century is hardly worthy of notice. It was bad in construction, hideous in pattern, but very durable—a doubtful merit. During the last twenty years much has been done in various ways to develop the artistic faculties of the English people. By education, by travel, by exhibitions, they have been shown that furniture of good design is not necessarily more expensive than that which is out of all proportion and made of unsuitable materials for the purpose for which it is intended; and it is to be hoped that now their eyes have been opened to the error of their ways, they will demand what is beautiful and good and true in their daily surroundings and avoid any backsliding in this direction.

But even people of refined tastes, who are prepared to spend time, thought and money on beautifying their homes, are often apt to be careless when fitting up the hall, and rarely can it be said of this part of the house that it is “a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.”

Indeed, it is more often a receptacle for the cast-off wearing apparel of the family, a convenient resting-place for dusty hats and coats the worse for wear, dripping umbrellas, cricket bats, tennis rackets and other odds and ends too numerous to mention.

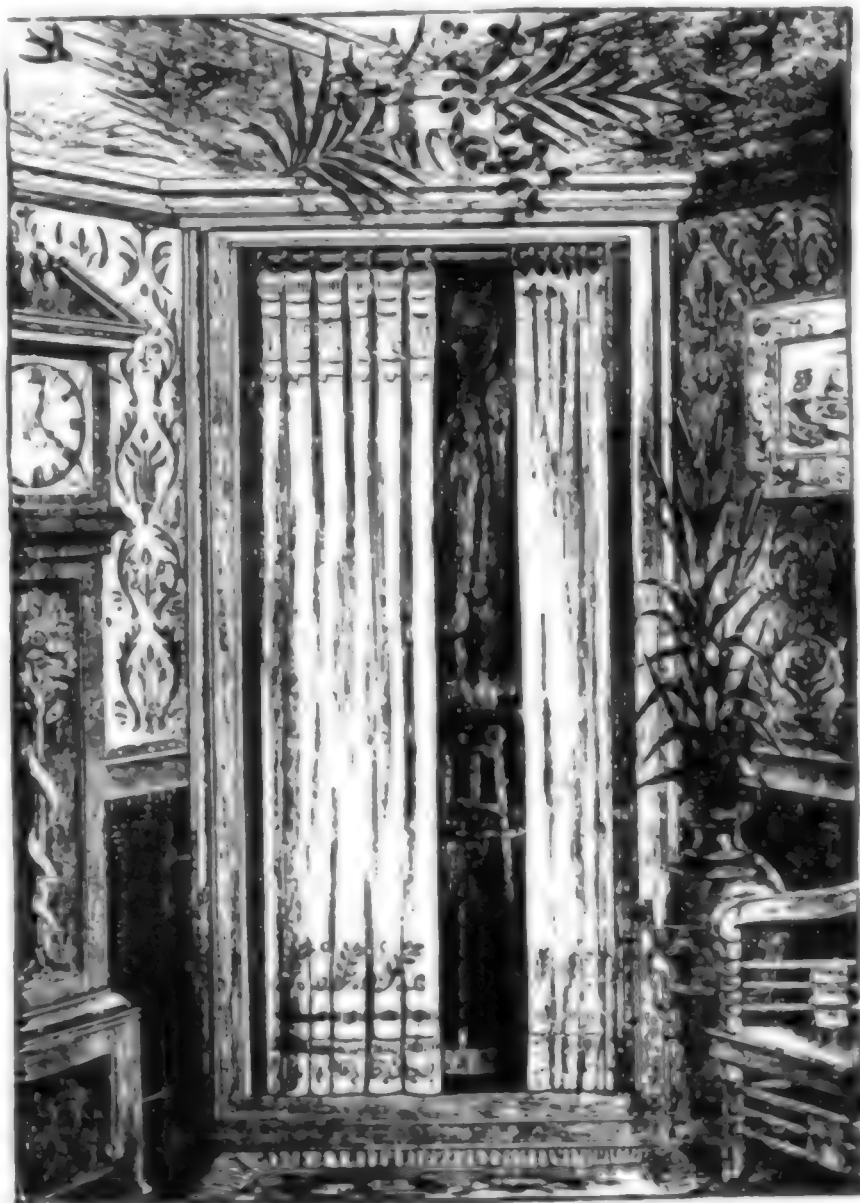
Now here is my ideal for the hall of a country house. The fittings should be of dark oak, copied from old designs. The ancient dresser appears in a modified form, and the buffet should be adapted to modern requirements. The staircase to be in a convenient position, and the flooring of

black and white tiles, on which a few eastern rugs can be placed with advantage. A carved oak cupboard, with a liberal supply of pegs and a hat-rail, would be appropriate in such a vestibule, and a bold-patterned paper of yellow and white, with paint to correspond, would form a pleasing contrast to the sombre fittings.

I would not, however, suggest such a scheme of decoration for a town house, as old oak seldom accords with villas of modern design.

For such a dwelling I have introduced the first sketch, which is an excellent example of what a hall should be. Here, crimson and pale pink are the prevailing tints. The paint is of a deep, rich tone, the dado and filling of Tynecastle tapestry, surmounted by a hand-painted frieze symbolical of the seasons, while the panelled ceiling is of Anaglypta, arranged in panels. A Turkey carpet on the floor matches that for the stairs, and before the fire is a black skin rug. There are two or three special features in this quaint interior to which I wish to call my readers' attention. The coal box is built into the wall, but is, at the same time, quite accessible; the small rack for newspapers, near the cosy corner

seat, is another advantage, and the little window above affords extra light, very desirable in such a position. The fireplace is of red and white glazed bricks, the hearth corresponds, and the brass fireirons are hung on hooks in the masonry. The pretty fire basket of brass and iron is preferable to a fixed grate, and assists in warming the staircase. The combined gong stand and lamp, in shining brass work, are both useful and ornamental additions to the decoration of the hall, and the curtains, of crimson Utrecht velvet or plushette, drape the arches and conceal the stairs.



A HALL WARDROBE.



A nicely-furnished room such as this is useful for a variety of purposes, and gives visitors a good impression of the powers of administration of the mistress of the house as soon as the front door is opened.

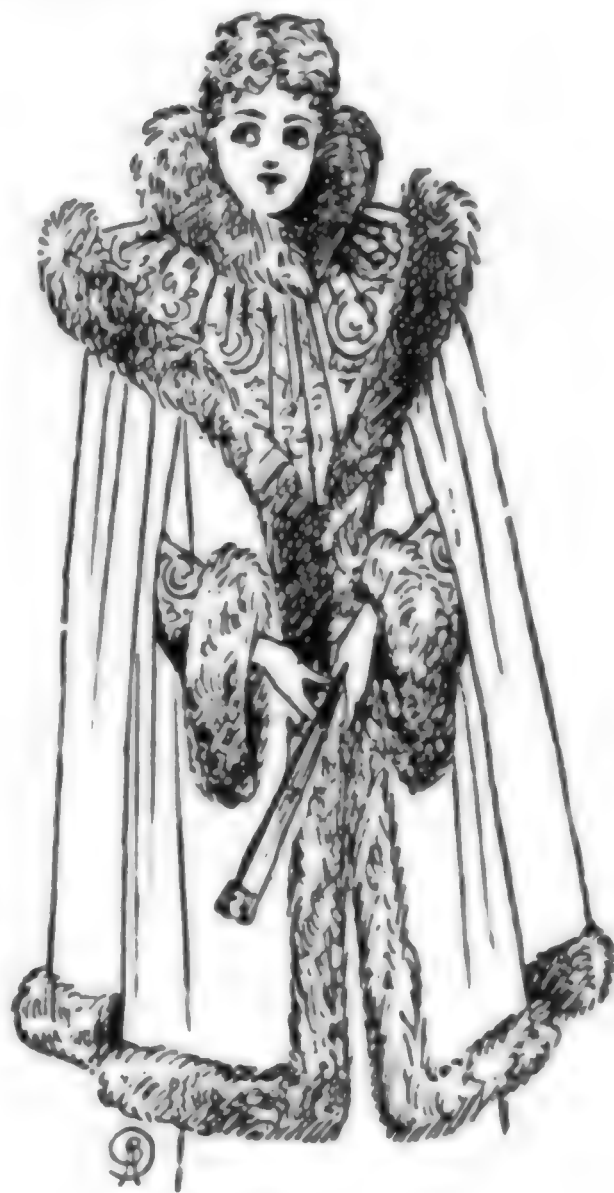
The third illustration shows a suitable wardrobe for a hall of this character. It takes up little room, as it can be fixed in a corner, and behind the curtains will be found a movable bar and tray for umbrellas, a drawer for hat and clothes brushes and ample room for the necessary masculine garments.

#### FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

Those who have been through a prolonged course of country-house visiting will feel, as the days begin to lengthen, that a few additions to their wardrobe may be indulged in without laying themselves open to the charge of undue extravagance. I have, therefore, asked my artist to draw for me three or four of the prettiest and most striking *vetements* which have been prepared for the early spring fashions.



AN EVENING DRESS.



OPERA CLOAK.

For a home dinner or theatre wear, a very stylish dress is of olive green velvet, bordered with sable. The bodice of *eau de nil* satin, with large *revers* edged with fur, wide empire belt and full puffed sleeves with deep ruffles of point d'Alençon. This useful gown is capable of a variety of changes, it two or three different bodices are sent home with it. One can be made of ivory *poult de soie*, with deep velvet belt; another of green velvet, cut low, *berthe* of lace and baby sleeves; or a plain high bodice of the same material, as the skirt at once converts it into a handsome visiting gown.

One of the loveliest evening cloaks I have seen lately was made of pearl grey bengalene, with deep pointed yoke of rich brocade of the same tint. It was cosily lined with quilted satin to match, and trimmed with a full ruche of ostrich feathers. The same shape could be easily carried out in velveteen of any colour, with a jet-embroidered yoke, and bordering of fur or leathers.

I am never tired of singing the praises of that most charming and convenient *fin de siècle* garment the teagown; and I think my readers will agree with me, that it would be difficult to find a prettier model

than this one, which is composed of turquoise Irish poplin, with a full front of *crêpe de chine* and trimmings of ivory-tinted valenciennes. Such colours, of course, are more suited to the blonde than the brunette; for the latter crimson or apricot shades and black lace would be more appropriate. In my peregrinations in search of novelties for those who honour me by the perusal of "Whispers," I always make a point of looking for suitable styles for the growing school-girl, who appears to me to be rather neglected by those who cater with such a lavish hand for her grown-up sisters. Yet it only requires a little time and thought to evolve pretty and suitable costumes, admirably adapted for concealing rather than accentuating the various points



YOUNG GIRL'S EVENING DRESS.

and angles which, in most cases, are so painfully apparent between the ages of twelve and sixteen. Before the figure has matured, loose folds, flowing lines, and simplicity of style are to be recommended. No tight corsets, voluminous trimmings, or heavy materials. These will come later on, when youth begins

to fade and art steps in. Virgin white or palest shades, fairy-like fabrics and Nature's ornaments—the simple flowers of the field or garden, never forced exotics—should be used for her adornment.

The young girl's dress illustrated is of *vieux rose mousseline de soie*, over pale pink silk. The waist is defined by a broad ribbon sash, tied at the side, with long ends reaching almost to the edge of the skirt, which is bordered by a tiny frill.

Juvenile fancy costume balls are very popular this winter, and it must be confessed that children bear the ordeal of grotesque and historical garments much better than their elders. At the splendid entertainment recently given at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, I

noticed a number of dresses which certainly had novelty to recommend them. The Little Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress were the grandchildren of Alderman and Mrs. Knill; Miss Edith Double, as "Vanitatus Vanitatum," or "My Ladies' Toilet," wore a dress of yellow and blue silk, trimmed with powder-puffs, with tiny mirrors on her shoulders, a necklace cunningly constructed with hairpins, a *chatelaine*, to which was attached comb, brush, powder-box, a cake of rouge, curling-tongs, etc., and a cap, consisting of an enormous powder-puff.

Miss Roper Parkington appeared as a Priestess of the Temple of Isis in long blue robe with golden hieroglyphics, white under dress similarly ornamented, jewelled breastplate and golden crown from which depended a long net veil.

A charming trio was formed by three little pets in floral costumes. Katie Clarke as Buttercup, Iris Clarke as Daisy, and their little cousin, Muriel Ingster as Ivyleaf. Three others came as the Shamrock, Rose and Thistle. Master Sly, in white fur and snow-shoes, made a good Arctic Explorer, and "The Frog who would a-wooing go" found many ready to reciprocate his attentions. Miss Salmon, as Electric Light, wore peacock green velvet with incandescent lamps on her shoulders and hair, and Miss Mary



A PRETTY TEA-GOWN.



Hordman, prettily costumed, typified "Ye Faire Citie of Byrminghame."

A new departure in fancy dress is suggested by an advertisement ball, in which the characters represent the various pictorial advertisements which appear in such numbers at the present day, and are particularly suited to such an entertainment.

I must not linger, however, over the fashions and fancies which form a portion of this article, but will proceed at once to consider the stern necessities of life, which includes

#### MEDICINE AS A PROFESSION FOR GIRLS.

Last month I gave a few particulars to guide those who desired to assume the nurse's uniform, and to become one of those ministering angels whose services all of us stand in need of at some period of our lives.

As many of the essentials of a good nurse are also those of a lady doctor, I think it will, perhaps, be as well to continue the subject, as far as the study of medicine is concerned, as there is no profession which is so noble in itself or can offer higher rewards to those who engage in it.

Want of capital debars many women from qualifying as medical practitioners, for at the lowest estimate a sum of £700 must be expended, not to mention hard and long-continued study and difficult examinations before a student can hope to see any return for the money spent. Even if the student is fortunate enough to pass all her examinations, the shortest time she can count upon for her medical course will be four years, and if she is a University student it will take her five. The fees alone come to £150. A hundred a-year for personal expenses is the very least that can be spent, and another £50 for incidentals bring it up to the amount stated as the minimum. But taking into consideration the many difficulties with which she will have to contend, I feel that a total of £1,000 would not be too much for a medical student to have in hand at the commencement of her career; for when the coveted diploma is granted, there is no certainty that she will be able at once to support herself.

Eighteen years is the lowest age at which she can be received at the London School of Medicine for Women, and after passing a preliminary examination her course of study begins. In the first instance, this consists mainly in acquiring a knowledge of chemistry, physiology, materia medica and practical anatomy, and upon these she is duly examined.

If residing in London she can enter the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, or if in Edinburgh the Leith Hospital, for a course of clinical instruction, and there are several other courses, such as pharmacy, practical midwifery, vaccination, etc., before the final examination is reached. When that hour of trial comes a single failure is sufficient to cause a delay of a year.

Diplomas can be obtained, after the necessary training, at Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin, but the Royal College of Physicians and the Royal College of Surgeons refuse to receive into their august body doctors of the feminine sex. They can also be obtained at the Universities of London and Dublin, and as the latter have the power of conferring the coveted M.D. degree, it is not unusual for those who have received their diploma from one of the Colleges, to proceed afterwards to some University on the Continent to take their degree there.

Applications should be made for all particulars to the London School of Medicine for Women, the Edinburgh School of Medicine for Women, presided over by Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake, or to the Queen Margaret College, Glasgow. Stamps should be enclosed for reply to the respective secretaries. There is no special medical school in Ireland for women, but if they do not mind mixing with male students, they can obtain the necessary instruction in Dublin and Belfast. Though this course is cheaper than the others, it has nothing else to recommend it.

These preliminary hints will, perhaps, be of use to the would-be medical student, but they will also warn her of the many difficulties attending such a career.

\* The hall of a town house was furnished and decorated by Messrs. George Dobie and Son, George Street, Edinburgh, and is reproduced by permission of the Editor of *The British Architect*.



# INCIDENTS OF THE MONTH

SOCIAL, DRAMATIC, MUSICAL & GOSSIP

Of the many plays running at the present moment, I think the following deserve a brief notice:—

**THE LOST PARADISE.**—This is an adaptation from the German by H. C. De Mille. The Brothers Gatti have departed from the usual humdrum melodrama, for which the Adelphi has long been famed, and have given us a good sound play, full of human nature. Why it should be called "The Lost Paradise" I know not. It is the old story, well portrayed, of Capital and Labour, and teaches once more the lesson that one is dependent for its existence on the other. Without capital, labour is nowhere; without labour,

capital ceases to exist. The piece is carefully cast, admirably staged and well played, the result, of course, being a genuine success. The calls were frequent and loud—indeed, on the first night, the curtain had to be raised no less than three times after the second act.

The plot, which is laid in Boston, briefly is as follows. A certain Dr. Standish discovers, aided by his pupil's ideas, the "Volta Dynamo." He at once explains its details to his friend Knowlton, who has some iron-works. The same night, Dr. Standish, in making some scientific experiment, causes an explosion and his own death. Knowlton brings out the invention as his own and waxes fat. Reuben Maitland (Dr. Standish's pupil with the ideas) is now manager of Knowlton's works. Knowlton has a daughter; Reuben adores her, tells her so, and is snubbed. Ralph Standish, son of the doctor of that ilk, who has been doing the Continent, returns to Boston, and Knowlton, to make reparation for his crime, admits Ralph into partnership, and accepts him also as the husband-to-be of his only daughter, Margaret. Of course, true love never did run smooth, and



MR. THALBERG AND MISS MARY  
KEEGAN.



MR. ABINGDON AND MISS DOROTHY DORR.

therefore the match does not take place. But I am anticipating. Reuben returns to the works smarting under the snub received from Miss Margaret, and commences to read the private diary of Dr. Standish, and discovers that the Volta Dynamo is his invention, and credit of such is given him by Dr. Standish in this private diary. He destroys the paper containing the important item of evidence out of love for Margaret. The men strike for higher wages, and demand ten per cent. increase. Knowlton is disposed to give way; the new partner, Ralph Standish, who prides himself he fancies he knows how to keep men in order—he has been an officer in the Guards, don't you know—refuses to concede, but ultimately offers to meet them half way and allow five



per cent. Reuben Maitland pleads for the men with his employers, and ultimately, on their refusal, throws in his lot with the men, who go on strike. Margaret awakens to the fact that she loves Reuben, throws over Ralph, obtains the concession for the men from her father, announces it to the crowd herself, the bells of the factory ring out to re-start the furnaces, and everything ends happily.

Mr. Charles Warner as Reuben Maitland was excellent, his impersonation being of the breezy, robust character which he has made his own. Mr. W. L. Abingdon, returned to the scene of his former successes, was greeted with a perfect furore of applause by the boys in the gallery. He has thrown aside the conventional stage villain type, so long associated with his name, and plays the part of Ralph Standish with skill and judgment. Mr. Sant Matthews gives us, as the family lawyer, Fletcher, a capital character

sketch, admirably played. Mr. Thalberg and Miss Mary Keegan make a very handsome and charming pair of young lovers. Mr.

Elliott's Knowlton was as quiet and reserved as Mr. Chas. Dalton's Schwartz was wild and uncontrolled—a little curbing and restraint would make an excellent part still more powerful. Miss Dorothy Dorr, who left the Vaudeville for the Adelphi, fills the somewhat thankless role of Margaret. Miss Grace Warner is sympathetic as the lame and sick work girl, hopelessly in love with Maitland. Miss Clara Jecks and Mr. Dale put in a lot of good work as the low comedy merchants, and succeed in their endeavours to amuse.

\* \* \* \* \*

LIBERTY HALL.—Mr. Geo. Alexander has managed to secure in "Liberty Hall," a piece which is a poem. Analyse it one cannot, one dare not, yet no such piece has been produced since the advent of "The Two Roses." Chilworth, of Chilworth, a reputed wealthy man dies, leaving his two girls penniless. The estates pass to an unknown distant cousin. This cousin, how-

ever, appears on the scene under his Christian name, as Mr. Owen, masquerading as a traveller in soap, and bears a message from the new owner asking the fatherless girls to remain at Chilworth. They, however, decline, and decide to accept the hospitality of an uncle by marriage, who keeps a second-hand book shop in Bloomsbury. Mr. Owen, of course, again appears on the scene, here as a lodger and assistant in the book-shop, ultimately he conquers the pride of Miss Chilworth and she consents to marry him; he then reveals his identity, and there you are. Undoubtedly the best character in the story is that of William Todman, the bookseller. In Mr. Edward Righton's hands it cannot be anything but interesting, but he makes Todman such a kind-hearted, hopeful and gentle old man, that everybody cannot help but fall in love with him. Mr. Geo. Alexander as Mr. Owen, and Miss Marion Terry as



MR. EDWARD RIGHTON.



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.



MR. FRANK WYATT.

Blanch Chilworth, have most of the work to do, and it is needless to add, that what those talented artistes undertake they do well. The young lovers are Miss Maud Millett and Mr. Ben Webster. Miss Fanny Coleman deserves commendation for a clever impersonation of Crafer, the maid of all work.

\* \* \* \*

**MA MIE ROSETTE.**—This charming opera was originally produced at the Globe, but when, owing to the lamented death of Fred Leslie, the theatrical arrangements needed re-shuffling, "In Town" migrated to the Gaiety, and "Ma Mie Rosette" advanced further westward to the Prince of Wales'.

The scenery by Bruce Smith is excellent. The music by Messrs. Lacombe and Ivan Caryll is harmonious, tuneful and pretty.

The rising of the curtain discloses a farmhouse scene—harvesters hard at work finishing their labours; the last load of corn expected home, and the nuptials of Rosette and Vincent about to be celebrated. The King, Henri of Navarre, happens to be hunting in the neighbourhood and stops to refresh himself at the village inn. Rosette hands him a bowl of milk; the King, recognising in her his little playmate and sweetheart of younger days invites her to his chateau. Vincent is jealous and offers himself as a soldier, and Rosette swoons away.

Rosette dreams a dream, and Scene 1., of Act ii., shows us her dream: How the King gives a grand ball in her honour, creates her a Marquise, and loads her with jewels and honours; her lover, who has gained renown in the wars, returns, but is hurried away by the King to leave his path clear. Corisandre, another love of the King's, jealous of her rival, informs Vincent, who, surprising the King and Rosette, challenges the King. Scene 2, Act ii., finds us where Act i. left us; Vincent has just been accepted as a soldier and is supporting Rosette, who has swooned away. She begs him not to go to the wars on account of her dream; he asks the King to release him from his newly acquired duties and give him permission to return to his gardener's toil. This, His Majesty grants, blesses the happy and blushing pair—tableau, curtain.

Mr. Eugene Oudin as Henri of Navarre carries the piece through, his singing and acting leaving nothing to be desired. His song, "Ma Mie Rosette," rapturously encored, being one of the most charming things we have heard for some time. Mdle. Nesville is chic and piquant as Rosette, while Mr. Courtice Pounds plays the rustic lover to everyone's satisfaction. Mr. Frank Wyatt, as the King's valet, Bouillion, and Miss Jessie Bond, as the very much married Martha, extract as much humour and fun out of their respective parts as it is possible to do. Their duet and dance, "Tweedle de Tweedle de Dee," being one of the best items in this merry piece.

My readers who have not yet seen "Ma Mie Rosette" should avail themselves of the first opportunity of doing so.

\* \* \* \*

The pantomime at Drury Lane, which, as a matter of fact, is three compressed into one, again takes the lead for gorgeous spectacle and magnificent display. Sir Augustus Harris, not content to stop at past triumphs, is ever moving forward, and endeavouring to present his patrons with something even grander than on former occasions, and in this he has succeeded, for nothing more dazzlingly brilliant has been seen than "The Hall of a Million Mirrors."



MR. COURTICE POUNDS AND MDLLE NESVILLE.



For those who delight in sweet song and music, there is no more charming or perfect an entertainment to be heard than the ever popular Ballad Concerts provided by Messrs. Boosey and Co., at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. It is here that many of our most famous vocalists first introduce to the concert world those refrains which afterwards become as household words.

\* \* \*

At my last visit, a few weeks ago, I was much enchanted by the song of "The Blackthorn," rendered by Mr. Michael Maybrick, in his inimitable manner; and

the able teaching of Mr. W. T. Best, the talented organist, sufficiently mastered the "king of instruments," to be appointed organist of St. Peter's, the parish church of Liverpool. During this period of his life he evinced much ability as a composer of anthems, and his services were frequently requisitioned as an accompanist in the concert-room. The desire to perfect himself in his art then led him to visit the celebrated Conservatoire at Leipsic, where he studied under such eminent masters as Carl Richter, Moscheles, and Plaidy.

It was whilst pursuing his studies at



MR. MICHAEL MAYBRICK.



MR. FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

after the close of the entertainment I begged Mr. Maybrick to allow me to reproduce the words of the song for the benefit of my readers. This request was cheerfully granted, and he also gave me a line of the original manuscript of the composition. During our chat he gave me a few details of his busy career.

\* \* \*

Mr. Maybrick was born in Liverpool, and from early childhood displayed such talent for music that at eight years of age he could play the pianoforte with much brilliancy and accuracy. When only a boy of fifteen he had, under

Leipsic that the discovery was made which changed the entire course of his future life. It was found that his voice needed only careful training to develop into an organ of such merit that his masters advised him to abandon the instrumental for the vocal branch of his art.

\* \* \*

For some three years, therefore, he practised under Signor Nara and Signor Sangiovanni, at Milan, and made his *début* at one of the smaller theatres in that famous city of music. In 1869 he returned to England, and at once joined the



## THE BLACKTHORN.

O, WHEN I was a lad,  
In the merry summer hour,  
I cut me down a blackthorn  
And gave my love the flow'r ;  
And through the land I sang to her  
Sing hey trolollie lo !  
With my bonny, bonny blackthorn,  
My blackthorn ho !



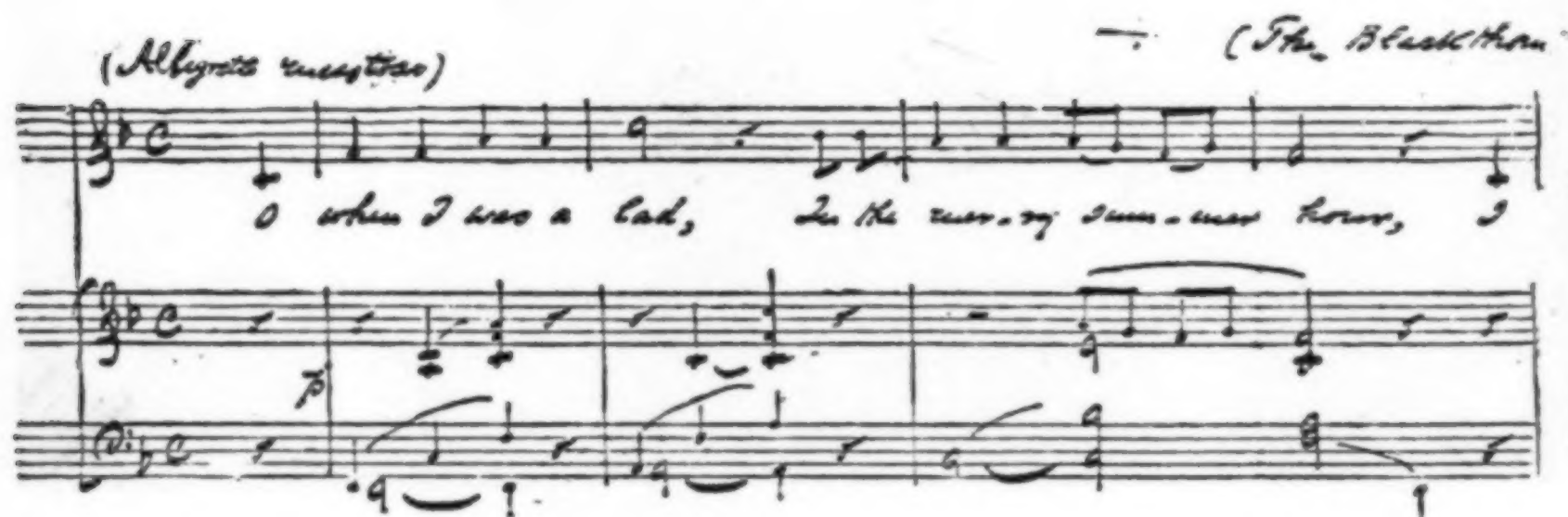


And when I came to manhood,  
My blackthorn then I take,  
It maketh me a cudgel  
To wield for my love's sake.  
And he who bends not to her smile,  
By Heav'n's! I bring him low,  
With my merry, merry blackthorn,  
My blackthorn ho!



But when I am an old man,  
With wrinkled brow and grey,  
My staff shall be my blackthorn  
To guide me on my way;  
But blithely still I troll along,  
As on my way I go,  
With my jolly, jolly blackthorn,  
My blackthorn ho!

F. E. WEATHERLY.



late Madame Sainton-Dolby in the farewell tour of that celebrated artist. His first appearance in London was at the new Philharmonic, when his rendering of the part of Telramund in Wagner's "Lohengrin," won for him a permanent place in English opera.

In 1871 Mr. Maybrick joined Mr. Sims Reeves on an operatic tour. Now his engagements from musical societies in London and the provinces became so numerous that he had to give up the stage for the concert-room. It was about this time that his neglected talent of com-

position first gained popular recognition. Under the *nom de plume* of Stephen Adams, Mr. Maybrick published "The Warrior Bold," which at once bounded into favour. Since then he has composed and published "True Blue," "True to the Last," and "Nancy Lee." To such a pitch of popularity has this latter attained, that over 100,000 copies were sold in less than two years. Of later songs by Stephen Adams, "The Midshipmite," "The Tar's Farewell," "Blue Alsatian Mountains," "The Maid of the Mill," "The Little Hero," "The Star of Bethlehem," and "Holy City," are a few that have still further enhanced his reputation as a composer.

Mr. Fred. E. Weatherly has written the words to many of Mr. Adams's compositions, and the words of "The Blackthorn" are by this well-known writer, whose portrait we give.

Mr. Oscar Barrett, who has boldly taken up the reins of management at the NEW OLYMPIC, seems determined to dispel the cloud that has been hanging over the house of late, and for this purpose has called to his aid the good fairy of pantomime, and, with the assistance of Mr. Lennard, produced a good old-fashioned annual in *Dick Whittington*, calculated to delight both old and young. In the persons of Messrs. Victor Stevens and Julian Cross



ALICE BROOKES, AT OLYMPIC PANTOMIME.



EDITH BRUCE AS DICK WHITTINGTON.

fun and frolic prevail, for they keep the ball of merriment rolling throughout the evening. Miss Edith Bruce is a dashing Whittington, and Miss Alice Brookes a nimble and dainty Alice. Mr. Barrett has spared no expense over the production, the "Palace of the Emperor" is alone worthy a visit. Here every colour of the rainbow is depicted, mingling together with most

beautiful effect, outrivalling in brilliancy his many former pantomimes. The dresses are exceedingly pretty, and the beautiful wigs that adorn the heads of the fair wearers are made by Mr. Clarkson, which is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence.

The answers to puzzles set in last month's LUDGATE will be found at the foot of Puzzledom, on the next page, and the winners will be announced next month. Competitors, when sending in their answers, need not give the working out of puzzles; just the answers, with the corresponding number, will be sufficient.

The Football Competition looks like being a great success. Already I have a large number of entries, and the closing date is the 31st inst.

"The Experiences of Loveday Brooke," commencing in this number, is the first of a series of clever detective stories, by the well-known Author of "Lady Lovelace."



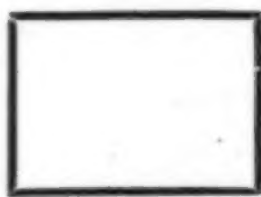
## ❖ Puzzledom ❖



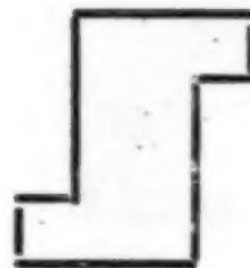
8. Take a piece of card, as in figure No. 1, and cut it into *two* pieces, so that by shifting the positions of the two pieces you can form figures No. 2 and No. 3.



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



9. A boy had a bag of marbles. He gives half of the marbles plus one to Tom; then he gives half of the remaining marbles plus one more to Harry, and half the remainder plus one to Joe. His bag is then empty. How many marbles had he at first?



### CONUNDRUMS.



10. When is a baby like a cup?
11. Would you rather an elephant killed you, or a gorilla?
12. When is a waiter like a clergyman?
13. Why is an author a most wonderful man?
14. Why do little birds in their nests agree?



### ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES.

- |  |                                       |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Because it wants to.                    | 6. The father is 24 and the son is 6. |
| 2. Because he is faithful to the last.     | 7. (a) Bengal. (d) Lapland.           |
| 3. When its dripping.                      | (b) Ebro. (e) Idaho.                  |
| 4. One is 44, the other 24.                | (c) Rubicon. (f) Nankin.              |
| 5. Because a woman can make a fool of him. | Initials—Berlin. Finals—London.       |